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The Saturday Evening
POST

October 6, 1962 20¢

Pope John XXIII
The Genial Pontiff

Struggle Inside the Supreme Court

Parents Who Beat Their Children

I Arrive in Hollywood
By Rosalind Russell

...king Traffic:

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Lots of room—and a lot less upkeep

Chevy II Nova Station Wagon

Built-in snoozing space isn't the only way this new wagon makes things easy for families on the go. Because this year's Chevy II is also easier to look at, easier to ride in and easier to look after. Sound like quite an accomplishment for a car that's already caused the excitement this one did in its first year? Well, Chevrolet stylists and engineers never were ones to rest on their oars, you know. Of course, the changes aren't the kind that will bowl you over, because, frankly, most of what's new won't show up until you drive the car a while. Brakes, for instance, are now self-adjusting. A new Delcotron generator boosts electrical reserve power and lengthens battery life. Even one of the most important things about that clean-hewn, quieter riding Body by Fisher is tucked away out of sight. Its beauty is better protected by a new flush-and-dry ventilating system that removes moisture and corrosive elements from the lower body panels. Want to see a thrifty car you can be proud of—for a long time to come? Drop into your dealer's and take a look at this one. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Mich.

CHEVROLET

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Right vs. wrong

when you choose stocks and bonds

Maybe you're considering whether or not investing in securities would fit your situation. You might have in mind owning stock to increase your income through dividends or perhaps to give your capital a chance to grow as the years go by. Or you might be thinking of the greater stability of bonds.

Now for the big question: how to go about it?

There's no pat answer, no sure thing. But it's an important question, and there are right and wrong ways to proceed.

Wrong: Jump in when the first hot tip comes along.

Right: What's the hurry? Buy securities the way you'd buy anything important—with care. When a company interests you, get all the facts you can—growth pattern, profit record, factors that might affect its future. Most of America's best known companies are among the 1,200 listed on the New York Stock Exchange. This group earns more than 60% of the net profits reported by U. S. corporations. They pay stockholders about 60% of all dividends. Roughly 90% of them have paid cash dividends in the last 12 months.

Wrong: Don't worry about risks. You're bound to win.

Right: There's no such thing as investment without risk. Many things cause stock prices to go up – and down. What's more, a company may not continue to pay dividends on stock or interest on bonds. It's just common sense to keep the risks in mind. But if your company prospers, you may too.

Wrong: Invest every cent you can lay your hands on.

Right: Provide for living expenses and those inevitable emergencies first. Then decide what might be invested.

Wrong: Try for a quick killing.

Right: The stock market is no place for get-rich-quick schemes. Set your goals and make them practical.

Wrong: Any broker will do.

Right: Choose your broker with care. They're not all alike. Registered Representatives in Member Firms of the New York Stock Exchange have satisfied Exchange requirements for knowledge of investing. Don't expect them to know all the answers. But they can help you evaluate the facts in a sensible way.

Wrong: Don't bother to have a thorough discussion with your broker.

Right: Speak your mind. Tell him how much you can invest. Discuss your goals. Inquire about the Monthly Investment Plan for systematic investing on a budget. Ask all the questions that come to mind. That way you'll get to understand each other better, firm footing for a good relationship.

Investing may offer you a new interest in life – a way to meet growing expenses or realize some of your family's ambitions in the years ahead. It's well worth the care of starting right.

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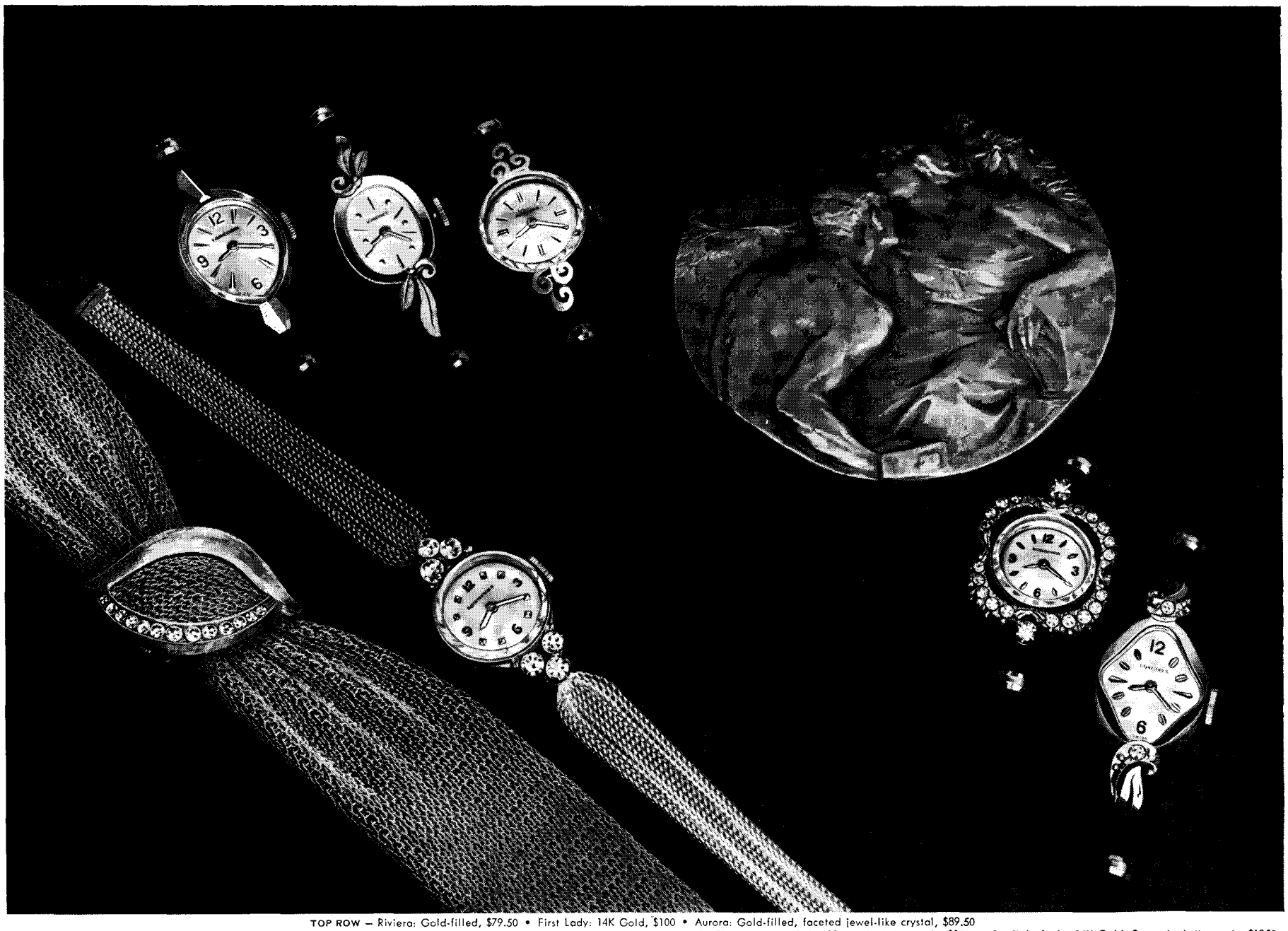

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About the Authors. Oklahoma-born **Robert Neville** did his first religious writing in 1929 covering Sunday sermons for *The New York Times*, and during the early 1930's was religion editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*. Neville has been a magazine correspondent in South America, Asia and Europe since 1936 and has lived most of the last 10 years in Rome. Although a Protestant, he has become an expert on Vatican affairs. A second article by Mr. Neville, on the Roman Catholic Ecumenical Council, will appear in next week's *Post*. . . . **Merlo Pusey,** editorial writer and associate editor of the Washington *Post and Times Herald*, is a long-time student of the Supreme Court and has written two books about it. His biography of Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes won a 1952 Pulitzer Prize. . . . Another Washington resident, **Ben Bagdikian,** whose articles on Lyndon Johnson and Negro Youth's New March on Dixie appeared earlier this year, is a *Post* contributing editor. . . . The article on child brutality is the first *Post* appearance for **Charles Flato,** New England bureau chief of *Medical World News*. Flato's interest in the subject was aroused when he saw a four-month-old baby boy treated at Boston Children's Hospital for severe bruises and cigarette burns, inflicted by the child's father. . . . "It's boring to write about yourself," says **Rosalind Russell,** whose second installment of a three-part autobiographical series appears in this issue. "I would rather have written the whole thing about my oldest sister, who is a kindred spirit to Auntie Mame." . . . **Hal Hollister,** a free-lance author from Portland, Oregon, writes about social status among prisoners from the experience of 13 years as a convict. After his release from prison, Mr. Hollister's literary talents were brought to the attention of *The Post* by mystery writer Erle Stanley Gardner. . . . **Gene Gregston,** sports editor of the San Diego *Evening Tribune*, says he left Fort Worth, Texas, five years ago to go to California because "there is greater opportunity in Southern California." But he still had to go back to Texas to find the subject for his article, Texas Christian University football coach Abe Martin. . . . Former gout sufferer **John Kobler** is a contributing editor of *The Post*. . . . At the age of 30, **Gay Talese** is already a nine-year veteran with *The New York Times* and has written a book on New York. He occupies two apartments in midtown Manhattan, one for writing and one where he lives with his wife, Nan, a copy editor with Random House.

The Cover. The color portrait of His Holiness Pope John XXIII was made by **Yousuf Karsh,** the noted Canadian photographer who previously had made the favorite picture of the late Pope Pius XII. Last August, when Karsh was married in New York's St. Patrick's Cathedral, Pope John remembered the photographer by sending an apostolic blessing. Another Karsh photographic subject, Bishop Fulton Sheen, performed the marriage ceremony.

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medicated vapors

LETTERS

Kicking the Dogs Around

Dear Sirs:

Three resounding cheers for Pamela Gordon and her article [SPEAKING OUT: MAN'S WORST FRIEND, Sept. 8]. At last we long-suffering non-dog lovers have found our voice.

AL KOBLANK
Opa-locka, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I say, "Down with Mrs. Gordon." There are no bad dogs, only lazy and irresponsible owners who make them that way. Dogs do not ever have to smell, be dirty, chew, run loose, be destructive or bite. Such animals are this way because they are badly raised from puppyhood.

MRS. CHARLES M. LEVINE
Albany, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

Mrs. Gordon's article is nasty and downright unfair. I'm sure there are some dogs fitting her description, but dogs are no more all alike than people.

LAURA ZIMMER (*age 13*)
Danville, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Mrs. Gordon has convinced me that she is not for dogs, nor is she for cats. She is strictly for the birds!

MRS. WALLACE BROWN
Redwood City, Calif.

Author Gordon and cat: For the Birds?

OUR NINETY-FIVE-POUND GERMAN SHEPHERD HAS CHEWED UP YOUR MAGAZINE AND IS DEMANDING EQUAL TIME.

R. A. MORRIS
Olympia, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

Night and day our neighborhood abounds with marauding packs of these pests, barking at everything, defiling lawns and flowerbeds ad infinitum. And where are the owners? At home. They know what's going on, but act as if it doesn't concern them in the slightest.

WARD ALLISON
Deer Park, Ohio

Dear Sirs:

Bravo for Mrs. Gordon! The lowest form of life is the creature who stares blankly into space while walking the dog and pretends the dog isn't doing (on someone else's property) what it was brought there to do.

FRANK C. WORBS JR.
Vanport, Pa.

Marching Through Dixie

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your article about the nonviolent movement for integration [NEGRO YOUTH'S NEW MARCH ON DIXIE, Sept. 8]. The fight is not carried against the South, but against injustice. It is carried on with a belief that segregation harms both those who practice it and those who are discriminated against.

CLAIRE HENSHAW
Hamilton, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

It is much easier to fight for public acclaim than to earn it.

MRS. MARGARET T. LITTLE
Birmingham, Ala.

Dear Sir:

The least one can do is apologize for the kicks and blows being aimed at these dignified Americans pursuing their Constitutional rights.

MARIAN E. MANLY, M.D.
Walnut Creek, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Those fanatics pushing for integration "rights" ignore the fact that many of these rights are in truth gross intrusions upon the rights of others, notably the inherent right to choose freely one's own associates.

CHARLES T. NUGENT
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

My respect for *The Post* increased after I read your article regarding Negro youth. In my opinion it's time we recognize the Negro just as we recognize any of our people who are striving for a decent share. Agreed, there are some Negroes who commit crimes. But they have all too many white associates.

MRS. MILDRED MEINERT
Atlantic Highlands, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

We wonder if it has occurred to these Northern fanatics that the great majority of the Southern Negroes might not want integration.

TOMMY WOOLDRIDGE
RALPH CRISS
Grenada, Miss.

Dear Sirs:

I couldn't believe my eyes when I opened *The Post* to the article on Negro youth. Mr. Robert Moses was my mathematics instructor and class adviser at school and he was truly a great, wonderful and understanding man. He was always soft-spoken, so I never thought I would see the day when he would rise up like this for the rights of his fellow man. I wish him success.

ANTHONY LEUZZI
Yonkers, N.Y.

Campaign Capers

Dear Sirs:

Bouquets to Stewart Alsop for his inspiring article [MY BROTHER RUNS FOR GOVERNOR, Sept. 8] about our great candidate. John Alsop was on deck at 7:15 one morning to shake hands with over 500 employees at my office building. The favorable impression he made will be remembered in November.

WILLIAM PALMER DEASY
Pleasant Valley, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

John Alsop's reasons for entering politics sound a bit drippy.

MRS. ELLAMAE ROCK
Alexandria, Va.

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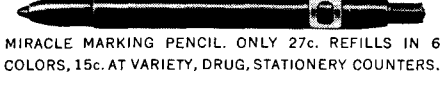

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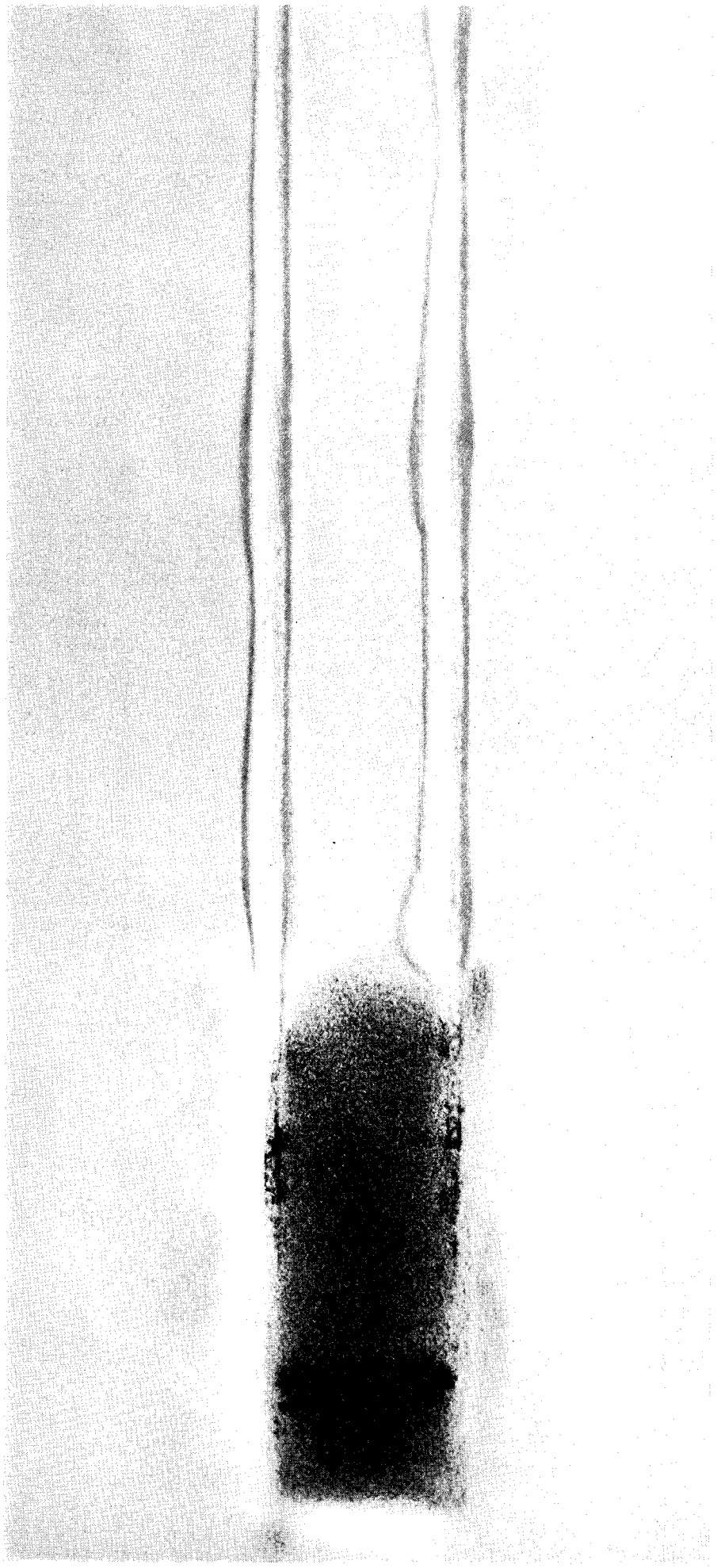

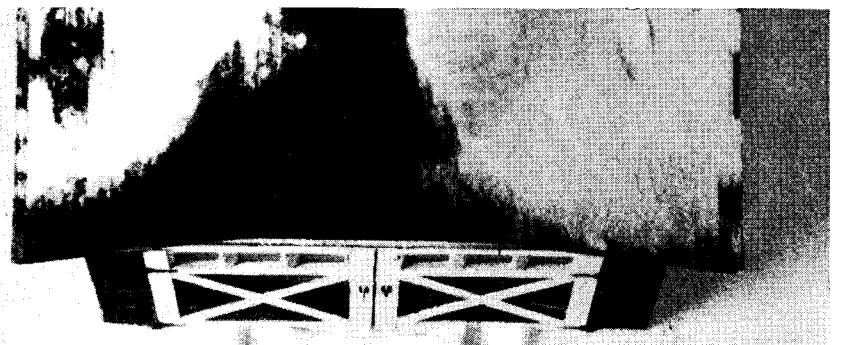

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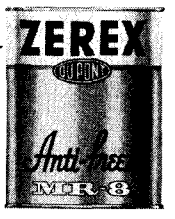

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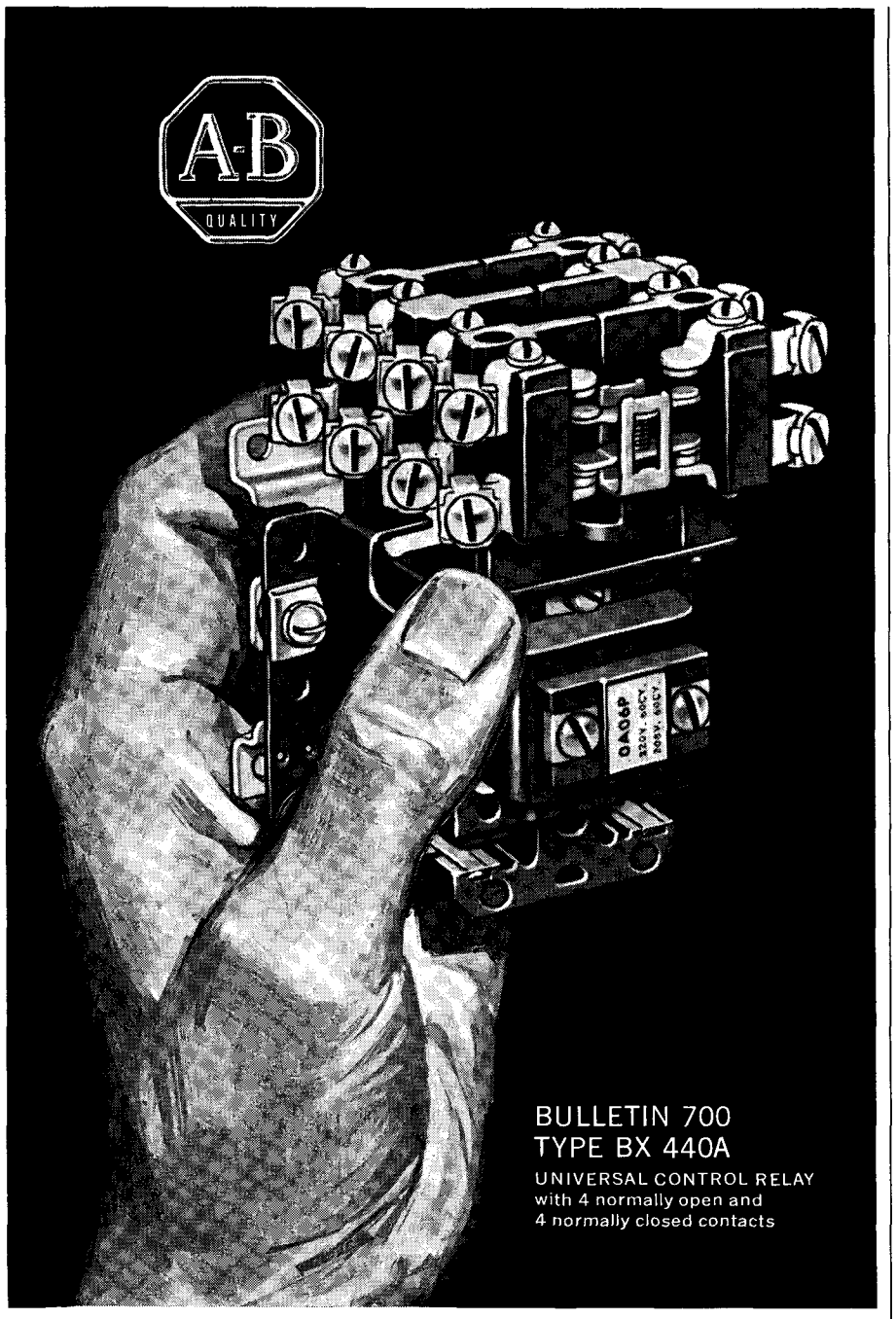

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LETTERS

Who's Grabbing What?

Dear Sirs:

This is to express disappointment at your editorial, WORLD WAR I PENSION GRAB (Sept. 8). All that two million survivors of World War I are asking is that the people, through their congressmen, pass upon the merit of our claim that we are entitled to the same benefits given veterans of all other wars prior to ours.

LEWIS BRAKE
Mt. Vernon, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

You are certainly twisting the facts. If you want to give out any medals, that is your privilege, but why accuse two hundred members of Congress of being such weak sisters that they can be pressured by a very small group of old men?

MRS. CARL GENTRY
Fresno, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your editorial. It's regrettable, but with election year pressures a few Congressmen would vote for anything they believe could win them more votes than it lost them. It's also regrettable that the majority of voters will vote for the individual who helps them to the larger gravy train—whatever the consequences to the nation or its treasury.

T. G. SWANSON
Tyler, Tex.

Dear Sirs:

You sing the praises of Congressman Olin Teague and refer to 200 legislators as "frightened." Personally, I think those who sign (for H.R. 3745) have much more courage than Mr. Teague, as any bill of this type is unpopular.

SYDNEY M. VALENTINE
Upper Montclair, N.J.

Chaos in the Congo

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial [THE CONGO AND THE UN] of September 8 sets the record straight. The United Nations is accomplishing miracles there. Order has been restored, a Communist takeover has been prevented, economic and technical help is being provided, and the effort to unify the nation seems to be succeeding.

PALMER VAN GUNDY
Glendale, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The elimination of chaos in the Congo cannot be accomplished through the maintenance of an 8000-man UN army which is universally hated and opposed by the people of Katanga.

GEORGE DONEGAN JR.
Springfield, Mo.

Lighting Up Dark Corners

Dear Sirs:

THE NARCOTICS DILEMMA: CRIME OR DISEASE? [Sept. 8] is a long-overdue topic. Congratulations from one who enjoys seeing those moldy things from dark corners exposed to the light.

WILMORE MCDOWELL
Fallbrook, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

While your commendable article was a thought-provoking report on a complex problem, it is unfortunate that so much emphasis was given to (penitentiary inmate Givie) Zaragoza's epilepsy as a major contributory cause of his addiction. In this day when many are trying hard to dispel the misconceptions which still surround epilepsy, the inferences which may be drawn from this article by the unknowledgeable can only intensify an already difficult task.

GODFREY TUDOR
Executive Director
San Diego, Calif., County Epilepsy Society, Inc.

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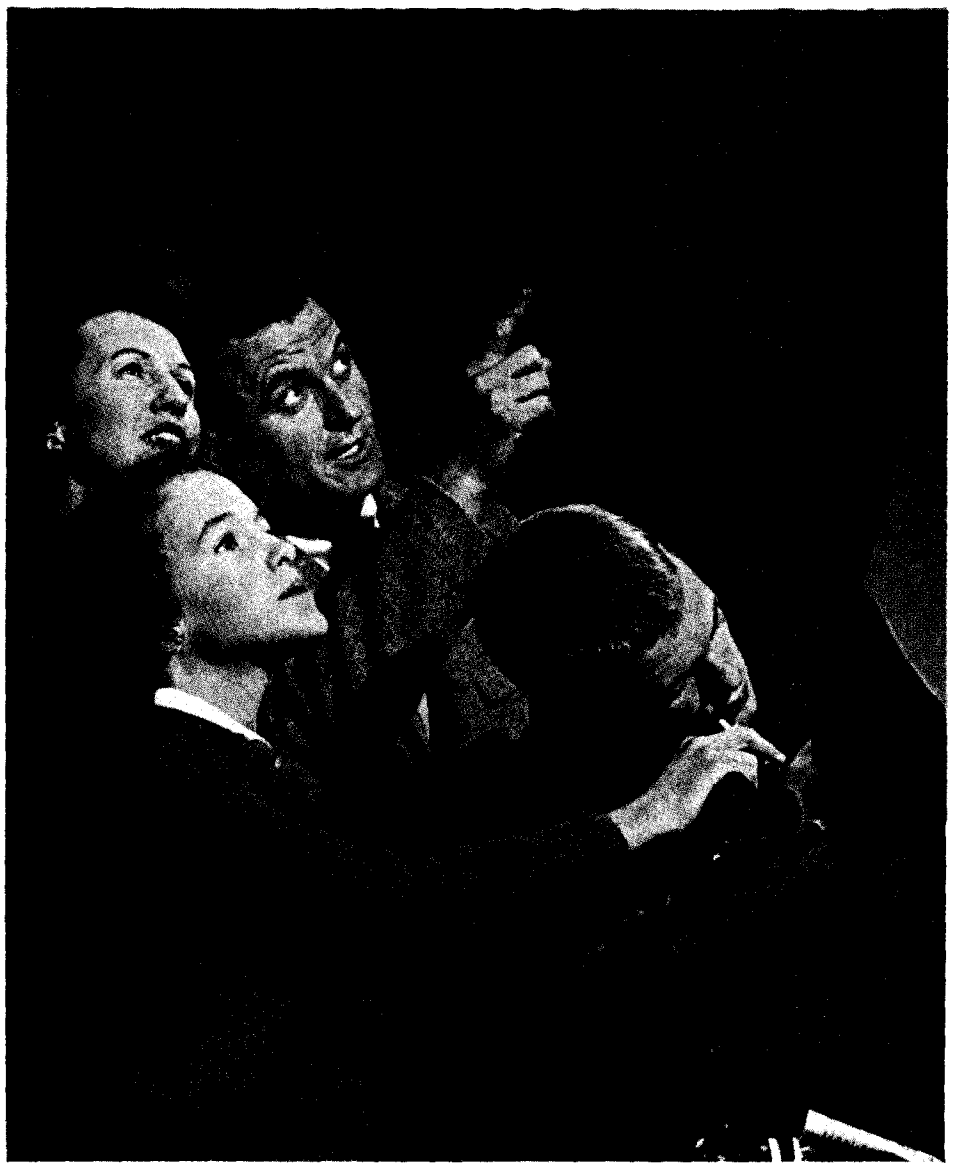

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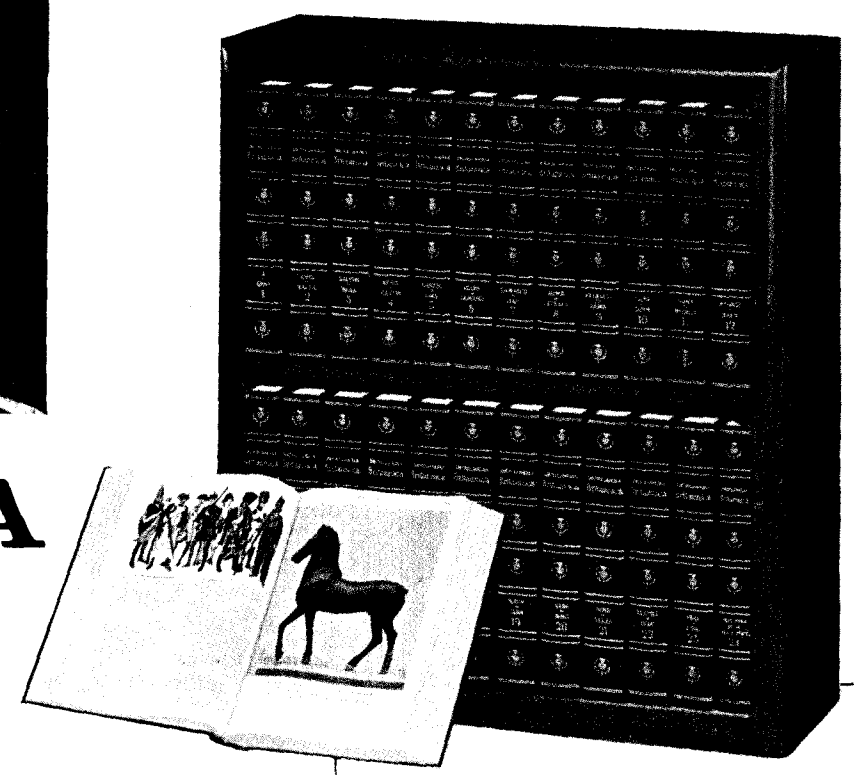

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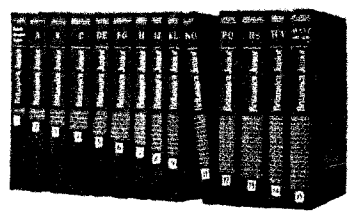

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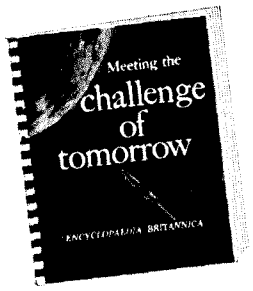

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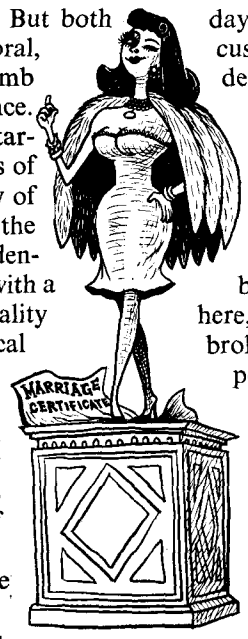
Let's Stop Exalting Jerks

It's time we knocked our shabby idols off their pedestals.

By MARYA MANNES

The hottest Broadway musical of the year has been *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying*. For a time its major contender was *I Can Get it for You Wholesale*. The "heroes" of both shows are jerks: men who ride over others to get what they want. The young man characterized in the first hit is funny, appealing and Christian; the young man in the second hit is brash, ruthless and Jewish. But both are egocentrics; both are amoral, unethical and blissfully numb to the prickings of conscience.

The elevation of jerks to stardom—not only in the books of musicals but in the majority of plays, novels and movies of the last fifteen years—is coincidental only in that it coincides with a breakdown in public morality since World War II, a cynical acceptance of dishonesty as the natural state of man. After the legends of heroism came the truth as many saw it: the stripping of illusions from the public eye; proof of the futility of sacrifice, honor, nobility and all those qualities which made one man better than another. When the spate of war books finally came, notably those by Norman Mailer and James Jones, the soldier was depicted not as a savior of his country but the saver of himself; fundamentally a coward, openly a lecher and usually a drunkard, concerned mainly with four-letter words and his own advancement. Enter then the hero-jerk, civilian now and clasped to the bosom of a prosperous society firmly committed to the comforting democratic principle that no man is better than his fellows.



Credo of the Jerk

This credo of the jerk—that man is a jerk—may have reached its peak in the pages of the fat best seller called *The Carpetbaggers*, in which the protagonist, Jonas Cord, bludgeons his way through more than 600 pages of fornication, sadism and multimillion-dollar deals to become—essentially—an object of admiration. The same reader who clucks at his shocking ways is invited to envy him.

The jerk is obviously not a new phenomenon. He has been with us since man began to walk upright, and every age has seen the ascension to power of those unfit for it. What concerns us here and now is that the jerk in our day is not only accepted and excused but celebrated. His life is deemed important, his opinions carry weight, his example is followed. Under the banner of ambition, self-interest and opportunism, this shabby image of man marches on, inflated by the bellows of press-agentry. Look here, if you will, rather than toward broken homes, poor housing and poverty, for the making of delinquents. Look here for the source of corruption, whether it be questionable business deals amounting to millions or the two-dollar bet in an illegal bookie joint or the false deductions in a tax return. For a society reflects what it admires; a week's admiration for men like astronauts Glenn and Carpenter hardly makes up for fifty-one weeks of admiration, open or secret, for men without honor.

Of these the Smart Operator, the Big Fixer, is foremost in the news—after he has been found guilty of crimes ranging from fraud to theft on a giant scale. Until the moment of exposure he has managed not only to prosper but to be courted, envied and admired by men who did not question the sources of his power. In any major scandal like the Billie Sol Estes brew are the names of law-abiding citizens who should have known better. But our society finds it convenient to tolerate the pursuit of the extra buck: everybody does it, so why shouldn't I? And if "it" walks the wavering line between the questionable and the illegal, who's to know? In the meantime favors are dispensed, incomes swell, and the big jerk spreads his umbrella over the lesser jerks.

Then, of course, we come to the Politician. Most Americans, certainly most taxi drivers, have been brought up to believe that Politics are Dirty and Politicians are Dirty, blithely ignoring the fact, of course, that it is we who elect them. This indictment of the men who represent us is periodically reinforced by novels such as Allen Drury's *Advise and Consent*, the film adaptation of which by Otto Preminger is making it abundantly clear to crowds across the country that integrity and Government service are incompatible.

The Jerk in Politics

With the possible exception of the film's Senate Majority Leader, the men who conduct the affairs of this nation are portrayed as liars, cheats, connivers, intriguers, or frauds. Of the many admirable and dedicated public servants in Washington the picture has nothing to say. Yet it cannot be denied that in real life it is possible for the jerk to attain prestige and power in Congress and state capital because the line between honest compromise and connivance, between accommodation and betrayal, is often too fine for easy detection. Where money and publicity are the corrupters in other areas, votes are the corrupters here. Consider the Southern politician—we'll call him Wayne Bartholet—who knows perfectly well that integration must come and that segregation must go, if only for purely commercial considerations. He knows perfectly well that the depressed condition of the Negroes in his state and the social unrest resulting from it are bad for business. But he knows too that he has no chance of winning elections unless he resists integration with all his lung power. This is the line that gets applause at the campaign rallies; this is what gets the votes.

To many citizens Wayne is merely being a politician, and a smart one at that. That he is dishonest matters less than that he is charming, courtly, homey and a holder of high office. After all, was not a certain Boston mayor elected time and again in spite of conviction for offenses which sent him to prison? But the hard fact remains that Wayne Bartholet has betrayed his convictions for the sake of advancement, a condition of soul that qualifies him as a jerk.

Now let us focus on the yearly convention of a big labor union, training our lens on the man addressing a thousand of his union's many tens of thousands of members. You know him well: companion of gangsters, crony of strong-arm men, he has amassed the kind of power that touches the security of the nation. At one word from him the entire economy might slow to a grinding halt. He has achieved this power through a combination of acumen, ruthlessness and the acquiescence of underlings as greedy as he.

Jerks in Organized Labor

For a jerk to succeed he must have the support of lesser jerks as well as fools, and the union this man heads has both: men who, like him, are inclined to put their own interests ahead of their country's. In recent decades labor leaders have fought for their workers' just rights and rewards in a company-dominated world. Now the rewards are often channeled into luxuries for the unscrupulous few, and fees for lawyers retained to keep them out of jail. Power devoid of responsibility is the kingdom of Our Labor Boss: the jerk.

Beauty devoid of responsibility might be one way of describing a familiar kind of female jerk: the Hollywood star who makes marriage a game of musical chairs (or beds) and love a five-star final. She is described as having "the emotions of a child in the body of a woman," and certainly, to use a term employed in kindergarten, her "attention span" for the male objects of her passion is short. Yet, however severely less-beautiful housewives may cluck over her tempestuous sexual engagements, however many columnists may deplore their greedy rotation, the press treats them as front-page news. In short, Our Woman in Hollywood (or Rome) is as well-known to the American people as the President. A whole generation of high-school girls is

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Marya Mannes is a staff writer for The Reporter, *a novelist, critic and TV personality. Her own heroes include Abraham Lincoln, Dag Hammarskjold, and her late father, violinist David Mannes.*

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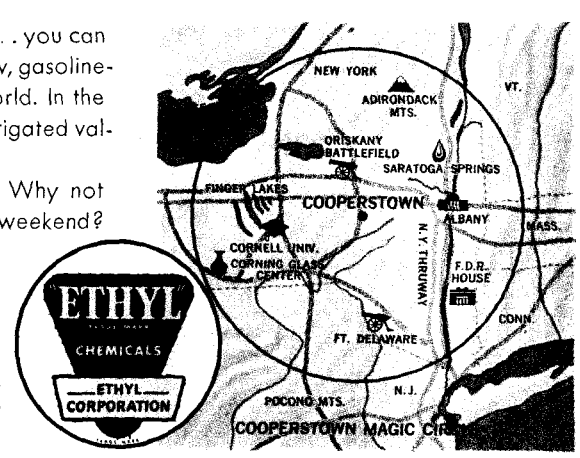

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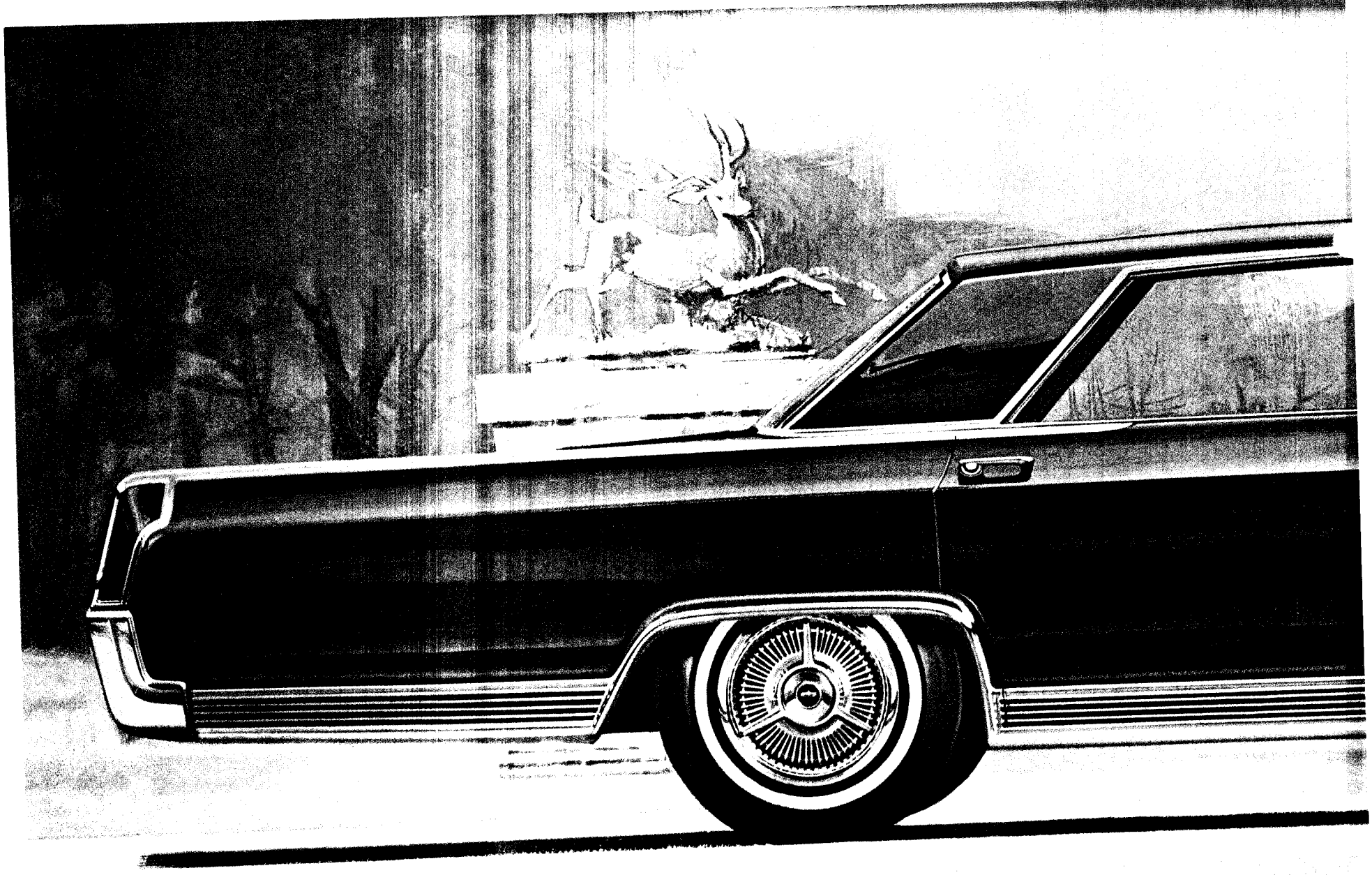

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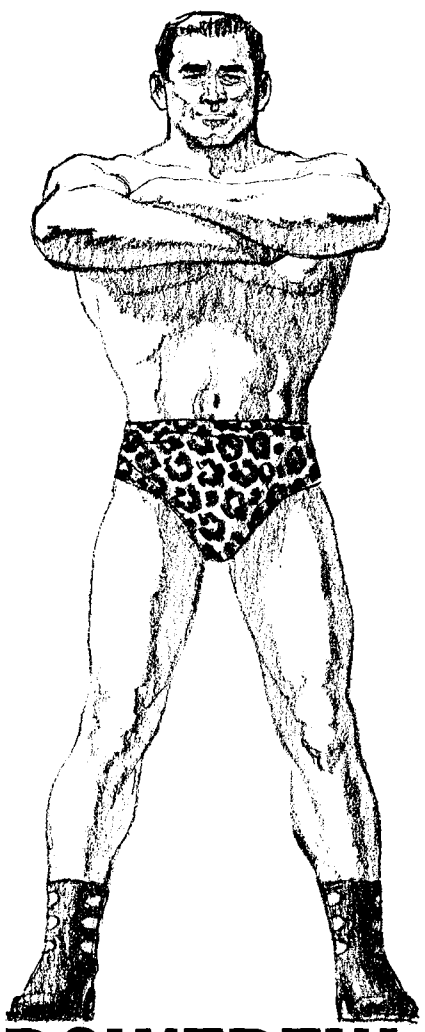

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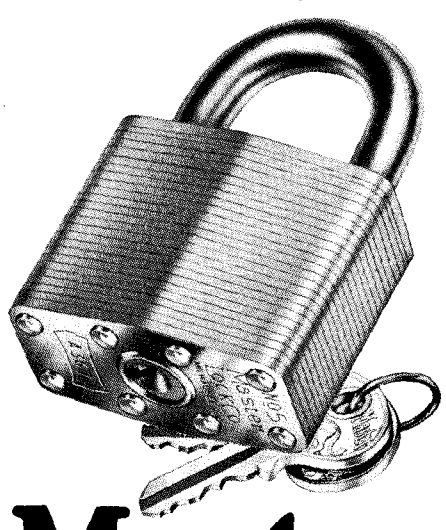

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SPEAKING OUT

tempted to envy this volatile goddess-jerk, and a whole generation of high-school boys and their fathers are invited to yearn for her.

And what of the opinion molders? Mass communications have thrown up a new species of jerk in some of the people who write gossip columns, editorials in tabloids or radio commentaries, and we might take a look at two of these.

Betty McCabe (as we'll call her) has a syndicated newspaper column of chatter and a radio program of chatter, in which she discusses everything from opera, of which she knows little, to politics, of which she knows less. Her fragments of information are acquired through hints from press agents in nightclubs, gossip at first-night intermissions and a daily basket of clippings. That she can hardly write a coherent paragraph or think an original thought, that many of her judgments are based on spleen or envy in no way diminishes the loyalty of her followers who take her word as gospel. Disliked by most of her professional colleagues, feared by the objects of her caustic attention, she remains a phenomenon of contemporary society: the prophet without vision. But she has a ferret's instincts for smelling out the kind of personal "news" that titillates the curious and an acquaintance with celebrities which is accepted as a profession in itself. Her salary is in six figures; her influence widely sought.

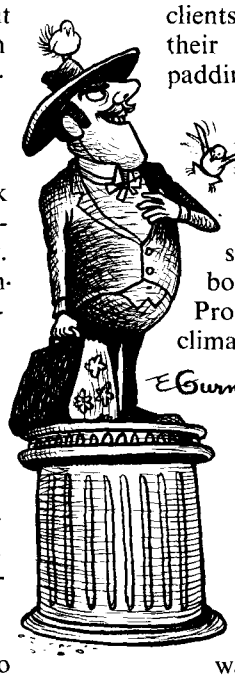
Or take the radio commentator whose main stock-in-trade appears to be the fomenting of distrust in Government. Striking a pose of patriotic vigilance, Myron R. Hooey has managed to attract a sizable audience of malcontents and misfits who are happy only when they hear that they are no lower than those in high places. So our broadcaster takes equal pleasure in reporting malfeasance or corruption with a minimum of evidence, in equating intellect with subversion and flexibility with appeasement. Those who do not share Hooey's views are, of course, socialists—or worse.

The Jerk on Television

If the jerk is not so apparent on the television screen as he is in print, in politics and on stage, it is not so much that the medium is a nobler one but that it emphasizes the qualities of those who appear on it and reveals some that might otherwise remain hidden. A jerk in the living room is more offensive than a jerk on a platform; few regular television performers or personalities could get away with the degree of moral shabbiness and power lust that marks their ignoble fellows in other fields.

Of those few, however, what of the Great Comic? Because he can make people laugh—with the help of a covey of gag writers—he can with impunity be a boor, a drunk, a megalomaniac, a terror to his associates and a tyrant to his friends. Yet his sycophants are legion, his opinion sought on everything from child rearing to the Cuban situation. Success excuses, applause condones, money rationalizes.

And what of the Great Pop Singer? He never took singing lessons or learned to read music. But after a few years and canny press agentry, he is worth thousands of dollars a night. Reports that he has neglected his family, become a woman chaser, pushed aside old friends and engaged in highly dubious business deals in no way impede his progress or reduce his prominence. By no standards of any kind was he ever an artist. Without his microphone, his build-up and his servile cronies he would be nothing more than a jerk with a pleasant way of delivering a song. Yet he has become a power in the entertainment world, a household name in 50,000,000 homes and a beacon for all young singers who want to make the Top Ten without really trying.



And here we come back where we started: to the audience or, if you will, to society. As we said before, a jerk cannot succeed without public acceptance, and it is precisely this atmosphere of acceptance that must be explored. Why is it possible for small talents to be great stars? For wisecracking boors to be famous comics? For nonwriters to be columnists, and nonthinkers to be influential? For cheats to hold public office? For crooks to lead labor? Why have we so lowered our expectations of human behavior?

Some say that religion no longer plays a vital role in setting standards, that we may pay it lip service but no real heed. Some say that parents no longer pass on to their children a clear code of ethics, they leave it to the church or to the school to inculcate concepts of right and wrong, or they abdicate entirely out of confusion or ignorance. Some, of course, blame the school for not providing what the home neglects, and here I think a legitimate question can be raised concerning one particular aspect of education: that of standards not only of morality but of craftsmanship. If the young were taught the basic requirements of a good job in everything from a song to a movie to public office, they would be more critical of the singer without a voice, the star without talent and the official without integrity. For that matter, untutored teen-age consumers—a potent economic force of many millions—bear a large share of responsibility in elevating the jerk, whether real or fictional. It is their money that buys the records of bad singers, their ecstatic squeals that sustain him, their tastes that too many of the mass media cater to.

This, of course, is a two-way street. The makers of movies know that the restless, rebellious young will "identify" with the young jerk-hero, the television package-makers of crime shows know that the private-eye "hero" who solves all problems by smashing his fist into another man's jawbone or emptying bullets into his stomach will win their approval. Money, violence, success, publicity—these stir young hearts empty of values and impatient with virtues. How can honesty be the best policy when the cheat gets by?

Allies of the Jerk

And here a finger can be pointed at another great ally of the jerk: the lawyer who makes it possible for him to get by. Far too many legal talents in this country are engaged not in upholding the Bill of Rights but in helping clients to evade responsibility for their actions, whether they are padding expense accounts or appropriating union funds. It is not what a man does that counts today; it is what he can get away with. The legal loophole for essentially illegal acts is the boutonniere in the jerk's lapel. Prosperity, moreover, is his climate: a condition of general welfare where most citizens can earn good pay, even for inferior work, and receive the myriad benefits of civilization without merit or serious effort. Combine this prosperity with a blurred concept of equality and you change that glorious right upon which this republic was founded: "I can be as good as you are" becomes "You're no better than I am." This viewpoint is a great comfort, for it condones all the weaknesses and dishonesties to which man is heir and makes any effort to transcend them unnecessary, even a form of scabbing.

Finally, I would accuse intellectuals, both foreign and native, of having played a considerable role in the elevation of the jerk. They have provided a goodly company of models in their books and plays, from John Osborne and his whining, destructive young boors to the neurotic masochists or sadists in Tennessee Williams.

Yet it is such writers who may now be in the process of reversing the image and restoring man to his potential stature. Osborne has turned to Martin Luther in his latest and best play; Tennessee Williams had endowed his "heroine" in *The Night of the Iguana* with dignity and courage; and a major success on Broadway has been that magnificent study in conscience by Robert Bolt, *A Man for All Seasons*. If you think of these and of our astronauts and Peace Corpsmen, the hope for change has some substance. Emerson wrote, "The search after the great man is the dream of youth and the most serious occupation of manhood." Only when people know the best in men will they learn to reject the least in men. The jerks have had their day; it is time now for heroes. **THE END**

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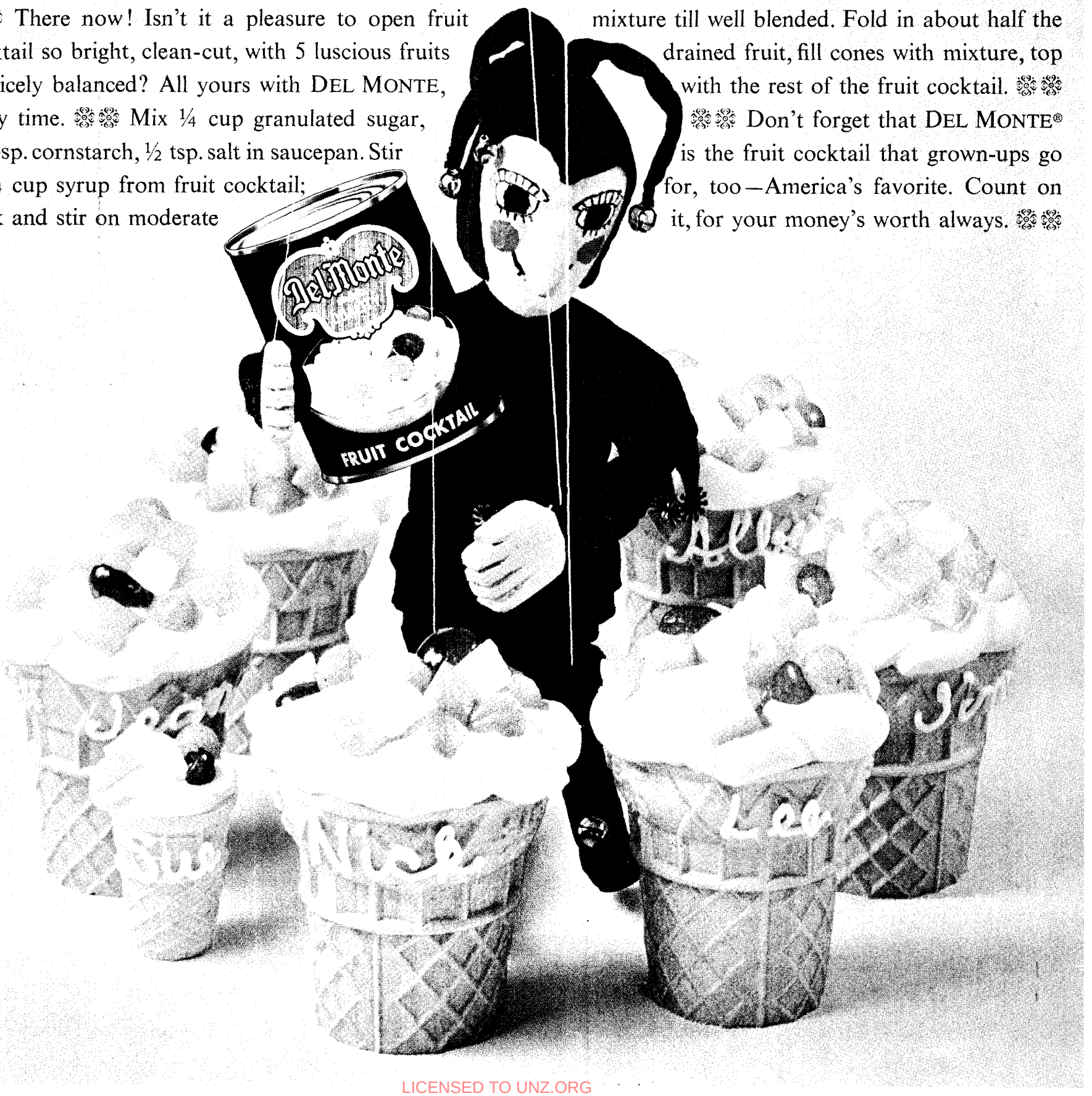

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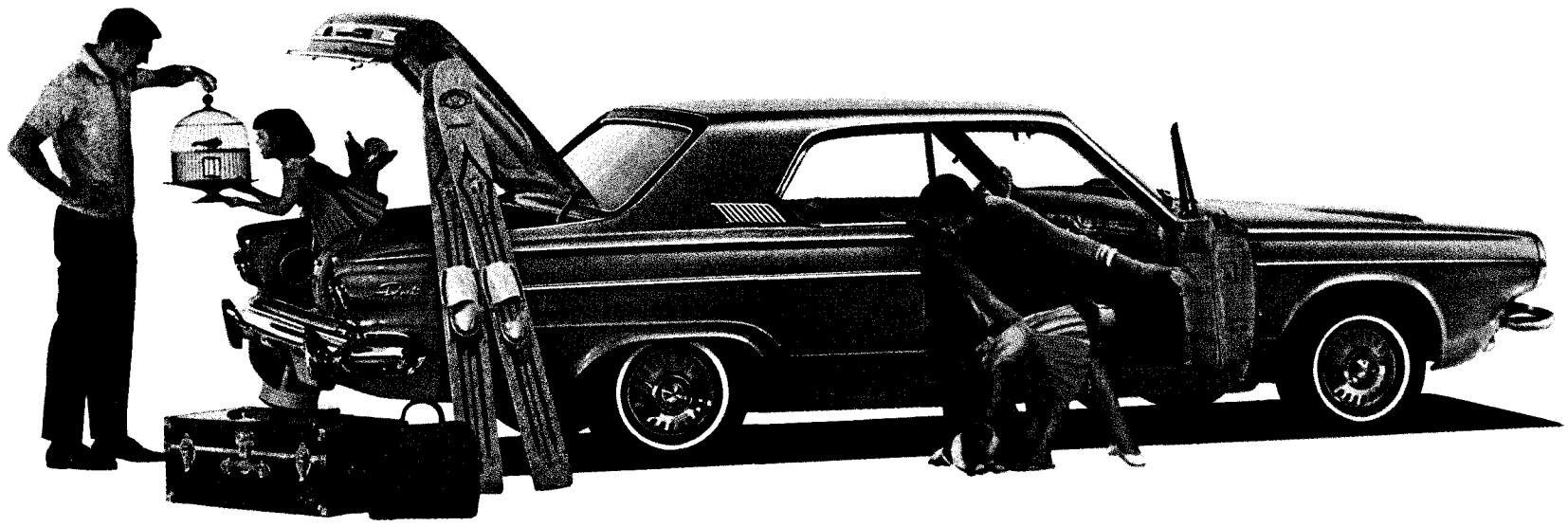

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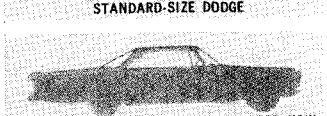

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The Genial Pope

John XXIII, busily making and breaking Church traditions, is bidding to bring a new era of unity to the Christian world.

By ROBERT NEVILLE

On the evening of October 28, 1958, nineteen days after the death of Pope Pius XII, the College of Cardinals of the Roman Catholic Church elected a new Pope, on the eleventh ballot, signaling their decision with a tiny column of white smoke from a Vatican chimney.

His name was revealed within the hour to a sea of spectators waiting in the piazza before St. Peter's Basilica, when Cardinal Nicola Canali, senior of the cardinal-deacons, read into a microphone the historic *Habemus Papam* formula:

"I announce to you a great joy. We have a Pope. He is my most eminent and most reverend lord, Angelo Giuseppi Roncalli, Patriarch of Venice. He has chosen to reign under the name of John XXIII."

Within minutes after the election announcement the news agencies were collecting basic facts concerning the life of the new Pope. But the religious philosophy of Pope John XXIII and the eventual direction the Church will take under his leadership are still matters of speculation four years after his election.

Little was known about the new Pope even in Vatican circles. It was known, of course, that he came from Bergamo, in northern Italy. A few of the old guard could remember a young Monsignor Roncalli, who had been stationed briefly in the Curia, in the Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, during the early '20's. A few others recalled that Roncalli, the apostolic nuncio to various countries—Bulgaria, Turkey, Greece, France—had periodically visited Rome to report to the secretary of state.

Nobody knew what Cardinal Roncalli really stood for in the realm of religious doctrine or political theory. Was he a traditionalist or an innovator? How good a theologian was the new Pope? It was impossible to predict what his social ideas would be, how he regarded the problem of Communism, what notions he had of the rapid emergence of independent nations in Africa and Asia. Certainly nobody could have guessed in those early days that John XXIII would call an ecumenical, or worldwide, Roman Catholic council which would probably become one of the major religious events of the century.

The council, which convenes next week in Rome, was announced by Pope John XXIII on January 25, 1959. The event itself is so rare (there have been only twenty such councils in Church history) and so little was known about the Pope's theological views that a summary in the

As 263rd successor to Saint Peter, His Holiness Pope John XXIII has brought a fresh new spirit to ancient Vatican organization and policy.

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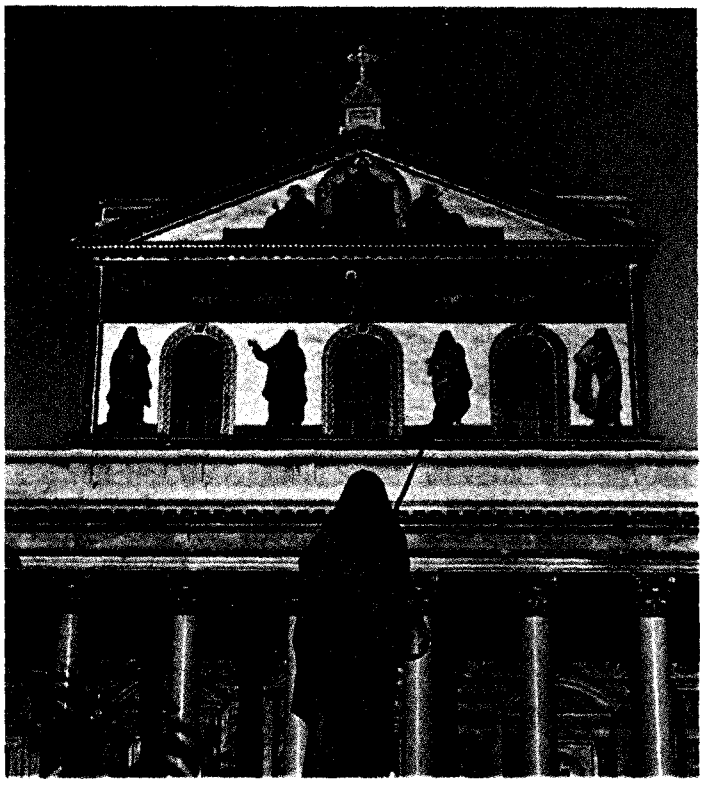
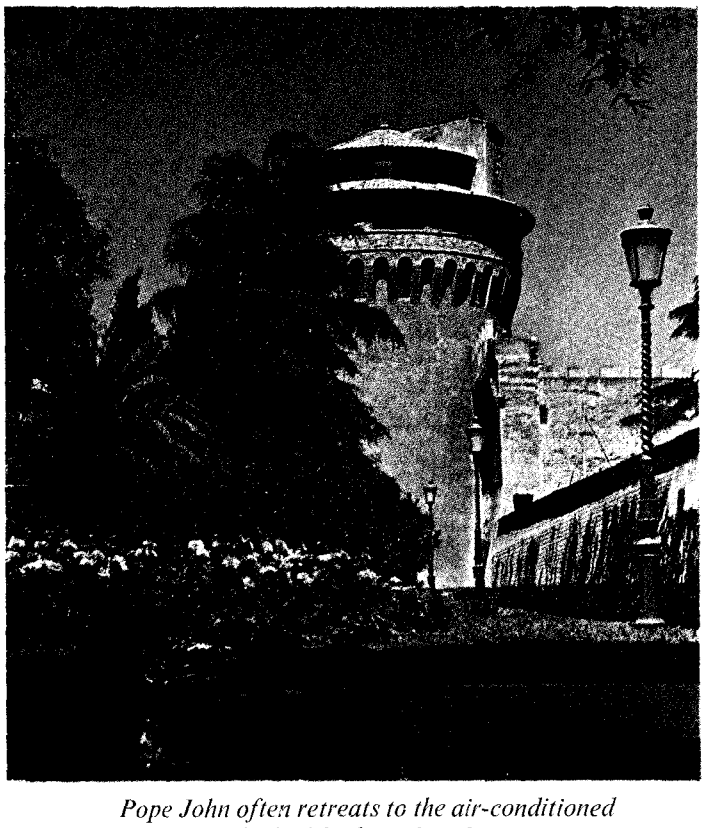
Unlike earlier Popes, he tours Rome, visiting shrines —and a jail.



St. Paul's Outside the Walls, a sanctuary which the "prisoner of the Vatican" likes to visit.



Pope John often retreats to the air-conditioned apartment he had built in this Vatican tower.

official Vatican newspaper, *L'Osservatore Romano*, led to misinterpretations of the Pope's reasons for calling a Universal Church council.

Possible union of the Christian churches at first seemed to be the goal of the council, but this was actually an over-simplification of what promises to be a very complicated meeting. The Pope's intention came to be more accurately reported as an attempt to order the affairs of the Church itself before inviting the "separated brothers" inside. It also was clear that, in the eyes of the Church, unity could be achieved only under the leadership and authority of Rome.

The ecumenical council of Pope John XXIII, however, is still one of the most significant events in religious history. It is a move toward unity, in the slow tradition of the Church, as evidenced by invitations to the Eastern Orthodox churches, and to observers from the Church of England, the World Council of Churches, the Lutheran World Federation, and the World Presbyterian Alliance, groups which effectively represent 351 non-Catholic churches in more than eighty countries.

Choosing the Name of "John"

Before the announcement of the ecumenical council, the first significant act of the new Pope was his choice of the name "John." Just why had Cardinal Roncalli gone back to the fourteenth century for a name under which to reign as Pope?

In his first address to the assembled cardinals, His Holiness explained in graceful words:

"This name [of John] is sweet to us because it is the name of our father. It is dear to us because it is the name of the humble parish in which we received the sacrament of baptism. It is the name borne by a very long series of Roman Pontiffs, so long that it sets the record number. . . ."

But Vatican specialists believed that the new Pope also had subtler reasons for his choice. Clearly, they said, the new occupant of St. Peter's throne wanted to get away from the succession of Piuses that had ruled the Church, with a few interruptions, for nearly 200 years. The historically-minded at the Vatican sensed that a new era was dawning, and they were right.

The next significant act of the new Pope was his friendly notice that he intended to be the Bishop of Rome in practice as well as name. This determination had historical overtones. From 1871 to 1929, successive heads of the Church had considered themselves prisoners of the Vatican. The Lateran Treaty had finally composed the differences between the Church and the Italian government, but it had brought little more freedom for the Pope.

The treaty provided for the Popes to move about Rome, specifying that proper notice be given to the Italian police; but too much fuss was involved. In practice, the Pope had remained pretty much confined to the Vatican.

John XXIII changed all that. He decided that he would visit not only the historic churches and the major and minor basilicas of the Eternal City, but also each of the 192 parishes. In this first three years on the throne the Pope actually visited around sixty of these parishes. On the day after Christmas of his first year in office he even appeared at Rome's large jail for men, the Regina Coeli, where he said Mass for the imprisoned. In an informal discourse His Holiness recalled that one of his relatives had once been jailed for month for poaching, thus intimating that even the best of men sometimes land in the wrong place.

Nothing delights the Pope more than to talk about the priesthood and its problems. To a group of young Spanish seminarians he once said: "The Church wants strong and solid men with well-formed minds and hearts. Belonging to the Church requires an adamantine temper of character and will. It also means a continual struggle against passions and egoism, the overcoming of self with the aid of the Lord."

To another class of students the Pope once advised: "Treat temptation like flies; brush it away!"

He has said, "If the priest burns as with fire and therefore gives off a splendid light, pure and ardent, he is beyond price. If not, he counts for very little."

Today, the Pope says, many priests are forced to live in an "atmosphere where excessive liberty and sensuality reign." Often the clergy find themselves "morally alone, misunderstood and but feebly sustained by the faithful to whom they devote themselves."

The Pontiff's advice to the priesthood can sometimes take very direct forms. Once at Venice, after receiving a priest who had neglected to shave before coming to see him, Cardinal Roncalli dispatched an electric razor to the offender. Continually the Pope has urged that Catholic priests learn to avoid heavy-handed interference in purely lay affairs.

In line with his consuming concern for the clergy the Pope, as Bishop of Rome, held early in 1960 the first synod in the history of the Diocese of Rome. Summoned to the week-long meeting were all the 192 parish priests of Rome, all the hospital and prison chaplains and the curates, the rectors and directors of seminaries, the monsignori and the bishops and even the cardinals.

Prohibitions for Priests

The tangible result was a new constitution of 770 articles, written in Latin, which sets forth in precise detail what is expected of both laity and clergy in Rome.

Priests have long been forbidden to attend public spectacles in Rome, and the prohibition is now officially repeated in the new constitution. Article 83 stipulates that "priests and religious are forbidden to be present at film showings or public spectacles of any kind that are not promoted or approved by ecclesiastical authority." Also they are cautioned to use radio and television with extreme moderation, even in their own residences. In fact, a priest living alone must not have television.

According to Article 78, the Roman clergy "should not frequent bars or public places," should not travel in a car with one woman only, should not smoke in public. Priests should avoid attending functions of purely lay character: "priests cannot belong to Rotary clubs."

In the first three years of his reign John XXIII issued a total of six encyclicals, a remarkable feat of writing. The sixth encyclical had the aim of reaffirming the primacy of the Roman Pontiff before the convening of the ecumenical council.

Latin, of course, is the official language of the Vatican, and encyclicals are all written in that language. If need be, the Pope can converse quite

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fluently with his subordinates in Latin, but the working language of the Vatican is Italian; it is only in this tongue that the Pope's style can really be judged. The Italian of John XXIII is easy to read, but deceptively easy to translate badly, partly because his speech is tinged with a subtle wit which is dry, rather gentle, and difficult to pin down.

All in all, John XXIII's speeches are not those of a thinker, but rather of a sometimes indulgent, sometimes scolding father anxious for his children's welfare. He is worried about the sensuality of the times and thinks too much stress is laid on technical ability, not enough on moral fortitude.

John XXIII, in contrast to Pius XII, who rarely left the Vatican walls, loves to travel. He acquired the habit of sightseeing as a young priest. Nothing delighted him more than poking about old churches and monuments, of which there are thousands up and down the Italian peninsula.

While Nuncio to Paris, Roncalli visited France province by province. Moreover, he drove the entire North African littoral from Tunis to Morocco, then across Spain and back to France, for a distance of 6000 miles in all. He infinitely prefers automobile travel over any other.

Witticism in a Monastery

As John XXIII, he has also ventured outside of the Vatican's jurisdiction. He visited the old Byzantine monastery at Grottaferrata. He went to Subiaco, site of the original Benedictine monstery where Saint Benedict flagellated himself by rolling in the thorn bush. The Pope's mood on this occasion was notably unlike Saint Benedict's. "It is easy to see," he told the devout who gathered to watch him, "that it has been some time since a pope came here. All the same, I beg you to be good and orderly; otherwise they will never let me back into the Vatican!"

In the first three years in office the Holy Father left the Vatican premises on an average of almost once weekly. While Pius XII traveled about in a Cadillac, John XXIII used a Mercedes-Benz given to him by German Catholics. The Papal license plate, however, remains the same: SCV I (meaning Vatican State I). More than any statistical recapitulation could suggest, Pope Roncalli has regained for Roman Pontiffs a freedom of movement lacking for the last century. But he has accomplished more. By visiting and revisiting the parishes of his own diocese, John XXIII has underlined his concept of the Papacy.

To John XXIII the Pope is, above all, the "universal pastor." Other Pontiffs have been known for their sanctity (Pius X), or for their advocacy of peace (Pius XII), or perhaps for their brilliantly written encyclicals (Leo XIII); John XXIII wants to go down in history as the "pastoral Pope."

Obviously, however, the occupant of the chair of Saint Peter must be something more than a glorified parish priest. Indeed, the first three years of the pontificate of John XXIII have demonstrated that in these days the Roman Pontiff must above all be a man able to project his personality both on the Church he heads and on the world at large. And here is where the present reign has been signally successful. In an age of highly developed public relations, John XXIII has created in the public consciousness the picture of a kind, likable, tolerant, shrewd, wise and capable ruler.

Almost everything that the new Pope did in the first months of his reign seemed in pleasant contrast to the austere practices of the old Pope. John XXIII, for example, likes to have people about him.

Instead of ordering the Vatican gardens cleared of all personnel when he goes there to walk, as Pius XII had done, John XXIII ordered work to be continued as usual. In the early days the Holy Father struck up conversations, especially with the gardeners. It was one of these chats which convinced the Pontiff that Vatican employees were woefully underpaid, and led to pay rises.

Early in his reign John XXIII decided to ignore the century-old tradition that a Pope must eat alone. At first he invited his secretary, Monsignor Loris Capovilla, to meals, but His Holiness later confessed: "I get no pleasure out of dining with Capovilla. He eats like a canary." His usual guests now are old cronies among the cardinals. "To have to eat alone makes me feel like a seminarian being punished," the Pope has said.

Two nuns, Sisters Paola and Rosa, members of a minor order of Bergamo, are in charge of cooking in the Pontifical apartment. The Roncalli taste in food used to run to elaborate French dishes, but in recent years he has reverted to the rather simple food of peasant origin from the north of Italy. A favorite is polenta, a sort of corn-meal mush often served with sausages or game.

The new Pope has proved to be something of an innovator in the matter of papal dress. He wears at ordinary functions the elaborately embroidered red stole, formerly worn only on solemn occasions. He restored for winter wear the *camauro*, a red velvet headdress which had not been worn by a pope for several centuries, and he designed and wore a white felt brim hat to replace the usual red one.

The *sedia gestatoria*, the portable throne on which the Pontiff is usually carried, bothered the new Pope. He felt uneasy and a bit shaky, and somehow the act of being carried high on the shoulders of twelve men was not for his peasant tastes. He wanted to do away with it, but the Vatican staff argued that riding the throne was the only way for the Pope to be seen. But by now he is completely used to it and uses it even for his big audiences.

Papal Lapses With "I" and "We"

John XXIII had difficulty, he said, "accustoming myself to being a universal pastor." Several times during those first few weeks he would fail, even in audiences, to use the imperial or papal "we" when talking of himself, and would lapse into "I." According to the testimony of his private secretary, Msgr. Loris Capovilla, he would sometimes wake up in the middle of the night thinking about a certain problem and would say to himself: "I shall speak to the Pope about it." Then, when he was fully awake, he would say: "But *I* am the Pope! Very well, I shall speak to Our Lord about it."

The fact that the Holy Father's specialty is the extemporaneous witticism has given rise to many stories about him. Shortly after he became Pope the question of a coat of arms arose. A design that included the winged lion of Venice was submitted. He approved everything but the lion's

"He projects his personality on the Church and on the world at large."

Ancient Vatican custom is typified by these Chamberlains, laymen who aid the Papal Court.

For Romans, visits by the Pope are a fa sight. He moves freely about the ancien

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"In a world of high tensions, John is calm and assured."

frown. "He looks too fierce," explained the Pope. "Let's change his expression." In talking to a group of Venetians who had come to see their former Patriarch, John XXIII said: "Come back again. Unfortunately you'll always find us here."

Pius XII, the aristocrat, cut the papal court to the minimum; John XXIII, the peasant, has expanded it to the maximum. Starting with secretary of state, the new Pope has filled all the traditional jobs which Pius XII left unfilled; the present papal court is the most elaborate since the days of Gregory XVI, a century ago.

While John XXIII respects the great traditions of the Papacy, he has not always observed the tried practices of the Roman Curia. As one example, he has virtually repealed the once sacrosanct rule of seniority among cardinals in the Curia. He has also disregarded the promotion system of the papal household, to the dismay of Vatican traditionalists.

Key Post for Commoner Aide

A case in point is his secretary, Monsignor Capovilla. A dark-haired priest of distinguished presence and short stature, Capovilla looks much younger than his forty-seven years. In the rarefied atmosphere of clerical Rome, Capovilla has proved to be a brilliant aide to His Holiness. His Holiness, in return, has done well by Monsignor Capovilla—some say entirely too well. The secretary is often allowed to ignore official channels in passing down the Holy Father's wishes. He has sometimes been encouraged to usurp the prerogatives of the papal Master of the Chamber in arranging audiences.

The Pope appointed Capovilla to the key post of *coppiere* (literally, cupbearer) among the Secret Privy Chamberlains Participating. The Master of the Chamber, Msgr. Mario Nasalli Rocca di Corneliano, objected to this appointment on traditional grounds. He insisted that the eight posts of Secret Privy Chamberlains Participating were reserved to nobility; Nasalli Rocca himself holds the title of prince, whereas Capovilla is a commoner.

The Pope was said to have answered bluntly: "I have never much cared for these names that have to have a *di* attached to them," referring to the fact that the Italian nobility put a *di* (meaning "of") before their names.

The *coppiere* among the Secret Privy Chamberlains Participating inevitably leads to bigger jobs. He is always named Master of the Chamber, and the Master of the Chamber almost always becomes a cardinal. All this augurs well for Capovilla's future, clerically speaking.

The most striking difference between Pius XII and his successor is the way each Pope has conducted his audiences. John XXIII sees far more people, but gives fewer audiences and spends much less time on them than Pius XII. And he usually refuses to be photographed with the visitors.

The first four years of the pontificate of John XXIII have passed quickly. The Pope himself said on the first anniversary of his coronation: "The last year has passed as if it were a week."

In this time the new Pope has lost only a couple of days of work. He is a man of the healthiest sort of irregularity. He eats when he is hungry and sleeps when he is sleepy. He also works when he wants to work. He often goes to bed early; then he may sleep three or four hours, wake up and do a couple of hours of work and go back to sleep again. He sometimes rises early, but other times sleeps rather late.

He likes walks and may wander all over the premises. He never uses a typewriter, and he touches a telephone only to call the secretary of state. He has little time for recreation, although he is interested in the cinema and has installed a small movie theater in the Apostolic Palace. The films, which he sees with his private secretary, are mainly documentaries.

There is no set routine. He once said: "It really does not matter what they think and say about me, whether I arrive late or do not arrive at all. I must remain true to my good intentions at all costs. The main thing is that I want to be good to all at all times."

This last remark especially reveals the humble, rural and deeply religious origins of John XXIII. The new Pope's peasant background is revealed in many different ways—in his mode of dress, in his humble manner, in his expressions of sentiment, in his strong attachment to family and home. John XXIII shows often the attitude of a country priest.

The Roncallis for centuries had tilled small plots of land in a tiny hamlet called Sotto il Monte (Beneath the Hill), near Bergamo, a small city nestling in the sub-Alps, about thirty miles northeast of Milan. The three living brothers of the Pontiff are simple farmers.

Angelo Giuseppe himself was the third child of thirteen, of whom ten lived to maturity. He is now the eldest son. Those Roncallis who did not take religious vows were prolific. One brother, Giuseppe, is a widower with five sons; the Pope's sister Assunta is a widow with four daughters. The Pope's youngest brother, Giovanni, died in 1957, leaving eight children.

The Roncallis are noted for longevity. At ceremonies celebrating his eightieth birthday last year, the Pope remarked that his father and mother had lived well into their eighties, that his paternal grandfather had died at the age of eighty-nine.

Plainly it is conceivable that the reign of John XXIII will be fairly long.

Religious Upbringing at Bergamo

He has had the benefit of a long and intense Catholic education. At Bergamo sixty or seventy years ago, a semipatriarchal society was still the rule. Married sons and their wives and children continued to live under the same roof with their parents. A solid, sensible, unhysterical Catholicism prevailed.

Little Angelo Roncalli was not exceptional in starting to go to Mass at the age of six, or in attending catechism every Sunday afternoon. Evenings the entire family would listen to readings by Uncle Zaverio, the aging bachelor brother of Angelo's maternal grandmother. Sometimes he would read from history, but mostly he selected parts of the Bible or appropriate excerpts from the Meditations of Louis da Ponte, a Spanish author who was then much in vogue. The present Pontiff remembers Uncle Zaverio with warm fondness. "How lucky I was to have an uncle in the house with such breadth of learning!" he once exclaimed.

At just what age Angelo Roncalli made the decision to enter the priesthood is not clear. Apparently by the time he was nine the local priest of Sotto il Monte was giving him special lessons in Latin. At eleven he entered the Bergamo Seminary. He was such a good student that at the age of eighteen he received a scholarship to finish his studies at the Roman Seminary, one of the Eternal City's three great training centers for the priesthood.

During those years of the Italian monarchy, seminarians and priests in Italy were required to do military service. Roncalli the seminarian volunteered for a year's service to avoid a draft which would have lasted three years. The 73rd Regiment, to which Roncalli was assigned, was stationed at Bergamo, thus permitting him to continue some of his classes. Much later, in 1915, with the Italian entry into World War I, Father Roncalli was assigned to the medical corps with the rank of sergeant. A picture of him taken during this period shows the priest in a rough-looking uniform, sporting an elegant moustache.

Progress for a Young Cleric

Father Roncalli's first post in the Church was as private secretary to the newly appointed Bishop of Bergamo, Msgr. Giacomo Radini-Tedeschi. This active and devout bishop, who was to influence greatly the young priest's outlook, had chosen Don Angelo, as he was then called, not especially because he was a Bergamesque but rather because he had found Roncalli "very judicious" and "full of good sense."

Soon after the war Father Roncalli was called to Rome, where he worked on the reorganization of the national and international offices of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. In this capacity he traveled for the first time to France, to Belgium and Holland, to Germany and Austria. Then came his first appointment as a Vatican diplomat, Apostolic Nuncio to Bulgaria, with which country the Holy See had just signed a concordat. The next thirty years, until his elevation to the purple and his nomination as patriarch of Venice, Roncalli spent away from Rome and Italy in diplomatic work. The Roncalli career was thus a mixture of pastoral, administrative, journalistic, professorial, and diplomatic duties, with the latter predominating.

In a world of high tensions John XXIII is calm and assured. He gives the impression that regardless of how bad things may be now, everything will come out right in the end. Perhaps it is this self-assurance that is the key to his immense popularity. In many ways he seems to be the right Pope for the right period.

John XXIII once said that if anybody wanted to know the chief characteristic of the new reign he had only to refer to a maxim of Saint John Chrysostom, one of the early Greek fathers which said: "There would be no more pagans if we behaved like true Christians."

This is the first of two articles excerpted from Robert Neville's The World of the Vatican, *to be published next Monday by Harper & Row. Next week Mr. Neville reveals the reasons Pope John called a historic ecumenical council for "the edification of the Christian people." —The Editors*

Receiving the faithful in Vatican audiences, the Pope charms visitors with his ca

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Struggle Inside The Supreme Court

Gravely divided, yet exerting more influence on the country than ever, nine Justices near a showdown.

By MERLO J. PUSEY

As the Supreme Court opens its fall session with solemn ritual this week, observers will begin searching for a shift in the hidden battle long waged within the court itself. There are two unknown forces on the bench—Byron R. (Whizzer) White, who joined the court late last spring, and the new appointee, Arthur Goldberg. How they line up in the struggle will influence the direction of U.S. jurisprudence.

For an institution with neither purse nor sword, which is supposed to subsist on the dry bones of the law, the United States Supreme Court has an amazing record for insinuating itself into the vital areas of our lives. As far back as the days of the *Dred Scott* case and beyond, the court's decisions on taxes, commerce, child labor, civil rights and the like have excited passionate dissent as well as high praise. Today it is deeper than ever in the stream of our everyday living.

During its last session the court handed down two of the most bitterly controversial opinions in its long history—one against a prayer in the public schools and the other for reapportionment of gerrymandered legislatures. Both these cases are new landmarks in the law. Yet, like others before them, they represent no more than battles in the long war within the court itself—the war between the "activists" and the "traditionalists." This struggle has already deeply affected the political climate of the United States and the rights that all men and women cherish. It is important to understand what it is all about.

Although the decision on reapportionment was a more drastic break with the past, the prayer decision caused the loudest clamor. In part this furor was a reecho of the hot crusade against the court which followed its unanimous decision in 1954 outlawing segregation in the public schools. Many Southerners who had grown weary of belaboring the court for its desegregation decision were delighted to find a new stick to beat it with. "They put the niggers in the schools," shouted the most irate extremists, "and now they've taken God out." But these hot-tempered wisecracks heard around the cracker barrel missed the true significance of the school-prayer case—the "activists" were in control.

These two cases mark a new high in the influence of this group of judges upon the law of the land. They also highlight the long struggle within the court over two enormously important unresolved issues—issues that will affect the future standing of the court in the confidence of the people. One issue concerns the real meaning of the Bill of Rights. The other concerns the real nature of the court's own function in the American political system.

The "activist" bloc on one side of the doctrinal gulf which divides the court is led by a cool and affable Alabama lawyer, Justice Hugo L. Black. Black and his allies have tried to write into the court's decisions their belief that the guaranties of freedom of speech, press and religion, as contained in the Bill of Rights, are "absolutes," subject to no qualification whatsoever.

Revolutionary Consequences

If the absolutist doctrine in its more extreme forms should be established as the law of the land, the consequences would be almost revolutionary. It would mean, for example, that the Government could no longer enforce the Smith Act, under which numerous Communists have been convicted of teaching and advocating the overthrow of government by force and violence. It would also sharply curtail the investigative powers of Congress. If the doctrine were literally applied in its extreme forms, the general maintenance of public order would be severely handicapped because irresponsible people would presumably be free to indulge in perjury, obscenity, misrepresentation, false advertising and even solicitation of crime and subversion.

Some of Black's admirers insist that his view of "absolute rights" does not go this far, but the Justice cut the ground from beneath these defenders in an interview last spring with Professor Edmond Cahn of New York University. Under his concept of "absolute rights," the Justice said, even laws permitting damage suits for libel and slander should be unconstitutional; he expressed hope that sometime they will be so regarded. "I do not believe, myself," he commented, "that there is any halfway ground if you enforce the protections of the First Amendment."

The Black doctrine has been resisted by a more conservative group of Justices who for want of a better word are often called "traditionalists." These men highly esteem the guaranties of liberty in the Bill of Rights but insist that those guaranties be interpreted in the light of the Constitution as a whole. The most effective spokesman for this group—until his recent retirement—was Justice Felix Frankfurter. In many controversial cases he led a majority in rejecting the concept of "absolute rights." But the doctrine has strong support, and the prayer decision went a long way toward giving an "absolutist" meaning to the First Amendment provision that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion."

Will the court move on to general acceptance of the Black doctrine of absolute rights? That is the key question which now confronts the court and worries the country. There is a very real chance that Justice Black may prevail. For one thing, Black's stanchest opponent, Frankfurter, gave up his seat in late August because of continued ill health. A few months earlier one of Frankfurter's most dependable allies, Justice Charles Evans Whittaker, retired from the court because of exhaustion. The resulting changes in personnel add new suspense to the inside drama that is being enacted in the Marble Palace on Capitol Hill.

The actors in this drama are an extraordinary cast. For example, Justice Black, chief performer for the activists, who was born in the deep South and who once joined the Ku Klux Klan, is now a leading reformer and hero of the liberal left. On the other side uncertainty prevails, because the traditionalists have lost the leadership of the Vienna-born Jew who, in New Deal days, was pilloried as a radical but who remained on the bench to become a symbol of judicial restraint.

Black's career, however you look at it, is a puzzling paradox. Emerging from the poverty of Alabama's backwoods, he lifted himself by his bootstraps to a thriving law practice in Birmingham and then to the United States Senate in 1927. His sense of loyalty to the underdog made him a champion of many liberal causes in Congress but often brought him into conflict with the Supreme Court. When the court upset a spate of New Deal measures in 1935 and 1936, he urged nullification of its decisions by every device at the command of Congress. He gave powerful support to President Franklin D. Roosevelt's bill to "pack" the court in 1937, then was F.D.R.'s first appointee to the high bench, chiefly because he was a thorn in the flesh of the forces that had successfully killed the court-packing bill.

The Corinthian columns and classical façade of the Supreme Court building in Washington mask the judicial conflict with

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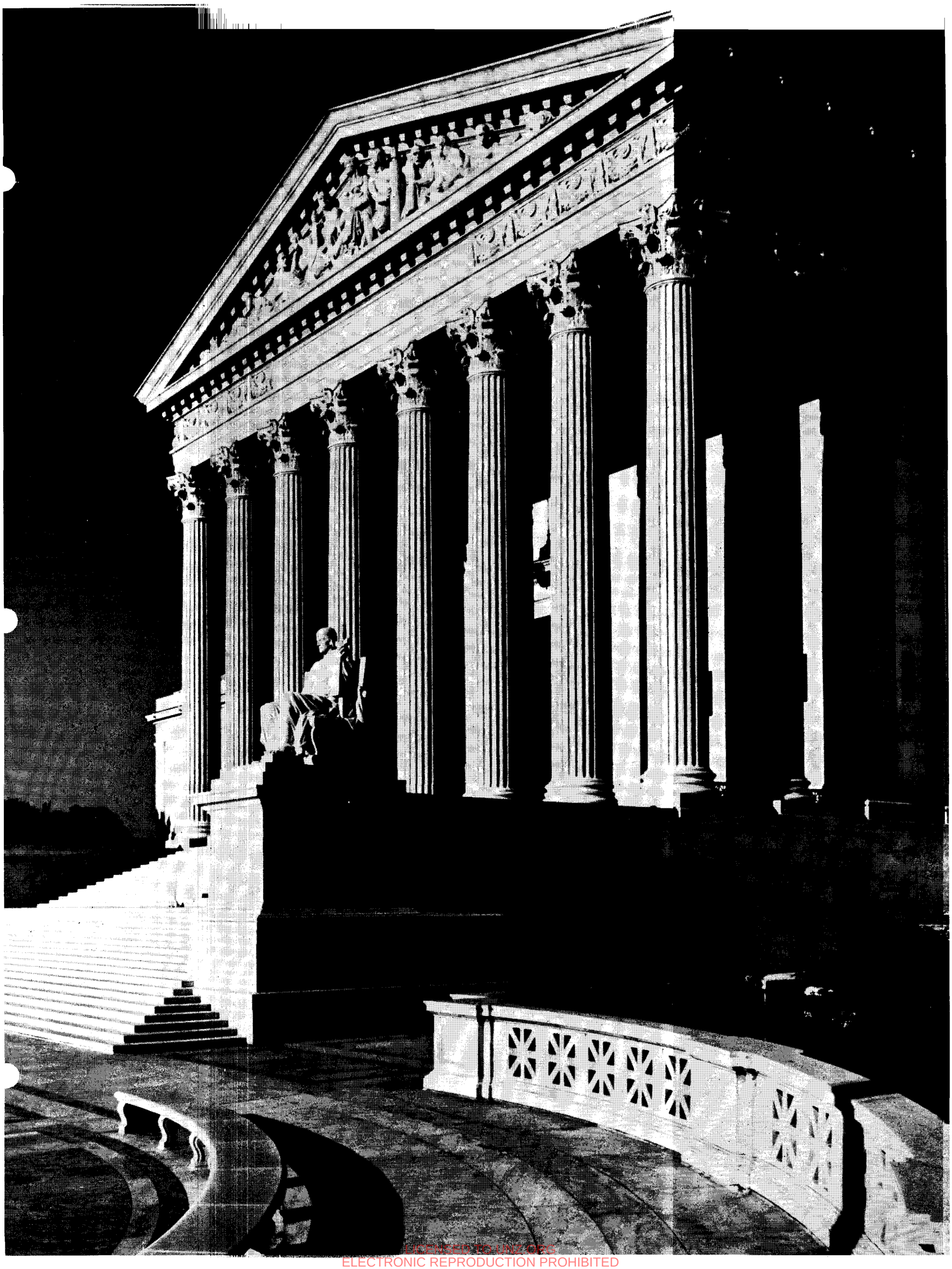

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"LIBERTY CANNOT BE QUALIFIED"

Doctrine of the activist group: "Guaranties of freedom of speech, press and religion, as contained in the Bill of Rights, are 'absolutes' subject to no qualification whatsoever." Under the leadership of Justice Hugo L. Black, this faction may finally prevail.

Justice Black, on the court since 1937, has long championed underdog causes.

The uproar that followed the prayer decision was mild by comparison to the hot wind of indignation which blew over the country when, shortly after Black's confirmation by the Senate, a journalist disclosed that he had been a member of the Klan. Black may well have been the most unpopular man ever to ascend the Supreme Bench. In that very hour, however, he began the slow and painful task of building anew his reputation as a champion of human rights.

Did Black make civil rights his foremost interest in a deliberate effort to shake off the stigma of the Klan? The truth is that he has a passion for humanitarian and liberal causes and has always been a man of strong likes and dislikes. In the Senate he was an "all-outer" for the causes in which he believed deeply, and his nature was not changed when he put on a robe.

Black does not fuss and stew over controversial civil-rights cases as some of his brethren on the bench do. He seems to resolve almost every doubt in favor of the person who is claiming a right against the Government.

As senior justice with 25 years of service to his credit, this persistent, persuasive, tennis-playing crusader, now in his 77th year, is at the zenith of his career. Though he refers to himself as a simple country boy, he makes up in intellectual drive and tenacity whatever he may lack in judicial sophistication. Eloquent and self-confident, he exerts a strong pull on some of his colleagues.

On the other side of the ideological gulf, the urbane and learned Frankfurter was for many years a powerful rallying point. F.F., as he is sometimes called, was himself a sort of legal institution at the Harvard Law School when Roosevelt brought him to Washington in 1939. It was hoped that he would help water down the supposedly conservative predilections of the "Old Court" which had upset a large part of F.D.R.'s New Deal. The brilliant and incisive professor had been a leading adviser to Roosevelt, but his extraordinary legal mind and his varied experience in government lifted the appointment out of the political-reward category. In his earlier years on the court he took a liberal view in interpreting the powers which the Constitution grants to Congress.

As the court moved on to new problems, however, the judicial-minded Bostonian found himself increasingly in collision with the activists. He is not a conservative in the meaning of this term as it was applied to the so-called Four Horsemen of the Hughes court—Justices Pierce Butler, Willis Van Devanter, George Sutherland and James C. McReynolds. Yet his moderation often stood out in such sharp contrast to the views of the Black-Warren-Douglas trio that he seemed conservative by comparison.

Bulwark of the Traditionalists

Like Oliver Wendell Holmes, Frankfurter showed a profound respect for the peculiar American system of government, with its wide diffusion of powers and its checks and balances. As the cleavage in the court widened and deepened, he became its chief anchor to the Holmes philosophy of giving free rein to Congress and the states unless they clearly exceed their constitutional powers. Upon retirement, he was recognized as probably the most eminent constitutional jurist in the land.

Justices Black and Frankfurter have been the key men in the drama, partly because of their long experience and the force of their personalities, partly because they have symbolized the opposing views of the court's function. Among the other Justices, there are many gradations of opinion. But three of them—Chief Justice Earl Warren and Justices William O. Douglas and William J. Brennan Jr.—are usually found on Black's side of the argument.

It is no secret that the Chief Justice exercises less influence upon the court than some of his predecessors. Warren was shifted to the highest judicial office in the land in 1953 from an active political career. A large man with a seemingly perpetual smile, he at first appeared to pull the court away from some of its previous divisiveness. The most momentous decision rendered i that period—the school-desegregation ruling—was unanimous.

Beginning about 1955, however, Warren was drawn increasingly into the Black-Douglas camp. Disagreements grew to the point of sharp exchanges on the bench between Warren and Frankfurter on several occasions. In the absence of leadership at its center, strong enough to counteract the pull of the two poles, the court fluctuated between conflicting views in several fields of constitutional law.

Significantly, Warren did not exercise his prerogative as Chief Justice to write either of the 1962 opinions that are most likely to go into the history books, although he was in the majority in both cases. The Tennessee reapportionment case went to Brennan, and the school-prayer case to Black.

Douglas is in some respects the strangest man on the court. A restless and weather-hardened Westerner, he is most at home in hiking boots on a mountain trail. He is probably as well known as a conservationist and author as he is as a judge. Elevated to the high bench by Roosevelt in 1939 from the chairmanship of the Securities and Exchange Commission, he has consistently traveled with the activists.

Brennan climbed to judicial eminence by way of the New Jersey courts. Appointed to the state's trial bench in 1949, he soon moved to the appellate division and then to the New Jersey Supreme Court before Eisenhower named him in 1956 to the nation's highest bench. Though he often lines up with the Black faction, he is less doctrinaire than its veteran members and is expected to play a larger role in the years ahead.

Turning again to the traditionalist, we find that the Justice who has reflected this viewpoint even more consistently than Frankfurter is—strangely

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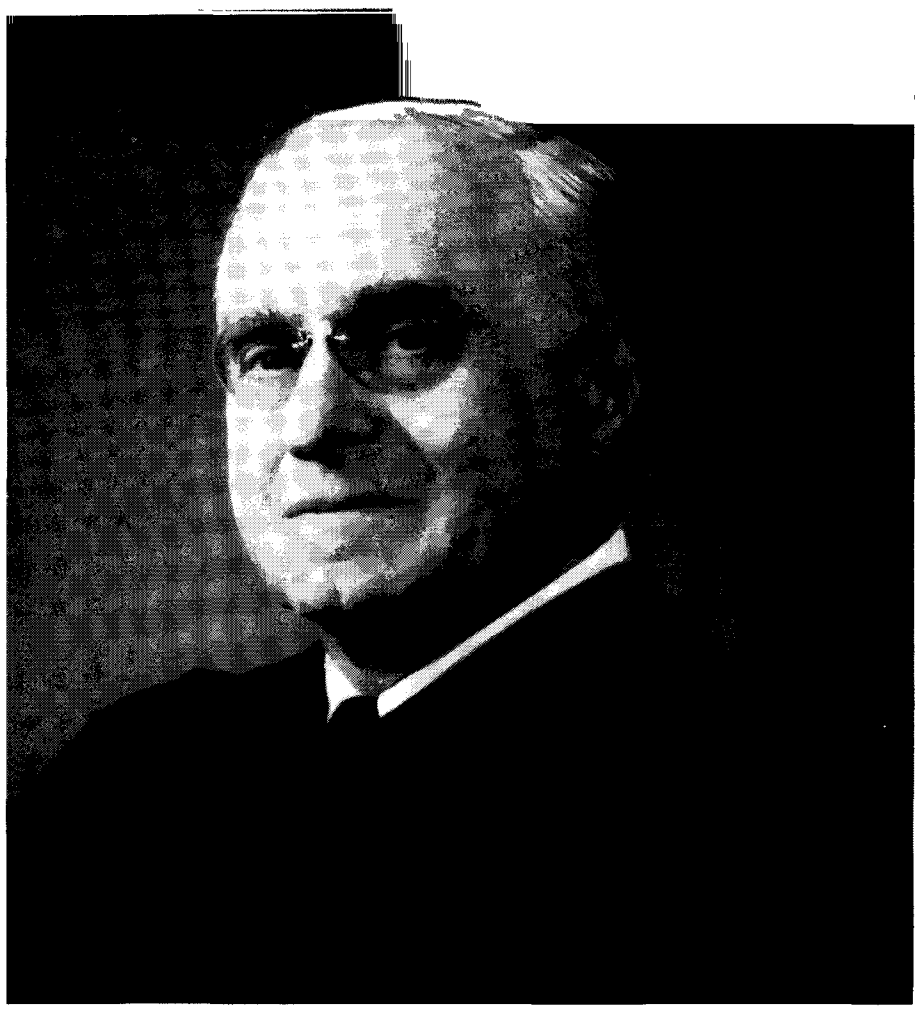

Justice Frankfurter retired last August at 79 after 23 years on the court.

"THE CONSTITUTION MUST COME FIRST"

Doctrine of the traditionalists: "Guaranties of liberty must be interpreted in the light of the Constitution as a whole. . . . Give free rein to Congress and the states unless they clearly exceed their constitutional powers." Justice Felix Frankfurter led this group until his retirement.

enough—a grandson and namesake of Justice John Marshall Harlan whose famous dissent back in 1896 from the "separate but equal" doctrine foreshadowed the 1954 school-desegregation ruling. The younger Harlan came to the court from a varied practice in New York. Eisenhower advanced him to the Supreme Court after he had served an impressive apprenticeship on the Second Circuit Court of Appeals. Highly rated as a lawyer's lawyer, Harlan is a strong buttress to stability in the law and to judicial restraint. With Frankfurter no longer on the bench, Harlan may inherit the leadership of the traditionalists.

Vying with Harlan for the role of the most conservative member of the court is Justice Tom C. Clark, who practiced in Dallas, Texas, and moved up the Department of Justice ladder to become President Harry S. Truman's Attorney General. Though Clark's dissents frequently chide the activists in stinging phrases, he was with the majority in both the reapportionment and school-prayer cases.

The two youngest members of the court—Potter Stewart and Byron R. White—are also at present its most detached members. Stewart had practiced law in Cincinnati and New York before Eisenhower gave him a seat on the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals and then advanced him to the Supreme Court in 1958 at the age of 43. Cautious and independent-minded, Stewart has kept aloof from the two opposing camps. As a result, he has cast the crucial vote in many five-to-four decisions. Unperturbed by such enormous responsibility, he has wisely used his central position to steer away from the "absolutes" whenever possible.

White remains an unknown quantity in the judicial equation because he sat on the bench only about two months before the summer adjournment. As President John F. Kennedy's first nominee, White will be watched for possible portents of things to come. He brought to the bench a good background of scholarship at the University of Colorado and Oxford University, England, and of public service as deputy attorney general in charge of recruiting judges for the Federal courts. When he was himself recruited for the highest bench, he was still a relatively young man of 44—young enough to be remembered as "Whizzer" White, who had made a fabulous athletic record in his undergraduate days at Colorado and had played professional football for the Pittsburgh Steelers and the Detroit Lions.

President Kennedy's selection of his Secretary of Labor, Arthur J. Goldberg, to succeed Frankfurter came as a complete surprise. Goldberg is a human dynamo from Chicago, where he emerged from Northwestern University's postgraduate law school *summa cum laude*, then practiced law for 19 years. As general counsel to the Congress of Industrial Organizations and the United Steelworkers of America, he argued cases brilliantly before the Supreme Court and helped to negotiate the AFL-CIO merger. As Secretary of Labor he proved to be an able negotiator and a fair-minded public servant.

On the bench Goldberg may provide some surprises of his own. His deepest attachment is neither to labor nor to liberalism, as might be supposed, but to the concept of law and constitutional government. Conscious of the fact that the seat he takes was successively occupied by Holmes, Cardozo and Frankfurter, Goldberg may be expected to feel the pull of tradition.

Reapportionment—and Prayers

Ultimately the new members coming to the court will decide the great conflict over constitutional rights and powers, but it is not yet clear what direction they will take. In the short run a heyday for the activists would not be surprising. But a buildup of the moderate center could end the present polarization of the court.

The activists' most important victory this year is the Tennessee reapportionment case. In terms of its effect upon the country and its shift in judicial thinking, this six-two decision, opening the door to a realignment of political power in the states, was far more momentous than the outlawing of a school prayer. Through the years the court had often turned away the attempts of despairing cities to compel a fair distribution of seats in many rural-dominated state legislatures. A majority of the justices had felt that any interference with this peculiarly legislative task would draw the courts into a perilous political quagmire. But when the appalling disparities in Tennessee were spread on the record along with the legislature's open defiance of state constitutional requirements for more than 60 years, the court concluded that it could no longer keep its doors closed to the pleas of politically impotent citizens for "equal protection of the laws."

The decision had an electrifying effect in most state capitals. Citizens of the disadvantaged cities and suburbs rushed into state and Federal courts with new complaints. Legislatures met in special session and sought to ease the worst inequities in the hope of escaping reapportionments dictated by judges. Almost overnight there was a rush to restore a fundamental principle of representative government that had been flouted to the point of tainting our whole political system.

This case drove a new wedge between the activists and traditionalists, as the powerful dissents of Frankfurter and Harlan clearly show. Yet it stands apart from the controversy over absolute rights because the chief issue was whether the court would lay aside its self-imposed rule against venturing into what Frankfurter had called a "political thicket." In this instance, moreover, it appears that the court moved in accord with a strong wave of public sentiment against gerrymandering. The dominant conclusion seemed to be that the court had courageously drawn upon a great constitutional power—in a delicate area, to be sure—to heal a chronic sore in our political system. It had stepped in to check serious abuses of the legislative power after

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"Still to be resolved is the nature of the court's own function in the American political system."

extended demonstrations that no other remedies were available.

The six-one prayer decision (*Engel et al. v. Vitale et al.*) involved a different set of principles. The case was brought by Steven I. Engel and other parents of children attending school in Union Free District No. 9, New Hyde Park, New York. They objected to a nondenominational prayer recommended for use in the schools by the State Board of Regents, the highest educational authority in New York, and officially adopted by the local board. The prayer consisted of only 22 words drawn largely from state constitutions:

"Almighty God, we acknowledge our dependence upon Thee, and we beg Thy blessings upon us, our parents, our teachers and our country."

The prayer was repeated at the beginning of each school day, along with the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag. Those who did not wish to participate could remain silent or be excused from the room or come late in order to miss the prayer. All the judges agreed that there was no compulsion on any pupil to join in the prayer, but that did not save it in the eyes of the court. Justice Black's opinion found the prayer to be "wholly inconsistent with the establishment clause" and therefore unconstitutional.

"God Save This Honorable Court"

What set the court on that tack is clear enough: "It is no part of the business of government," said the majority, "to compose official prayers for any group of the American people to recite as part of a religious program carried on by government." Many critics of the decision agree that state officials are out of their element when they essay the writing of prayers. But does this make the New York regents' prayer unconstitutional?

Since the days of John Marshall the Supreme Court itself has had its crier invoke the blessing of God at the opening of each day's sessions: "God save the United States and this Honorable Court!" Similarly, both houses of Congress open their daily sessions with prayer. Every President from Washington to Kennedy has sought divine guidance on taking office. "Is the court suggesting," Justice Stewart asked in his dissent, "that the Constitution permits judges and Congressmen and Presidents to join in prayer, but prohibits schoolchildren from doing so?"

The Regents had tried to avoid favoritism to any religion by recommending a few words of devotion devoid of any creed. They did want prayer in the schools, but under safeguards against any establishment of religion.

The court could reasonably have taken note of this fact. Instead, Justice Black dealt with the case as if the state of New York had passed a law setting up an "official religion." At one point he declared that "religion is too personal, too sacred, too holy, to permit its 'unhallowed perversion' by a civil magistrate." The quoted phrase is from James Madison's Memorial and Remonstrance against Religious Assessments, but Madison was protesting against Patrick Henry's proposed tax in Virginia for support of the Anglican Church and its schools. If there had been any comparable abuse in the prayer case, the court would have been applauded for striking it down.

Stewart's dissent stated the nub of complaints against this decision. He wrote: "With all respect, I think the court has misapplied a great constitutional principle. I cannot see how an 'official religion' is established by letting those who want to say a prayer say it. On the contrary, I think that to deny the wish of these schoolchildren to join in reciting this prayer is to deny them the opportunity of sharing in the spiritual heritage of our nation."

Freedom to Pray in Public

Today the separation of church and state is firmly established in fact as well as in principle. It is not necessary for the Supreme Court to supervise local school boards out of fear that the repetition of prayers in the schools might lead to an establishment of religion. The current problem is one of drawing a realistic line between an establishment of religion and the freedom of officials to have prayer in public gatherings.

The court has not, of course, settled the question of prayer in the schools. It merely ruled out one prayer written by state officials. Nearly half the states require or authorize either prayers or Bible-reading in their schools, and it is estimated that religious exercises of one kind or another are conducted in about half of the country's 35,000 school districts. All these practices are now brought into question, and the American Civil Liberties Union, which won the New York case, is moving on a broad front against hymns, religious-holiday programs, Bible-reading and prayers of any kind in the schools.

Having started into the maze, the court cannot stop. Three new cases are already before it on petition for review. One is an appeal from a three-judge Federal court decision that Pennsylvania's use of the Lord's Prayer and the Bible in its schools is unconstitutional. The others involve state court rulings in Maryland and Florida.

Some clue as to what the court may do in these cases may be found in previous decisions involving church-state relations. The philosophy of the Black camp was outlined some years ago in *Everson v. Board of Education.* The purpose of the First Amendment, Black's opinion said, in the words of Thomas Jefferson, was to erect "a wall of separation between church and state." Yet the specific holding in that case was that New Jersey had not breached the "wall of separation" by providing bus transportation for children attending parochial schools. Does state aid to church schools create a larger gap in the "wall" than nondenominational prayer taking place in the public schools?

More enlightening are the "released-times" cases. In 1948 the court put an end to the "released-time" program of Champaign, Illinois, under which representatives of the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish faiths had been permitted to instruct volunteer pupils once a week during school hours on school property. This decision against "released time" produced an outcry and led to further test cases.

Four years later the court upheld New York's "released-time" arrangement, under which religious instruction was given off the school grounds but with a large measure of cooperation between the schools and the churches. In that case the court conceded that "we are a religious people whose institutions presuppose a Supreme Being." The court seemed to pull a few stones off its "wall of separation."

In the light of such history and of the widespread public criticism the judges may wish to narrow the implications of their prayer decision. But if so, they will run into some baffling problems, for although the Lord's Prayer and the Bible were not composed by public officials, they are in some degree sectarian, and therefore their use in the schools may come closer to an establishment of religion than did the Regents' nondenominational prayer.

Beyond that looms a worse dilemma. If the court stops anywhere short of forbidding all acts of devotion in the public schools, it will then have the unwelcome task of deciding which religious exercises are permissible and which are not. One of the cardinal principles laid down in the past by the court is that public officials have no right to determine what is and what is not a religious cause. Yet the court itself appears to have assumed such a role.

Struggle of Order vs. Liberty

While the court is wrestling with that problem, its critics in Congress will be pressing their demands for a constitutional amendment to reverse the Engel decision. Many such amendment proposals have been introduced, and the Senate Judiciary Committee began hearings in July.

The dilemma thus confronting the court is an outgrowth of the absolutist doctrine which produced the great schism in its ranks. That doctrine is especially troublesome when it is applied to the sphere of religion because of the dual objective of the founding fathers. They provided that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof. . . ." Of course it is impossible to attain absolute separation of church and state and absolute freedom of religion at the same time. The two concepts have to be merged into a relationship in which the state will not encroach upon religion, or religion upon the state.

If the court continues to press the doctrine of absolutes to its logical conclusion, therefore, it is likely to encounter increasingly heavy weather. The struggle for a workable interrelationship between order and liberty, which so much concerned Lincoln, is still very real in our own time. The granting of absolute rights to individuals, untouchable by any rules for the common good, tends toward a negation of government.

The forward march of the activists in that direction has led some critics to suggest a new use for the court's own prayer: "God save this Honorable Court" from absolutism. **THE END**

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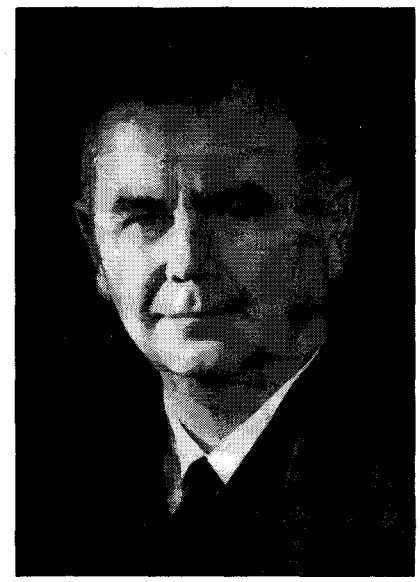
"Ultimately, new members will decide the great conflict over constitutional rights and powers."

LIBERALS ON THE COURT

Strengthened by victories in the school-prayer and state-reapportionment cases and by the retirement of Justice Frankfurter, the "activists" are likely to be dominant this term.

Chief Justice Earl Warren

William O. Douglas



William J. Brennan Jr.

CONSERVATIVE OPPONENTS

Under the leadership of Frankfurter, these Justices stood fast against the liberal views of the "activists." Retirement of Whittaker this year weakened their position.

John Marshall Harlan

Tom C. Clark

Charles Evans Whittaker

THE UNKNOWN QUANTITIES

Justice Stewart, known as a "swing man" for his record of switching from side to side, is still, after four years on the bench, as much of a question mark as President Kennedy's new appointees.

Potter Stewart

Byron R. White

Arthur J. Goldberg

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Golden Voice of the Senate

Everett McKinley Dirksen dazzles Capitol Hill and voters with the elegance of his florid rhetoric and the flexibility of his political posture.

These days it is heard again in Illinois: On one Sunday it vibrated all around Chicago—Skokie, Melrose Park, Evanston, Park Ridge, McCormick Place—until it was hushed at nightfall by a steak sandwich and the cool comfort of a strawberry sundae. Sen. Everett McKinley Dirksen's magnificent voice is on the road.

Running for reelection, the greatest performer in Congress is bringing to his constituents what is ordinarily reserved for the Senate—the melancholy face, the wild and wavy yellow hair, the blue eyes squinting as though through tears, and above all the famous organlike voice.

Dirksen is the junior senator from Illinois and leader of the Republican minority. He is running against a militant Democrat, Rep. Sidney R. Yates. Last year Senator Dirksen voted in favor of President Kennedy's program 27 percent of the time; Congressman Yates lined up 97 percent of the time. Yet so dizzying are Dirksen's powers of speech, and so deft his political footwork, that a powerful rumor had Mr. Kennedy favoring Dirksen over Yates. The White House had to issue a formal statement declaring that the Democratic President does not favor reelection of the Republican senator. Few senators can produce so dramatic an acknowledgment from the opposition.

Dredging Up 20 Words for One

But drama is nothing new to Dirksen. He is dedicated to the proposition that a man should never use one word if he can dredge up 20, never a plain one if he can find a fancy one.

Does he wish two senators to be more amiable?

"Resume your congenial and felicitous relationship."

Does he mean that the Senate is stuck?

"The Senate is the victim of a fortuity."

Or that he will scold a senator who speaks too much?

"I shall invoke upon him every condign imprecation. . . ."

Let an ordinary word escape and he snatches it back to smother it in fuzz. Recently he blurted out the blunt word "filibuster," but recovered with, "or, shall I say, extended periods of expression which somehow made it difficult to secure action on a bill in the civil-rights field."

He often rises at 5:30 A.M. in his Washington home to dictate memos to his wife, so that he can leave the Capitol early to work in his garden. "What a joy," he told the Senate recently, "to bring seed and shrub and sun and soil together to be nurtured by rain, and then let nature unfurl all her great beauty which represents every color in the spectrum."

And yet it is not just the language. When Dirksen is in close combat with enemies outside the Senate he stops making melodies. He could say harshly to Walter Reuther, "Now let us cut out all the fancy English." When James Carey of the AFL-CIO electrical workers criticized private insurance companies, Dirksen called it "a stinking charge." Carey started to speak again. Dirksen snapped, "You just keep your mouth shut!"

No, it is not just the words. It is also the magnificent instrument, husky, rich and tremulous, The Golden Voice on the Senate Floor. He can say, "Mr. President, I yield to the distinguished senator from Louisiana," and make it sound like the combined Harvard-Radcliffe choirs singing Handel's *Messiah*.

The vocabulary and voice come straight from Pekin, Illinois, with overlays of the Old Testament, William Shakespeare, and *Roget's Thesaurus*. The son of Calvinist German parents, Dirksen was born and brought up in Pekin and still lives there. Perhaps the first ingredient of The Voice was provided in the Second Reformed Church, where he sang in the choir, listened to hours of old-time preaching, and became president of the Christian Endeavor. He left to ride a balloon over French battlefields in World War I. Returning to Pekin, he tried without great success to make washing machines, dredge streams and run a bakery. In between he was writing furiously—five novels and more than 100 short stories, never published.

Two literary efforts were successful. One was a two-act play, *Chinese Love*, written with a high-school classmate, Hubert Ropp, who later became dean of the Art Institute of Chicago. This drama of romantic love in Pekin, Illinois, is still played by high-school groups. And for his home town's centennial in 1923 Dirksen wrote, directed and played in a pageant whose leading lady was to become Mrs. Dirksen.

In the 1920's he won a minor political office in Pekin. His father, a painter and decorator, was fascinated by politics—conservative Republican politics. He named the Senator's twin brother Thomas Reed Dirksen, after the then Republican Speaker of the House, and called their older brother Benjamin Harrison Dirksen, after the last Republican President before McKinley.

Lodging "McKinley" in the Middle

There are conflicting stories on how "McKinley" became lodged in the middle of "Everett Dirksen." One story is that the enthusiastic father added the name when the boy was almost a year old, William McKinley having just been elected President. But the senator thinks the names were there from the start, in January, 1896, when McKinley was still governor of Ohio. At any rate, his middle name has never hurt Dirksen among the conservative farmers and businessmen of Illinois.

But fancy words and a gorgeous voice are not enough to survive in a politically borderline state like Illinois, nor to gain entry into the inner fraternity of the Senate cloakroom.

Could it be Dirksen's political record? There is no more fascinating document on Capitol Hill. Dirksen has the reputation for being an old-fashioned Midwest isolationist Republican. And indeed he has been. He has also spoken and voted like a moderate Republican, a liberal Republican, conservative Democrat, a liberal Democrat and a neutral Independent. The Chicago *Sun-Times* once calculated that from 1932 to 1948, when he was in the House of Representatives, Dirksen changed his position 31 times on military preparedness, 62 times on isolationism, and 70 times on agricultural policy.

When millions of Americans first saw him on their television screens at the 1952 Republican convention, Dirksen was being flexible. He is remembered as a Taft supporter, shaking a finger at Thomas E. Dewey and singing out bitterly, "We followed you before, and you took us down the road to defeat." But Dirksen had been for Dewey in 1944 and 1948, for Eisenhower in 1956. "I am fluid," he said.

No. 48 in "Best Senator" Poll

Even Illinois politics can't entirely explain the phenomenon of Dirksen. The other senator from Illinois is Paul Howard Douglas—Democrat, former university professor, intellectual liberal, unswerving internationalist, rated No. 1 in a "best senator" poll of American political scientists in 1953. Douglas is quite unlike Everett McKinley Dirksen—Republican, fancy-speech artist, reputed to be an isolationist conservative, switcher of positions, and rated No. 48 in the same poll. Yet Illinois has been sending both men to the Senate with comfortable pluralities. Though Dirksen's opponent this year is in the Douglas tradition, Dirksen is the favorite.

Party politics are even more bewildering.

Dirksen was a supporter of the late Sen. Joseph McCarthy even when McCarthy was attacking President Eisenhower. At a fund-raising dinner, preparing for his 1956 Senate campaign, Dirksen managed to receive and read out a letter of support from President Eisenhower and a telegram of support from Senator McCarthy.

Ultraconservative Republicans are often made nervous by Dirksen's flexibility. Moderate Republicans say they are dismayed because, in his televised press conferences with House Republican leader Charles Halleck, Dirksen makes a contemporary Republican sound prehistoric. Yet Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel of California, a "modern" Republican, says of Dirksen's leadership of the G.O.P., "*Esprit de corps* has never been higher."

Gossip has the President referring to the Dirksen-Halleck TV show as "The Untouchables," but in fact the Democratic President and Dirksen seem to get along fine.

Dirksen tells how a year ago the phone rang and there was the President of the United States saying, "Hello, Ev." To which the Republican Minority Leader replied, "Oh, hi, Jack."

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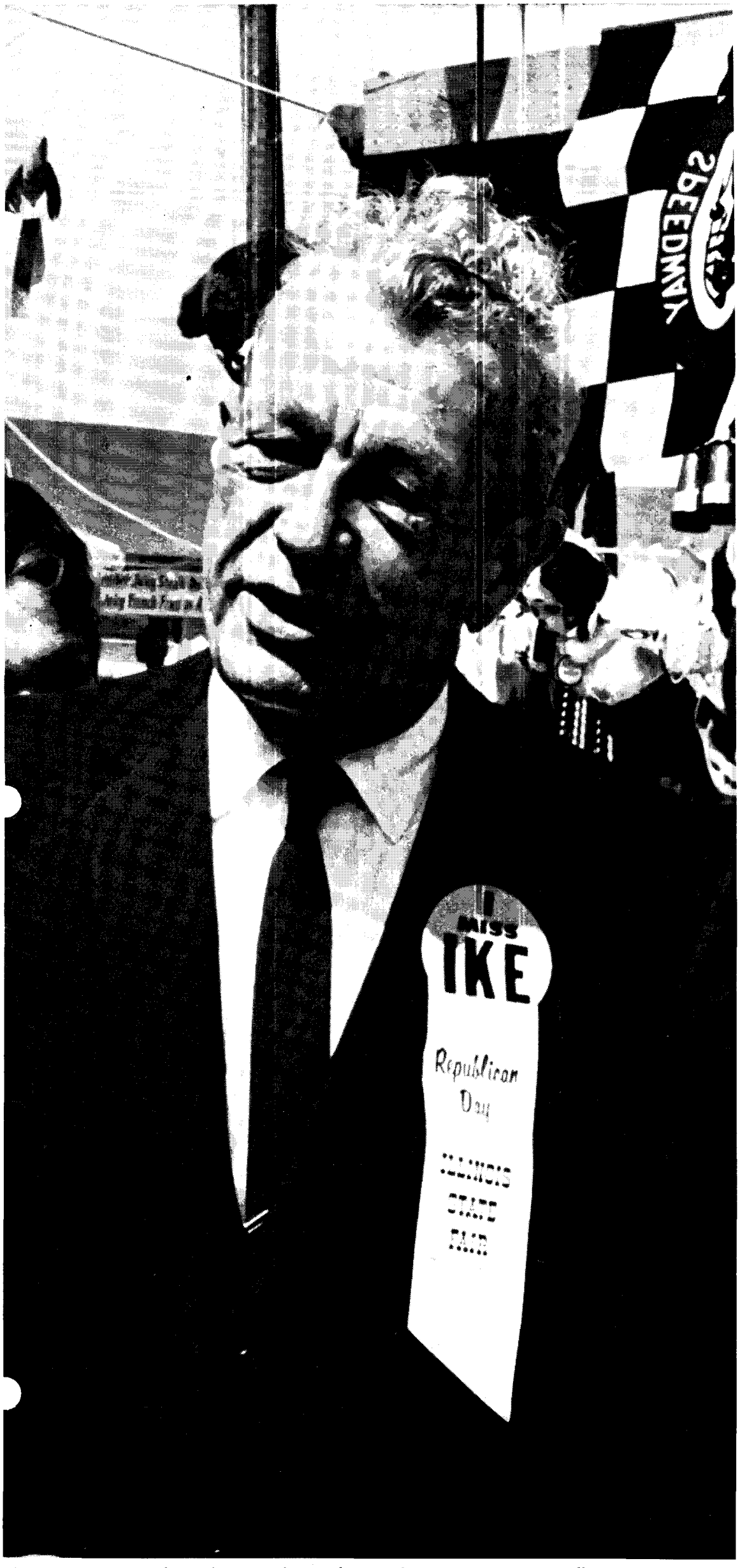

Senate Minority Leader Dirksen puts his words to work on constituents at an Illinois state fair.

By BEN H. BAGDIKIAN

"Mrs. Dirksen scolded me for using such a familiar form of address. So about two weeks later I was at a White House meeting and I said, 'Mr. President, my wife thought I committed a breach of etiquette when I called you by your first name,' and the President replied, 'Why, Ev, who more than you has that right?'"

Recently a Democrat who dislikes Dirksen said, "Politics is just a game with him. He figures he's a lawyer for the Republican client and is justified in grabbing every opening he can, including making settlements out of court. He's shrewd, skillful in debate, and he does his homework. But he has no principles."

Fellow senators are inclined to forgive Dirksen his theatrics because they understand them. The Senate has at least as much clever ruthlessness in it as any other working political body, but it is not supposed to show. Some hide behind an old-South courtliness, others behind country-boy innocence, others behind Ivy League sophistication. Dirksen conceals his cleverness beneath the oleaginous manners, the Old Testament lamentations and the tremolo of his Shakespearean voice.

Dirksen Pokes Fun at Dirksen

But shrewdness, even concealed, makes a man liked, and Dirksen is well liked indeed. What makes him an accepted member of the senatorial inner circle is his refusal to take himself seriously.

When asked if he was offended by the term "Ev and Charlie Show" for his television press conferences, he replied that the phrase was as natural as "corned beef and cabbage, the Cherry Sisters, and Gallagher and Shean."

On the advice of a professional public-relations man, Dirksen put on dark-rimmed spectacles while appearing on television, to hide the bags under his eyes. At a press conference he voluntarily poked his finger through the lensless frames, telling the assembled reporters, "They said they'd make me look young."

He can announce to the Senate—again poking fun at himself—"I have a surprise for you. I shall depart from my usual custom and talk about the bill that is up for discussion today."

When Dirksen is at his most Dirksenesque, when the great vocal instrument is filling the Senate, and the polysyllables are gushing out in full flood, more often than not it is Everett McKinley Dirksen doing a masterful burlesque of Everett McKinley Dirksen. A Democratic senator who has watched him for years said, "He's laughing at himself most of the time. I can tell when he's not, and then there's no baloney."

After all, in the reception room of his senatorial office there is a heroic portrait in full color of Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen, flanked by small prints of Abraham Lincoln and Dwight D. Eisenhower. But on the other wall, framed in a three-dimensional green box for all to see, is a monumental ear of corn. **THE END**

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Parents Who Beat Children

A tragic increase in cases of child abuse is prompting a hunt for ways to detect sick adults who commit such crimes.

By CHARLES FLATO

New York doctor examines a girl for arm fractures "probably" inflicted by her parents. Most victims are younger than three.

A few months ago a blond, blue-eyed four-year-old named Deborah was admitted unconscious to a hospital in Washington, D.C. Her skull was fractured; her back, face, arms and legs were covered with lacerations. When she came to, she told the doctors, "Mamma kept hitting me with a big black stick."

At first the doctors dismissed her complaint as a child's fantasy. They assumed she had been in an accident.

About the same time an eight-month-old infant was brought to a Los Angeles hospital by her parents. Her legs were swollen to nearly twice their normal size as a result of second-degree burns.

"The baby fell against a hot-water pipe," the mother explained.

In both hospitals doctors became suspicious. X rays showed that little Deborah had told the truth, and that the parents of the Los Angeles infant had lied. Both children were victims of what doctors call "the battered-child syndrome"—medical shorthand for the signs and symptoms of the mauling of children by one or both of their parents.

In all parts of the country parents are maiming children, even killing them. In one recent week newspapers carried these stories:

- In Sedalia, Missouri, a three-year-old girl died following a thrashing by her mother. The child, the mother said, had misbehaved; she had punished her with the buckle end of a belt. An autopsy disclosed that death had been caused either by a brain hemorrhage or a perforated intestine. "I was determined," the mother explained to the police, "to make a lady out of her." The mother might have added, "Even if it kills her." The mother was indicted on a homicide charge and is now awaiting trial.
- In New York City a two-and-a-half-month-old girl was pronounced dead on arrival at a city hospital. She had been in "accidents" before. According to her mother, the injuries—including the fatal one—resulted from what she described as "convulsive seizures" which caused her to fall while carrying the child. The mother, however, failed to show any signs of injury. The medical examiner said the fatality was caused by "maltreatment." A fourteen-month-old sister of the dead child is now in another New York hospital, also the probable victim of parental manhandling.
- In a Kansas city a man was arrested for beating his year-old son and two-year-old daughter. He said he could not recall why he had done it.
- In Cincinnati a twenty-two-month-old boy was hospitalized for the fourth time during his brief life after being mauled by his mother.

In the United States generally, at least two children a day are savagely assaulted by their own parents. The most common form of parental abuse is beating. The second is burning—with matches, cigarettes or electric irons, or by holding the child's hands, arms or feet over an open flame. Many are deliberately scalded with whatever happens to be bubbling on the stove.

Others are strangled, thrown, dropped, shot, stabbed, shaken, drowned, suffocated, sexually violated, held under running water, tied upright for long periods of time, stepped on, bitten, given electric shocks, forced to swallow pepper, or buried alive. The reports of the injuries read like the case book of a concentration-camp doctor: bruises, contusions, welts, skull fractures, broken bones, brain injuries, burns, concussions, cuts, gashes, gunshot and knife wounds, ruptured vital organs, bites, dislocated necks, asphyxiations, eyes gouged out.

A Frequent Cause of Death

The public contributes millions of dollars a year to find cures for fatal childhood diseases, but the battered-child syndrome goes unnoticed. Certain organizations, however—among them are the American Humane Association, the American Medical Association and the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare—are deeply concerned with the problem. The assaults on children, said an editorial in a recent issue of the *A.M.A. Journal*, may turn out to be "a more frequent cause of death than such well-recognized and thoroughly studied diseases as leukemia, cystic fibrosis and muscular dystrophy, and it may rank with automobile accidents."

The same issue of the *Journal* contains what are probably the most reliable figures on child abuse that have been published to date—nearly 750 cases of the battered-child syndrome in 1961. More than 300 were reported by hospitals, nearly 450 by district attorneys. Eighty of these children died; 114 suffered permanent brain damage.

Shocking as these figures are, they tell only a small part of the story. Dr. C. Henry Kempe, who headed the University of Colorado School of Medicine team which made the survey, pointed out, "For every child who is abused and enters a hospital, there must be an additional hundred treated by unsuspecting doctors." And undoubtedly there are many who are never treated at all.

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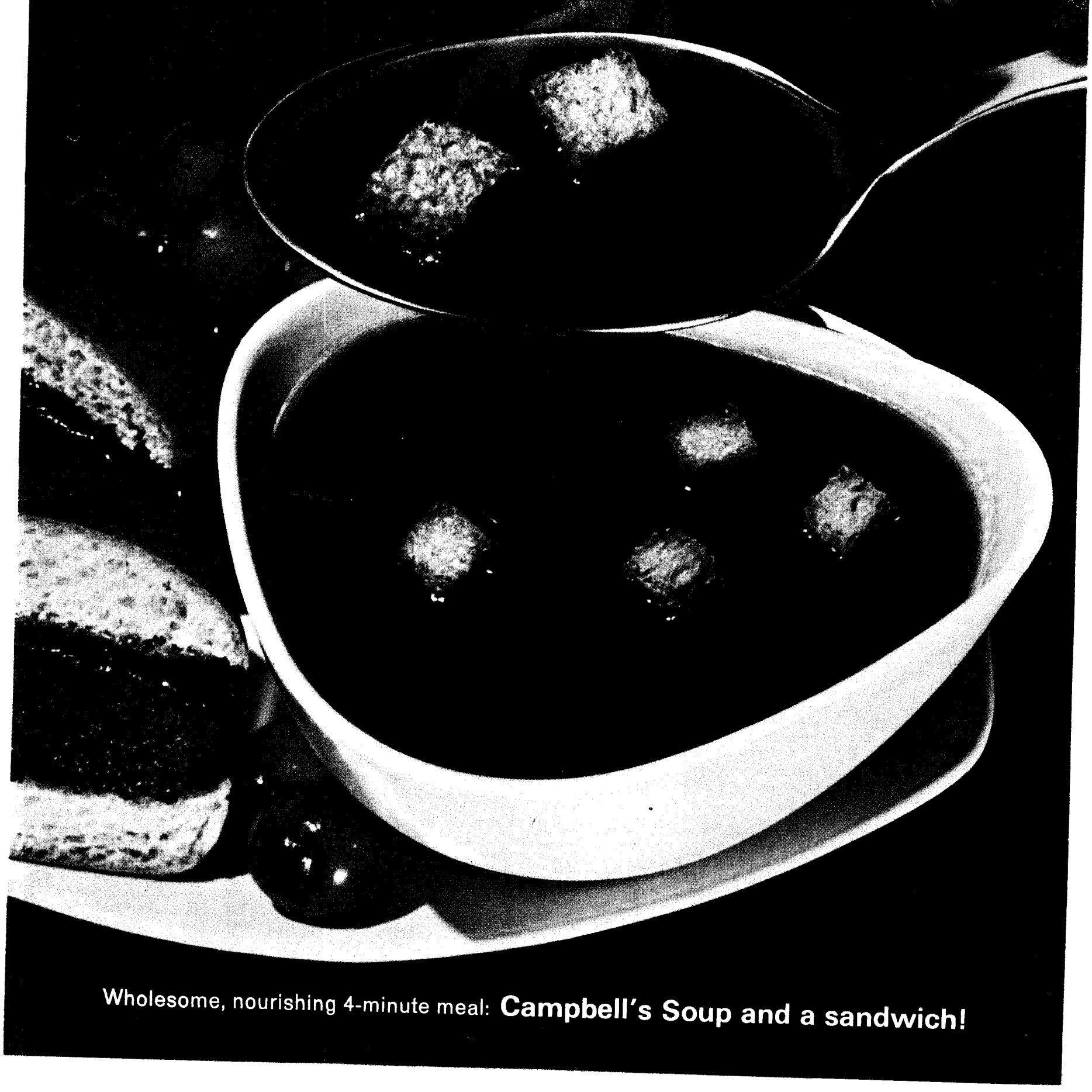

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"The bones tell a tragic story that the child is either too young or too frightened to tell."

Studying an X-ray plate, doctors at St. Vincent's Hospital in New York City try to decide whether a child's chest injury stemmed from a parental beating.

Children Doctor Kempe believes that child abuse is on the rise. So do other authorities, including Dr. Katherine Bain, deputy chief of the Children's Bureau of the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

"While child abuse is no new problem to the Children's Bureau," she told me, "our deep concern today is motivated by its apparent increase and by its particularly violent nature."

Earlier this year the Children's Bureau called a national conference on child abuse. It invited doctors, social workers, hospital administrators and law-enforcement officials to Washington to discuss the problem and to plan action to deal with it. Mrs. Katherine Oettinger, who heads the bureau, opened the conference by telling the delegates: "Since 1959 we've been receiving an increasing number of reports from pediatricians and hospitals about the physical abuse of children by their parents. We're now giving the problem of the battered child top priority."

The conferees quickly discovered that the problem involves knotty questions of medicine, law and psychiatry. From the medical point of view the first question is whether it is possible to tell with certainty the difference between accidental and parentally inflicted injuries. Is there, for example, any difference between a skull fracture as a result of falling down a flight of stairs and a skull fractured by a blow from a baseball bat? X-ray specialists at the conference testified that there is. As Doctor Kempe has put it, "The bones tell a story the child is too young or too frightened to tell."

The science of "bone reading"—determining whether a child has been in an ordinary accident or has been subjected to deliberate assault—is relatively new. Dr. Frederic N. Silverman, chief radiologist at Cincinnati Children's Hospital, is a pioneer in its development. Another is Dr. John L. Gwinn, radiologist at Los Angeles Children's Hospital. Their work and that of others now make it possible for doctors to tell how and even when a child's bones were broken and to say with near certainty whether injuries are due to abuse or accident.

The biggest aid in making the distinction, say the experts, is evidence of repeated injury. Because child beating is almost always repeated, telltale X-ray signs invariably appear—earlier fractures in various stages of healing. And the location of the injury is a giveaway. In a recent paper Doctors Kempe and Silverman pointed out that injuries to the arms and legs are common in child abuse. The reason for this, they say, is "the ease and frequency with which a child is seized by his arms or legs. The extremities are the 'handles' for rough handling."

Dr. Vincent J. Fontana, chief of pediatrics at New York's St. Vincent's Hospital, asserts, however, that child abuse can be spotted long before it happens.

"The maltreated child—and I prefer the term to 'the battered-child syndrome'—frequently exhibits signs of malnutrition, vitamin deficiency and obvious physical neglect long before he is physically abused. Physicians who see such patients should be on the alert as a means of preventing possible neglect, physical abuse, even death."

It might be thought that, since child abuse can now be detected, it can be speedily checked. But, as the Washington conferees quickly agreed, there are reasons why this is not so. First, most doctors are not aware of the frequency of child abuse, and so they are not on the alert for it. Even when they do suspect it, they are reluctant to make such a shocking diagnosis.

Then, too, police, prosecutors and judges are in a quandary over what to do with child-abusing parents. Laws for child protection, by and large, are inadequate. They mirror the public's general ignorance of the problem and its feeling that parents who beat their children are common criminals, not people who are suffering from a strange and skimpily researched form of mental illness.

Doctor Bain, who presided over the conference sessions, raised many other questions about the child-abuse phenomenon.

Victims From "Nice" Homes

"What the Children's Bureau hopes to do," she said, "by bringing this problem out into the daylight, is not only protect abused children and literally save their lives, but learn from the grossly pathological cases some of the reasons parents act this way. Abuse of children, like juvenile delinquency, probably has many causes and will need varied approaches."

Most battered children come from "nice" homes. Their parents are "average" parents—with average incomes and average educations. Race and religion do not appear to be factors. The incidence of child abuse among the so-called minority groups appears, on the basis of the incomplete data at hand, to be lower than it is among the population as a whole.

A survey conducted by the American Humane Association presents some striking data about parents who abuse their children. Most of the parents surveyed fell into the twenty-one-to-thirty age group. Sixty-seven percent of the mothers were married at the time of the child's beating; 30 percent were divorced or separated. Fewer than 3 percent of the mothers were unmarried. But the survey revealed that only half of the beaten children were conceived in wedlock.

The survey found almost no difference between the number of abusive fathers and mothers, but six times more stepfathers than stepmothers had beaten their stepchildren. There were only a few cases of near relatives and foster parents beating children. Some instances were recorded of the male friends of mothers doing so, sometimes in concert with the mothers.

Another characteristic seems to set the offending parents apart from all other parents. Psychiatrists call it their "low reality acceptance quotient." They are far less able than most parents to deal with the everyday problems of living, including the raising of children.

The young parents of the little Washington girl, Deborah, are typical. The mother, who was tried for felonious assault, was twenty. The father, a mechanic, was a few years older. He did not participate in the beating and was tried on a charge of neglect. A psychiatric social worker described them as "immature, unable to cope with the normal difficulties of child rearing. But," she added, "they are definitely not psychotic and are quite able to distinguish right from wrong. They are deeply disturbed people, but there is a good chance psychiatric treatment could restore them to normal parenthood."

In her testimony Deborah's mother complained, "The kid bugs me." Deborah's chief way of "bugging" her mother was refusing to be toilet trained. "She always waits to make her messes until just after I've finished cleaning the house," the mother said. "She does it on purpose, just to get me mad."

On the day that she beat the child, friends were coming to dinner and the house was spotless. A half an hour before the guests were due Deborah had an accident, "smack dab in the middle of the living room," her mother told the court, adding, "I lost my head." First she beat the little girl, then in a rage threw her across the room. Both of Deborah's parents were found guilty. Both received suspended sentences.

Deborah's misbehavior, exasperating as it was, is the sort of thing that happens countless times in hundreds of thousands of other families. But most parents, no matter how provoked, stop short of asserting their authority by brute force. When our tempers rise, most of us—including those who believe in spanking—have an emotional braking system that seems to operate automatically. The parents of children who are abused seem to lack such a system. They work out their frustrations and suppressed hostilities on their offspring.

"The Baby Broke the Toy"

"Some of the reasons people give," said a New Jersey social worker, "are bizarre." She told of a child who was beaten because "he insisted on washing the milk bottles." Other agency heads reported parental explanations such as: "He's always asking questions." "The child hates me." "The baby broke the toy I bought her."

A definitive psychiatric picture of the child-beating parents has yet to be drawn. A psychoanalyst who has treated many abusive parents says they expect very young children to act like adults. Other analysts find that such parents make believe their infants have attributes they wish they had themselves—"He's smart." "She's pretty." When the parents realize that the children are not as smart or as pretty as they had hoped, they begin to hate them. The next step is to beat them. A Los Angeles social worker views child-beating parents much more simply. She says they have never grown up. "When they get angry they act like children," she said. "They break their dolls."

Despite the fact that such persons are obviously mentally ill, society views them as criminals. I asked authorities why.

"The people in my community," said a social worker who heads a child protection agency in a small Massachusetts city, "are medieval in their handling of the child-abuse problem. Most of the time they pretend it doesn't exist. When it happens, the only thing they can think to do is to throw the parents in jail and put the child in a foster home. They have no idea that most of these parents can be saved by medical care and a little human kind-

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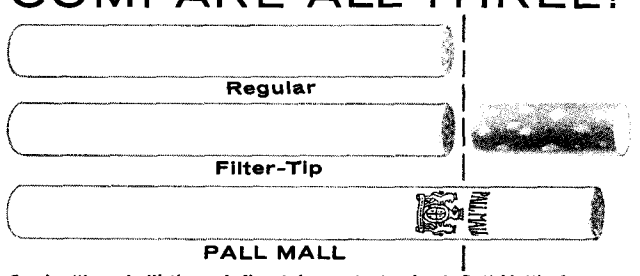

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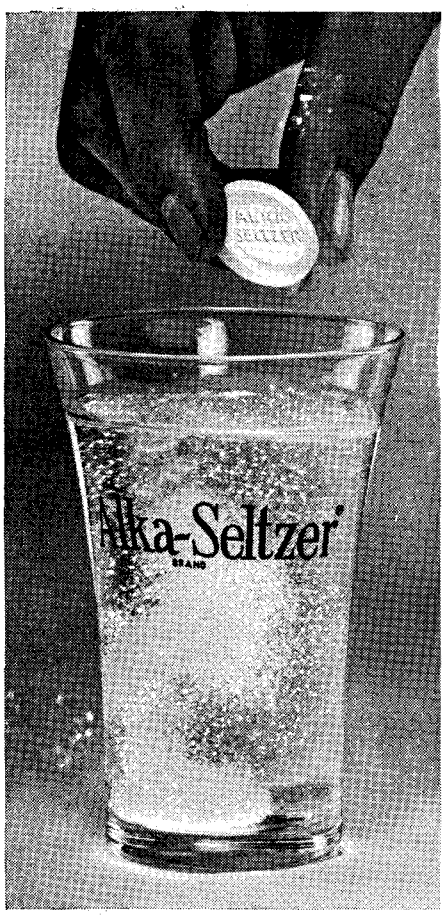

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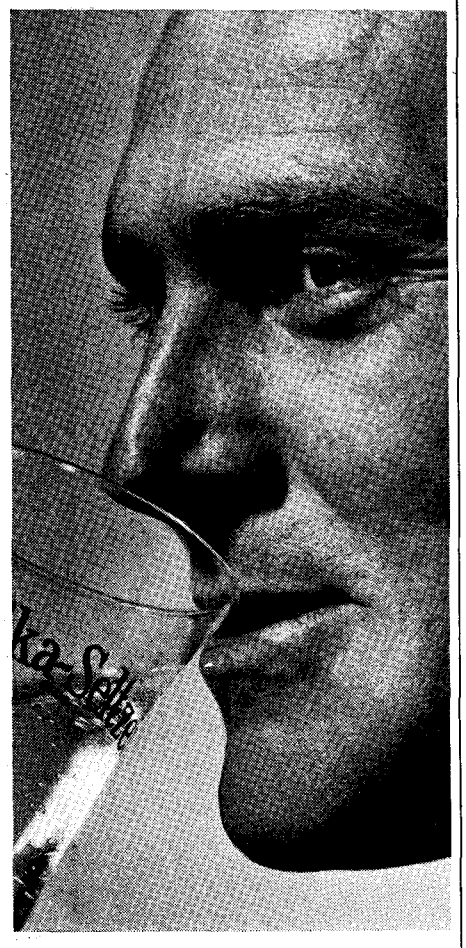

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Children

ness and understanding. They want to keep the problem out of sight as well as out of mind.

"Child abuse," the social worker went on, "is one of the dirtiest pieces of dirt being swept under the American rug. Unfortunately most people, including a lot of judges, think that the whole thing can be tidied up simply by getting the parents and the children out of sight. Let me tell you about Billy. His case is typical of the problems you run into when you try to protect a battered child and at the same time help its parents, especially when the courts cling to outmoded concepts."

Billy is now two years old. His short life has been filled with violence, and his future is still uncertain. He was scarcely two months old when he first entered a hospital in northeastern Massachusetts. His condition was described in the hospital record: "Severe contusions of the face, neck and trunk. X rays show a strong suggestion of an earlier fracture across the left mandible."

The infant was kept in the hospital for nine days, then sent home. The explanation given by his parents for his injuries seemed reasonable. Billy, they said, was hurt by falling down a flight of stairs. What about the earlier jaw fracture? the doctor asked. At first they were at a loss, then "remembered" that the infant had fallen out of his crib. This seemed plausible because fractures in the very young frequently knit by themselves.

Two months later Billy was in another hospital in a neighboring community. This time the case record was brief: "Skull fracture." Again his parents told hospital authorities he had fallen out of his crib. In five days he was discharged.

Spotting Billy's Beatings

Two months and a day later Billy turned up in still another hospital, Children's Hospital Medical Center in Boston, this time for a badly bruised elbow. In a few hours Billy's real condition came to light. The staff of Children's Hospital, unlike most other hospital staffs, has been trained to recognize cases of the battered-child syndrome. They have a procedure to deal with it.

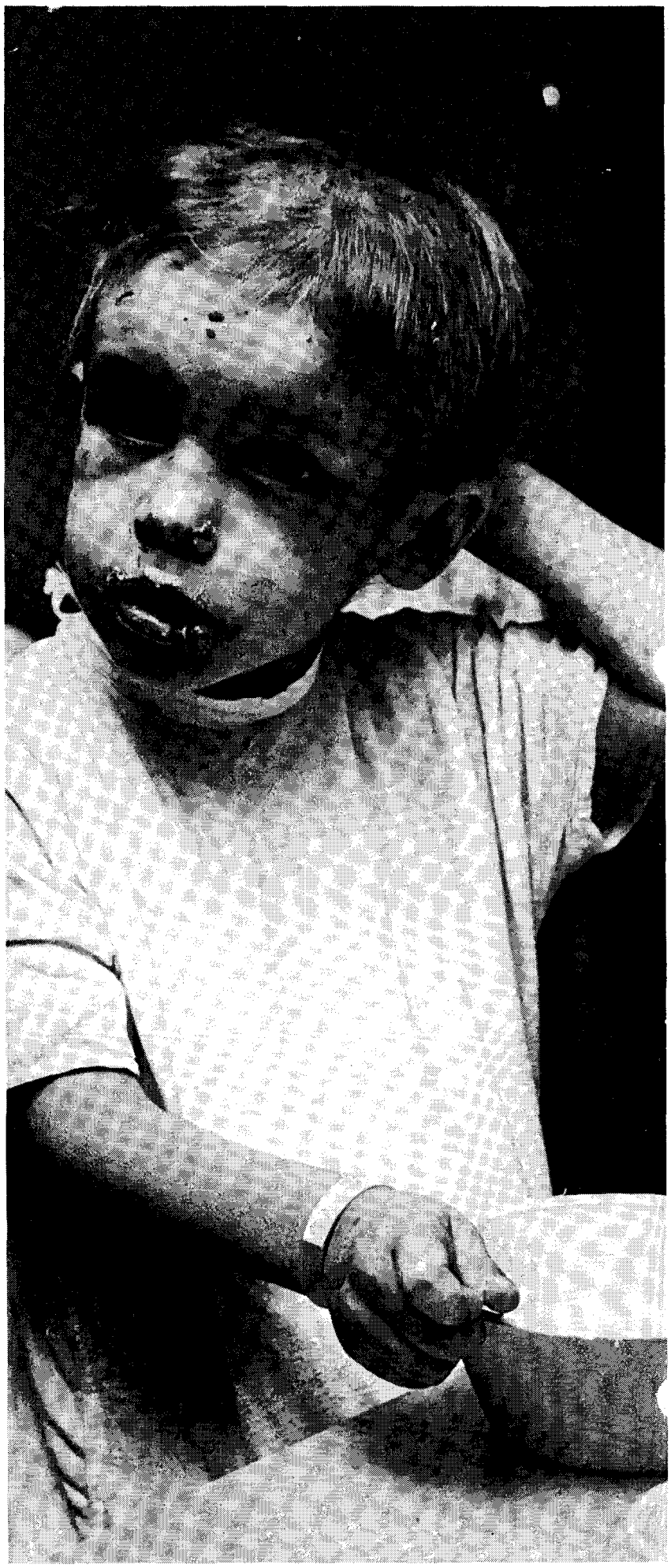
Billy was X-rayed. Here is what the hospital record reveals: "On admission the patient exhibited a moderate swelling of the right elbow. Further X rays, however, showed multiple fractures (new and healed), single fractures of the right arm, left leg and left arm." There was no bone disease or previous history of any other dysfunction that would make Billy accident-prone, so a "warning signal," as it is called at Boston Children's, was attached to his chart. It read: "Multiple Trauma, Type X." This meant that Billy was a severely battered child.

When a case of child manhandling is detected at Children's Hospital, the matter is immediately reported to Dr. Lendon Snedeker, the assistant director for medical affairs. He orders the hospital's Social Service Department to investigate.

"If Social Service, after interviewing the parents, feels there is a substantial chance that the injury was parentally inflicted," says Doctor Snedeker, "the case is given to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. It follows through, taking whatever steps that may be necessary to protect the child from further abuse."

The S.P.C.C. chapter proceeded typically in Billy's case. First it talked with his parents. They merely repeated what they

"To punish parents is irrelevant; . . . to ignore them is impossible."



Battered Danny Allen, four, was taken from parents and placed in a Los Angeles foster home. His father was convicted of battery.

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had told the hospital. Their explanations failed to explain the fractures, contusions and lacerations, so the society, citing the flagrant and repeated battering of the child and the obvious immaturity of the parents, petitioned the court to put Billy in a foster home temporarily. The child, it said, could not be sent home and exposed to the risk of further assault, with possibly fatal results. The court agreed.

The society decided there was a chance that Billy's parents, after psychiatric treatment, could become acceptable parents. But the attempt at rehabilitation was not successful.

"From the outset," said the S.P.C.C. report, "the resistance of the parents was marked. . . . They missed appointments and were openly hostile." And, despite the evidence, they continued to deny that they had mishandled Billy.

Like all social agencies concerned with the child-abuse problem, the S.P.C.C. regards permanent separation of a child and his parents as a last resort. But in Billy's case they felt there was no other answer. Reluctantly they asked the court to make the separation permanent. The court rejected the proposal. It ordered Billy returned to his parents on a one-year probationary basis. Billy had been home a year this past September. S.P.C.C. checks turned up no evidence of beatings during the probationary period, but the court has not yet made a final decision on the case. It is hoped that he will not be a fourth-time "repeater."

Why did Billy go in and out of two hospitals before the third hospital discovered that he was a battered child? For one thing, doctors expect parents who bring in children for medical care to give some sort of medical history. Parents who beat their children rarely give such a history, so the doctor has to start from scratch in making his diagnosis. His job is made more difficult by lies the parents tell to throw him off the track.

Another factor is the attitude of the physician. He, like the rest of us, can hardly believe that some mothers and fathers are capable of inflicting bodily harm on their children. "Even when the X-ray evidence is overwhelming," Doctor Snedeker of Children's Hospital points out, "many physicians, especially those just out of medical school, cling to the idea that the child's injuries are due to some rare disease instead of a mauling by its parents." Some doctors are reluctant to identify child abuse because of fear. If their charges are not upheld in court, their professional reputations may suffer. They may even be named in libel and malpractice suits.

Legal Snarls Over Parents

Billy's case illustrates something else about child abuse: the complicated legal aspects of the problem. Billy, it will be recalled, was returned to his parents despite the fact that the social agency thought them incapable, at least at the time, of caring for him. Judges in such cases have wide discretionary powers—often misused, in the opinion of many people concerned with the problem. To some judges any natural parent, no matter how unfit, is better than any foster parent. Other judges take an opposite view: Throw the offending parents in jail and remove the child forever from their custody.

Most authorities feel there is a firmer middle ground between these extremes. They believe that the majority of offending parents can be restored to normal parenthood. Only a small number—chiefly the psychotic, the incurably alcoholic and the sexually perverted—seem hopeless. The rest, they assert, can be rehabilitated by psychiatric treatment and social-agency counseling. They warn, however, that without such treatment it is folly to entrust children to these ill parents. It is equal folly, they add, to jail them instead of treating them.

Even with the best of intentions judges are hampered by the archaic nature of the child-abuse laws. One enlightened jurist, Benjamin S. Schwartz, of the juvenile court in Cincinnati, has made a study of state laws for protecting children. By and large, he concludes their main purpose is punishment of parents. Judge Schwartz advocates an overhaul of most of the statutes governing child abuse. He would start by having juvenile courts, rather than criminal courts, hear most cases. Criminal courts can only jail the parents or set them free. Juvenile courts are more informal and give judges far greater latitude in determining what is best for the child and his parents.

Except in California, physicians and hospitals are under no obligation to report child abuse to law-enforcement agencies. As a result, vast numbers of cases are never investigated.

"Most communities have regulations requiring the reporting of dog bites," Judge Schwartz observed. "Why not laws requiring reports of human mistreatment?"

Judge Schwartz's suggestion, first made in Washington at the January meeting called by the Children's Bureau, now appears a step closer to realization. A committee, appointed by the conferees to make broad recommendations on the handling of the mounting child-abuse problem, has drafted a model law for submission to state legislatures. It is based largely on the California statute, which seems to be working well.

Lawmakers Hold the Key

Physicians in other states generally realize the necessity for similar laws. St. Vincent's Doctor Fontana expresses it clearly.

"The key to solving the child-maltreatment problem," he says, "in the final analysis is in the hands of our lawmakers. Only they can protect the physician testifying in such cases from libel and malpractice charges. Only they can give the medical profession the means of preventing thousands of cases annually of permanent disability and death."

No matter how wise are the laws, nor how intelligently they are enforced, our society will not come to grips with the tragedy of child abuse until ordinary citizens change their attitude toward parents who mistreat their children. To punish brutal parents is irrelevant and to ignore them is rapidly becoming impossible. Doctor Bain put the challenge succinctly:

"For too long," she said, "we as a nation have lulled ourselves into the notion that the reported increase in juvenile delinquency wasn't real and that it would naturally decline without too much attention being paid to it. We know now how dangerous our apathy was. I hope we don't make the same mistake in dealing with parental delinquency." **THE END**

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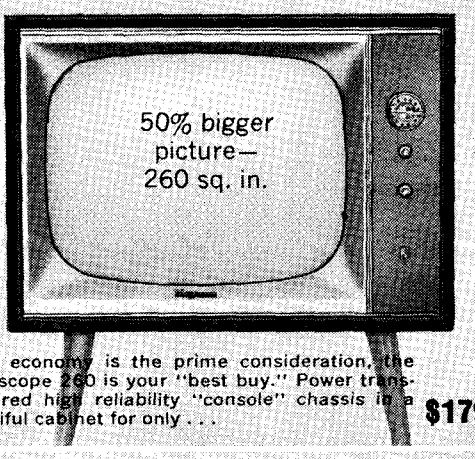

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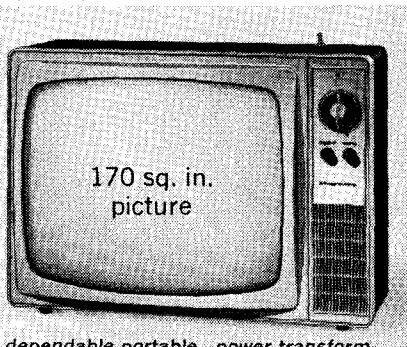

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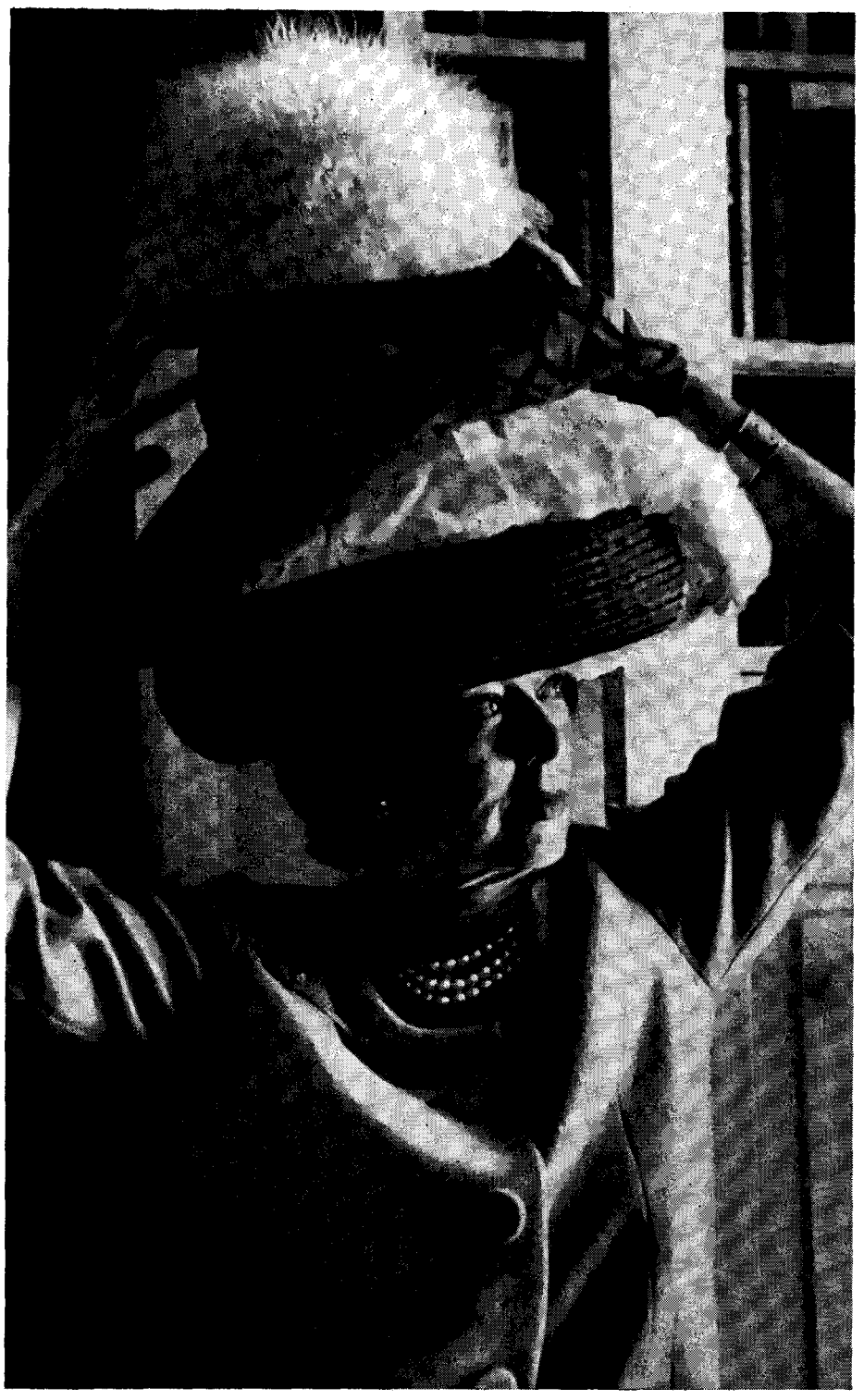
Rosalind Russell tells her own story

The Kind of Gal I Am

PART TWO *From childhood to Broadway and the early wacky days of her career in Hollywood.*

By ROSALIND RUSSELL



Mugging with her extensive hat collection, Roz picks hats for a trip to Europe.

When people ask me where I get my drive, I always answer, "It comes from a combination of a New England background, Irish blood, and two very understanding parents."

I was born in Waterbury, Connecticut, on June 4, 1912. My father, James E. Russell, was a successful lawyer, and we lived in a large and comfortable Victorian house. There were seven of us Russell children, three boys and four girls, and we had a wonderful time growing up together. Our home was run like a hotel. Mother, whose maiden name was Clara McKnight, bought flour and sugar by the barrel. Breakfast was served from seven o'clock until ten, due to our varying school schedules. Even weekends we had to be fully dressed before we came into the dining room. Mother ruled we couldn't eat in our robes.

In our attic we had a billiard table and a small homemade bowling alley. The clatter must have been deafening, but our parents were wise and farsighted in encouraging us to entertain at home. The attic also housed a card table. Dad was a brilliant card player and taught us bridge and poker. We Russell girls were good crapshooters too—our brothers taught us that.

Charging for Cantering

Behind our house was a barn which stabled two horses. Dad, a great believer in exercise, stipulated we should take turns riding every day after school, a chore we didn't always relish, especially in a New England blizzard. It was tough to fool Dad, however, because when he came home from the office, he made it a practice to inspect the beasts. I found myself day after day riding one horse with the other on a lead rope while my brothers and sisters shared gumdrops at the Poli Theater. Don't think I did this because I loved horses—I loved money, and I charged each brother and sister what I thought the traffic would bear. In fact, my family complained that I charged for everything I did. I was a great believer in cash on the barrelhead.

My oldest sister—the one I call the Duchess, a most attractive girl—was one of the prom queens of her day. She often insisted I go along with her on her dates. She had to insist because her beaux invariably had a friend (usually the owner of the car) who wanted a date.

I learned early that this friend could be a creep, so I charged, after meeting him, by his looks. A not too subtle shake of my head after the introduction indicated my fee was going from one dollar to three dollars for the evening.

The Family Spanking Cane

I have been told that I have abnormal energy, and I can see now that I must have been full of drive even as a little girl. My father put it in a more Victorian way. "Roz is in tune with life," he'd say. When Mother would complain that my voice was loud and suggest that I lower it, Dad replied, "She's the only one I can understand at the dinner table." Mother was right. I am loud—maybe because I was named for a steamship, the *SS Rosalind*, on which my parents once took a vacation trip to Nova Scotia.

Looking back now, I realize that I was the tomboy of the neighborhood, and I managed to break several of my bones in the process of growing up. Even when I was a youngster, I couldn't lie abed dozing in the mornings. I had to get up and get out. I had to see; I had to know what was going on. I was curious, and still am, about everything under the sun. Doubtless I was something of a trial to my family, and I distinctly recall that I was flailed rather frequently with the family spanking cane. This was a duty that Dad left in Mother's capable hands. The cane, incidentally, was decorated with college banners, and so in my time I have been walloped under the colors of Yale, Harvard and Cornell.

Mother was only five feet three inches tall. Dad was six feet two. Height in our family comes from him. (Just for the record, in case you are interested in vital statistics, I am just under five feet seven.) When I first knew my father he was in his late thirties, and even then his hair was snow white. His color was high, and his blue eyes were full of laughter.

Dad put himself through Yale Law School, financing his education in part by playing semipro baseball. In time he

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Relaxing after a hard day on the set of Gypsy, *her new movie, barefoot Roz is tugged along a Santa Monica beach by her dog Daisy.*

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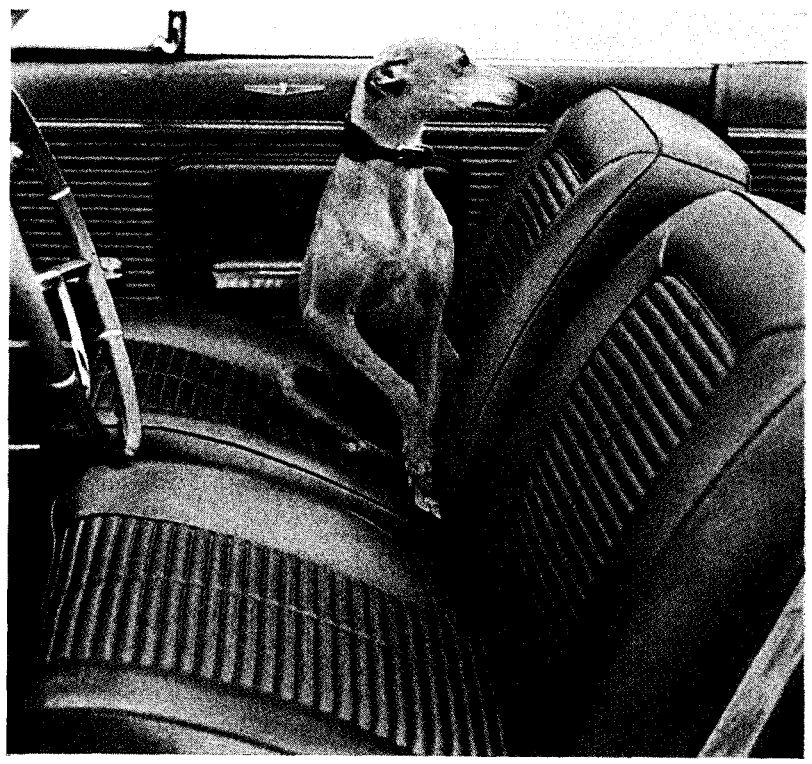

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Russell gained statewide fame as a trial lawyer. His friends tried to get him into politics, and he was asked to run for the office of prosecuting attorney, later for mayor and finally for governor. He always refused. He said that any public office would interfere with the part of his law practice that he loved best—defending people in trouble.

I attended my mother's school in Waterbury, the Convent of Notre Dame Academy, and after that Marymount College in Tarrytown, New York. As you might surmise, I am a Roman Catholic. While I was still in college, my father died of a heart attack. His death was a terrible blow for us. He was that kind of father.

Dad's will was a classic and has been described in more than one law journal. One of its provisions was that his children could have as much education as they wanted, but after they were through school each one must work for three years and earn a living without support from his estate during this period. One of my sisters was twenty-eight before she finished school and went to work—she studied stamp collecting, bird watching, crocheting, conversation, anything.

Starring as St. Francis

One day while I was still in my first year at Marymount, it was announced that the young ladies of the freshman class would do the life of St. Francis Xavier as their class play. Then came the part of the announcement that sent my spirits soaring. The lead role of St. Francis would be played by Rosalind Russell. I was so filled with bubbles of excitement that I felt like a carbonated drink.

I knew I'd have to wear heavy makeup, including a beard, and flagellate myself on the stage in front of everybody. Before he became a saint, St. Francis was quite a rake. The part delighted me right down to the soles of my size seven's. And when Cardinal Hayes came up from New York to see the play, my cup was full. We gave such a vigorous performance that there was noisy weeping in the audience. Hankies fluttered.

Later I was in a Christmas play, and then the mighty seniors reached down and picked me for a part in *their* class play. From then on I spent much of my time performing. I was doing something I enjoyed so much that the marrow in my bones quivered.

And so by the time Dad's will was read to us, I knew in my heart that I was committed to the theater, but I shrank from telling Mother my decision. Although she and Dad had always loved the theater and often took the cindery trip to New York to see plays, she was convinced that actresses lead a—shall we say—strenuous life. So I told her I wanted to go to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, and when she raised her eyebrows, I added hastily, "To learn to teach drama."

That pleased Mother. The great depression of the early '30's was on, and teaching seemed to her to be a good refuge for a girl in this time of economic storm. "Besides," said she, "teaching will be nice, Rosalind, because you'll have long vacations. Moreover, it will be a broadening experience." Broadening was the word for my career, all right, although at that point neither Mother nor I had much idea of how broad it would turn out to be.

Toward the end of my course at the Academy of Dramatic Arts, I was given the title role in a student production of *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*. Each student in the class played the lead part in one play—before an audience of outsiders. My mother and my younger sister, Mary Jane, came down from Waterbury to see me perform. Also there were talent scouts in the audience.

At the end of the play a man whose name I don't recall popped into my dressing room and said, "Miss Russell, I have a stock company in Greenwich, Connecticut, and I am interested in having you join us this summer." I promptly asked a question that I was destined to ask a hundred times in the years ahead: "How much?" He told me my salary would be $150 a week, and with Mother and Mary Jane listening, I swallowed hard and heard myself say, "Not enough." Actually, it sounded like a fortune to me, but I had been told that theater people were supposed to argue about money. (P.S. I didn't get the job.)

Mother went around telling her friends proudly, "Rosalind has been offered a job in the professional theater at a remarkable fee." I knew then that she wasn't going to be angry if I went to work in the theater instead of teaching. So I told her that I'd like to live in New York for a little while and try to get a job on the stage, and she consented. She was patient for four days while I hounded the agents and the casting offices. Then she called me from Waterbury and ordered me home. "After all this time," she said, "it must be obvious to you that you are not wanted in the theater." Mother didn't understand that even four months would have been a short waiting period for a first job on the stage. Nevertheless, I said meekly, "Yes, Mother."

On my fifth day of job hunting—the day I'd promised Mother I'd come home—I overheard an actor say to several others in an agent's office: "He doesn't cast until June." I tried to find out whom they were talking about, but they were cagey about revealing their trade secrets. They told me evasively that the man's name was Casey and he lived somewhere on Long Island. I raced downstairs to a phone booth and began to dial Caseys like mad. Heaven knows how many of them there were, but luckily I didn't have far to go. A man named Ed Casey admitted that he had a stock company, but added he wasn't casting until June. It turned out, however, that he was to be in town the next day to see his dentist, and when I told him that I was leaving New York shortly and that he couldn't afford not to see me, he reluctantly arranged a meeting.

$150 a Week by Strategy

We met in the lobby of the Astor Hotel, and he immediately asked me where I had worked. Trying to think of a faraway place, I said, "In Pittsburgh." I hoped he wouldn't ask what theater, and he didn't. What he did say was: "I'll be honest with you, Miss Russell. My partner already has a young actress in mind for our leading woman. How much do you want?" I told him $150 a week and held my breath again. "We could get this other girl for minimum," said Ed Casey. Minimum in those depression days was $32 a week, and it wasn't bad. You could live on it.

Then Mr. Casey's wife came along. They excused themselves, ducked behind the potted palms and held a conference. Shortly they came back, and he said: "My wife likes you. You've got the job.

Roz's reaction to Hollywood: "I had to get out of that nightmare place."

October, 1941—a beaming Roz helps her husband cut the cake at a reception following their quiet wedding in Solvang, Calif.

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But my partner's going to give me hell for signing you at $150 when we could get this other girl for minimum."

When I reported for work in this, my first paid job on the stage, Casey's partner, Dick Bartell, gave forth an anguished howl. "This is the same kid I told you I was sure I could get for minimum," he shouted at Casey. "She's just out of dramatic school. I saw her play in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*." Fortunately for me, however, once Casey and Bartell recovered from shock, they decided my strategy in getting the job was hilarious. It was a great joke between them.

We played in a tent at Saranac Lake, and we did two plays a week. We rehearsed all morning, played golf every afternoon and stayed up all night. We lived on youth, energy and no sleep. It was a wonderful summer.

Suppose we now skip lightly over my early years in the theater. The ups and downs of a young actress on the New York beat can be fascinating in retrospect only for herself and her contemporaries. I played in stock; I worked with an English company in Boston; I was with the Theater Guild on the road—in short, I did a lot of this and that in the theater.

My accent was so British in the English company that the other members of the group had difficulty in understanding me, much less the audience. I played a Southern belle in *Company's Coming* on the New York stage, and my words dripped with honey and moonlight. Some have said I sounded like Jack Benny's Rochester. I had a good part in the last edition of *The Garrick Gaieties* on Broadway and then went on the road with this production. By this time I had begun to acquire some of the status symbols of my profession. On the road with the *Gaieties* I had my own drawing room on our private train, and I was earning $300 a week.

Ringer at the Poker Table

Walking through the train one day, I saw the musicians for the show engaged in a poker game. I asked if I could sit in, they looked at me briefly, then went on playing. I hung around until one of the men went to dinner, and then I slipped into his place. By the time we reached Chicago, I had won all their money, $400 or $500. Those fellows didn't know about the card table in our attic in Waterbury.

And now suppose we get on to Hollywood. I can almost hear you readers saying, "It took you long enough to get there, honey."

One weekend early in 1934, when I had come up to New York from Baltimore, where I was playing in a road company, I found in my mailbox a notice from the office of Chamberlain Brown, an agent. It said, tersely: "Universal Pictures is casting." I had always said that I wanted no part of films—at least not this early in my career. I wanted to become a Broadway star first, and then just possibly I might be persuaded to go to Hollywood.

Even so, on Monday morning I walked over to the Radio City building where Universal had its offices. A man said, "Miss Russell, I saw you in a play in Newark, and we are interested in having you go to Hollywood."

I uttered two sentences in the same breath: "Not me. . . . How much do you pay?"

He offered me $300 a week, which was fair enough, but I told myself that it was peanuts in that glittering world. After all, everyone knew that all movie actors floated in swimming pools lined with hundred-dollar bills, owned yachts and limousines a block long. So I shook my head and said I'd have to have $750. He looked shattered, and I went away thinking that was the end of it.

But when I got home, my phone was ringing, and the man from Universal said they would go to $400. I said, "I'm either worth $750 a week, or I'm not worth a dime. I'll go to the Coast, and I'll test for you there, not in New York. (I'd heard that their New York setup then included poor makeup and inept cameramen.) You'll pay all my expenses out and back. You can test me every day for two weeks, and I'll be paid $100 a test. If you like me after looking at my tests, you will pay me $750 a week. Otherwise I'll return to New York." I paused for breath and then added brightly, "OK?"

There was a moment of silence, and then, to my astonishment, Mr. Universal said, "OK."

Then came disillusionment.

When I got to Hollywood, I dropped my bags off at a hotel and headed straight for the Universal lot. I entered the office of the head casting man, as I had been told to do, and closed the door behind me. He didn't look up. He was in his shirt sleeves. I stood against that door for a long, long time. I decided that I wasn't going to say the first word even if I fainted. I'd stand there forever—until he asked me to sit down. He telephoned everybody on the lot. He flipped intercom keys, acting up a storm to impress me. Running out of material, he finally asked his secretary to bring him a two-cent

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"I sneaked toward Paulette Goddard on my tummy and sank my cups and saucers into her calf. She still has the scar."

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Russell stamp, then turned to me and said, "Oh, you!"

I said, "No, not *you*. My name is Russell, *Miss* Russell."

He looked sour and announced, "I'm going to lunch, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take you over to the makeup department."

The makeup man said, "Sorry, honey. I'm too busy." I went to hairdressing, and a girl said, "Can't take you now."

I went back to the hotel, and that evening a girl I had known back East in stock, Charlotte Wynters, who was now in films, came and got me and moved me to her home. I heard nothing for three days, and then Universal called me to make a test for an important director, John Stahl. They sent me a script, and I learned the lines.

Dawn Patrol on Stage 9

I was at the studio at six o'clock in the morning, as instructed. Again nobody in makeup or hairdressing could take me. I waited all day. Then I went to Stage 9 and sat in the dark. Finally, the electricians came and snapped on some lights on the set. Mr. Stahl appeared. "Where's this young actress from New York?" he barked. I came out of the shadows, and he wanted to know why I wasn't made up.

I told him how I had waited since the crack of dawn. "I couldn't care less what I look like," I said vehemently. "I know the cues. I know the lines. I'm paid to act. So twirl the film in your Kodak, or whatever you do."

We went ahead with the test, and when it was over I went to the cashier, collected my hundred dollars and went home to Charlotte. I did this nine times in all, and each time I got more or less the same runaround. Then Carl Laemmle Jr., who was running Universal Studio, returned from Europe and I got some terrible news. I heard he was going to take up my option—in other words, hire me for seven years—despite those ghastly tests.

I was frantic. I had to get out of it. I was determined not to stay in that nightmare place. My pride had been trampled to a pulp.

While I was still simmering, and before I had seen Junior Laemmle, Charlotte told me one evening that there was a part in a new movie at M-G-M that was just right for me. She thought I ought to try out for it. I got in touch with the casting director at Metro, and a funny thing happened. He stood up when I entered his office. He even put on his coat. I made the test and Metro wanted to sign me, but that Universal contract was still hanging over my head.

"If Laemmle takes up my option," I asked Charlotte, "and I don't stay, can he sue me?" Charlotte wasn't sure about that, but she did know that if I kicked over the traces in this way I would be

A jealous Roz pulls Paulette Goddard's hair in a famous scene from The Women. *The 1939 film boomed Roz's career.*

An angry Roz winds up against Cary Grant in His Girl Friday, *a prewar production. Grant introduced Roz and her husband.*

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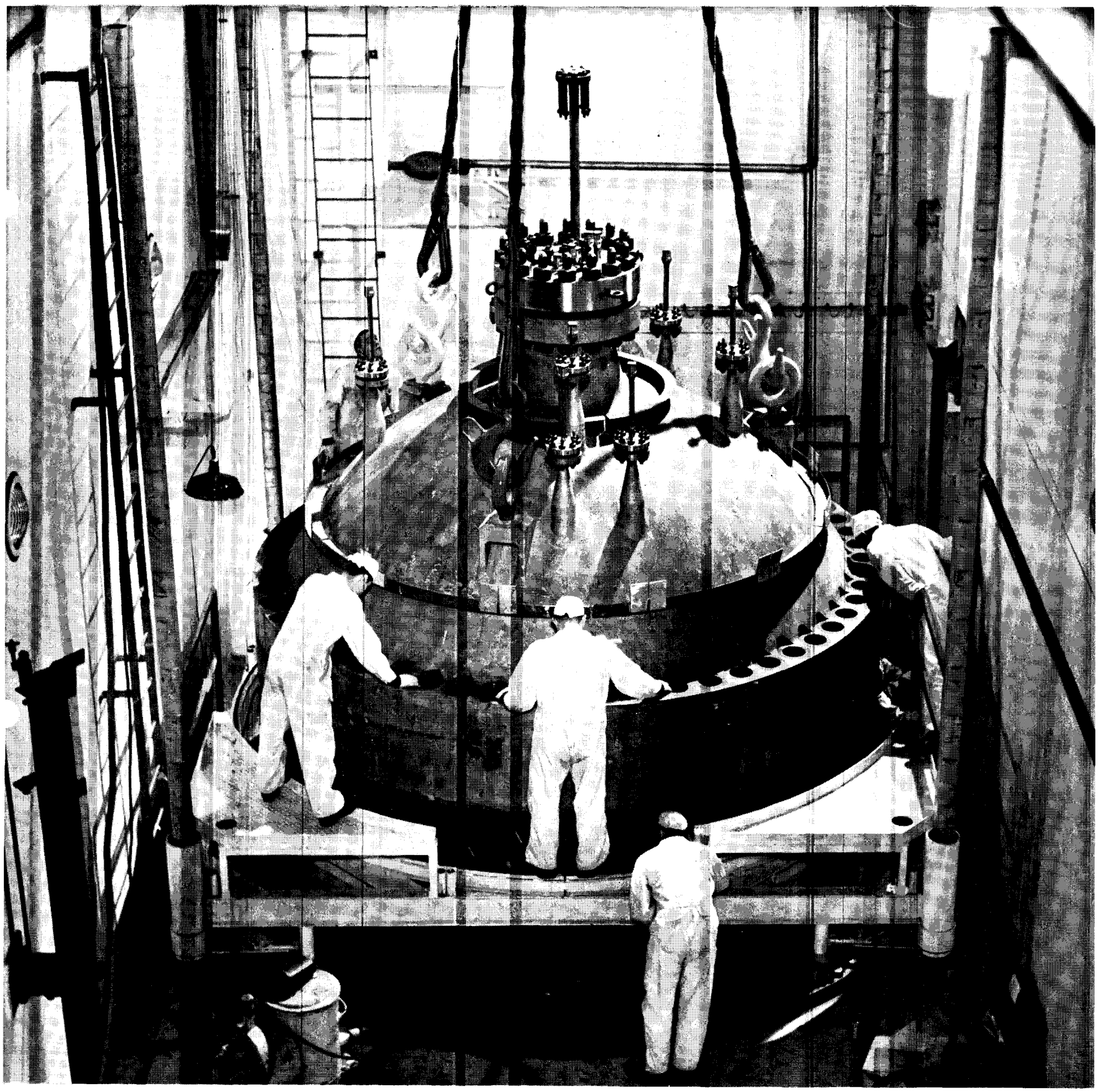

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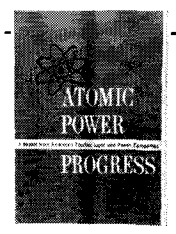

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"I didn't know this Brisson character and didn't particularly care to. I was getting along very well with my dates."

Russell barred from films for the length of the contract. "OK," I said. "Let 'em bar me. I'll go back East and get a job on the stage."

Charlotte, however, had heard something that gave me an idea. A friend had told her that Junior Laemmle liked beautiful women. When the call came for me to go see him, I ran to my room. I put on a dress I bought in a hurry at a sale. I Vaselined my pageboy bob into oily strings, put on gobs of runny lipstick, sleezy gloves, a tired linen hat and a pair of not-too-white shoes with run-over heels. Charlotte tightened my bra with a big safety pin. I was the sexless wonder of the world.

In Junior's office, I sat on a couch and didn't look up. What he said was polite, but it took me just twenty minutes to win my release. Then I went over to Metro and signed for seven years. Metro put me in a movie called *Evelyn Prentice*, which was released in 1934. It was only a supporting part, but my film career was launched.

Hired Threat to Myrna Loy

Most new actresses who came to Metro were hired as a threat to another actress. This was supposed to make the big stars behave. It was one way of running a movie studio, and I must say that Metro under Louis B. Mayer ran like liquid gold, in spite of the temperamental explosions that resulted from this strategy. I was supposed to be a threat to Myrna Loy, who actually became a close friend of mine. Myrna and I still roar with laughter when we talk about it. Once I was in the wardrobe department being fitted, ready to replace her in a part when Myrna walked in. "Take it off, Roz, darling. They just gave me the raise."

Metro made enormous amounts of money loaning out their actors and actresses to other studios. Clark Gable's first big picture was a loan-out. So was Ava Gardner's. I was loaned a great deal and got ahead faster than if I had been forced to wait for good parts at my home studio. I got top roles in those early years in *Craig's Wife*, and *His Girl Friday* at Columbia, in *No Time for Comedy* at Warner Brothers, and in other films. Even Universal, which had given me such a bad time on my arrival in Hollywood, called me back for *Hired Wife*.

On my home lot, when Metro began casting *The Women*, which had been a tremendous success on Broadway, I pleaded for a test. I wanted that choice part of Sylvia. Finally, the director, George Cukor, and the producer, Hunt Stromberg, reluctantly agreed to test me for the role, and I got it.

It was in that picture that Paulette Goddard and I had the famous fight. It took place at a ranch in Nevada, full of cactus and divorcees. I was one of the latter, because Paulette in the film had taken my husband. She rode into the scene on a horse, I was to pull her off and attempt to give her a haymaker which she would duck, and I would connect instead with the horse's rump. This was just the beginning. She was to respond by pulling my straw hat down over my eyes, then throwing me to the ground where we were to kick, roll in the dirt and flail around wildly for a good four minutes. After this, Paulette was to shove me into the cactus, walk a few feet away, brush herself off, triumphant in her victory. At the very end, however—the snapper as we sometimes call it—I was to look over, notice Paulette's bare and very beautiful legs, crawl on my tummy without her noticing me and sink my teeth into her calf.

Mr. Cukor, the director, "walked" this scene with us, pointed out the spots he wanted us to be at certain points in order that the camera could photograph the fight accurately. He turned to Paulette and me and said, "We won't rehearse this over and over—the more spontaneous it is, the better."

It was a long fight and there was a great deal to remember. Paulette and I wanted to make it real, and we went at it like demons. I remember being so relieved when my derriere finally hit that cactus. It meant that there was only one last thing for me to do—look over at her leg, crawl, bite, and wait for Mr. Cukor to call out "cut!" I sneaked toward Paulette on my tummy. I was breathing like a fighter in the tenth. I sank my cups and saucers deep into Paulette's calf—and the yelp she emitted could be heard south of the border, and I do mean Mexico. Rarely does an actress admit to overacting, but in this case I do—and hasten to add that I have always loved Paulette, not only for forgiving me but for wearing with humor the slight scar she still carries.

Going Free-Lance in Comedy

It was *The Women* that gave my career its greatest impetus. As a dramatic actress, I had at last been given the opportunity to show that I could play comedy also.

I left M-G-M at the end of my seven-year deal, because I wanted to free-lance and pick my own parts with more latitude. I have continued on this basis ever since. I like it better this way.

About this same time, it seemed that I had fallen in love with one Frederick Brisson. We were planning to be married.

Freddie always tells people that he fell in love with me before he ever saw me in person, and maybe he did—in a backhanded way. It happened when he was on a trans-Atlantic liner. The ship had only one film aboard, *The Women*, and it was run several times for passengers and crew. Freddie heard my voice reverberating all over the ship, and since he couldn't escape hearing the film, he thought he might as well see it. When it was over, he vowed to himself that if he ever met *that* girl, meaning me, he'd either marry her or kill her. I'm glad he married me.

Freddie Brisson is the son of the late Carl Brisson, the famous Danish actor who became an international musical star. Freddie was born into show business, and he first came to Hollywood as an actors' manager. When he arrived, he stayed for a time with his good friend, Cary Grant. He asked Cary what film he was making at the moment, and Cary said, "I'm making a picture about the newspaper business called, *His Girl Friday*, with Roz Russell." That did it.

"Never Ask Me at Night"

On the set Cary kept mentioning this Brisson character to me. I said that I didn't know him and didn't particularly care to know him. I was getting along very well with my dates and didn't need additions. One night, however, I had a date with Cary for dinner, and when he showed up at the front door, he had Freddie Brisson with him. "H'mm," I said to myself, "not bad. Not bad at all."

Freddie started calling me, and after playing hard to get for a time, I went out with him one night. We had a hilarious time, and presently we were dating regularly. Freddie proposed a number of times, and I always put him off by saying, "Never ask me at night." So one dawn he rang the doorbell, placed his handkerchief on the floor, knelt on it and asked, "Is this early enough?"

That was it, and we became engaged. My mother put the notice in the Waterbury *Republican and American*—which, I'll have you know, is a Pulitzer prize-winning newspaper—and the matter was now official. The wire services picked up the news, and presently my phone rang. It was L. B. Mayer. He said: "All the producers you've worked for at Metro are sitting in this room with me. We all want to wish you great happiness. We are sending you a little present." A week later a crate arrived that was about the size of a steamer trunk. It contained a tremendous assortment of silver flatware right down to the lemonade spoons.

I wanted no great Hollywood wedding. This was a personal matter with me—the most important part of my private life. So on October 25, 1941, Freddie and I were married, with Cary as our best man, in the Santa Ynez Mission at Solvang, California, a Danish village just north of Santa Barbara.

In next week's Post, *I'll tell about breaking out of the Hollywood mold and having a ball on the Broadway stage.*

TO BE CONTINUED

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Married 20 years, Roz and her husband Fred Brisson waltz to record-player music in their Beverly Hills home after a quiet dinner on maid's night out.

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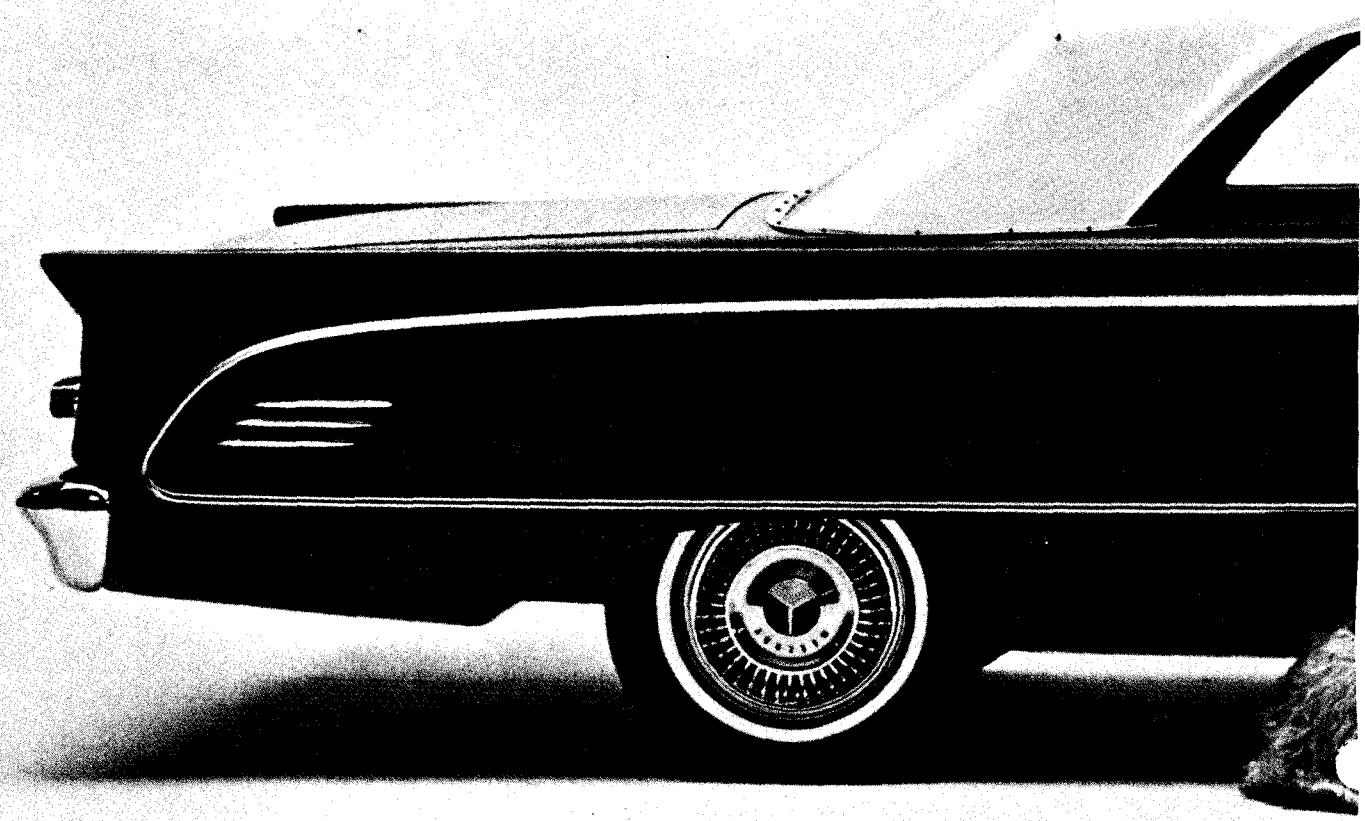

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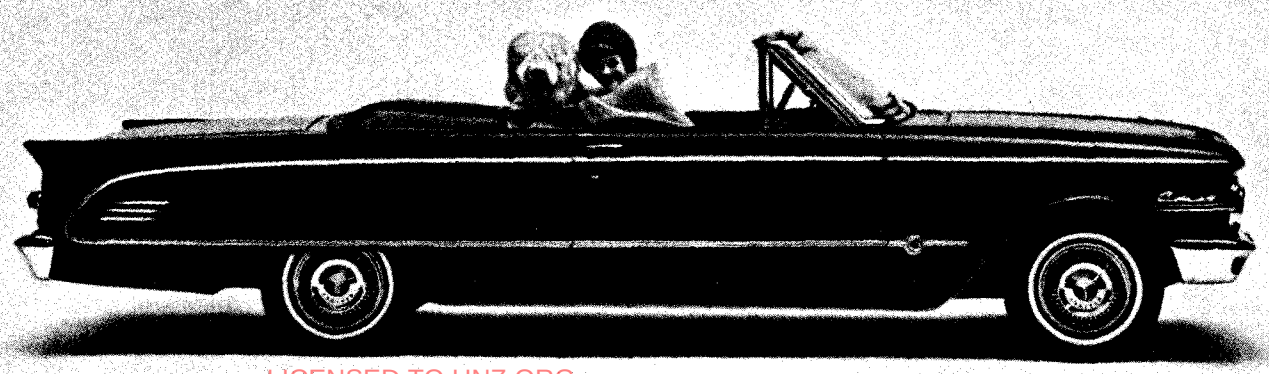

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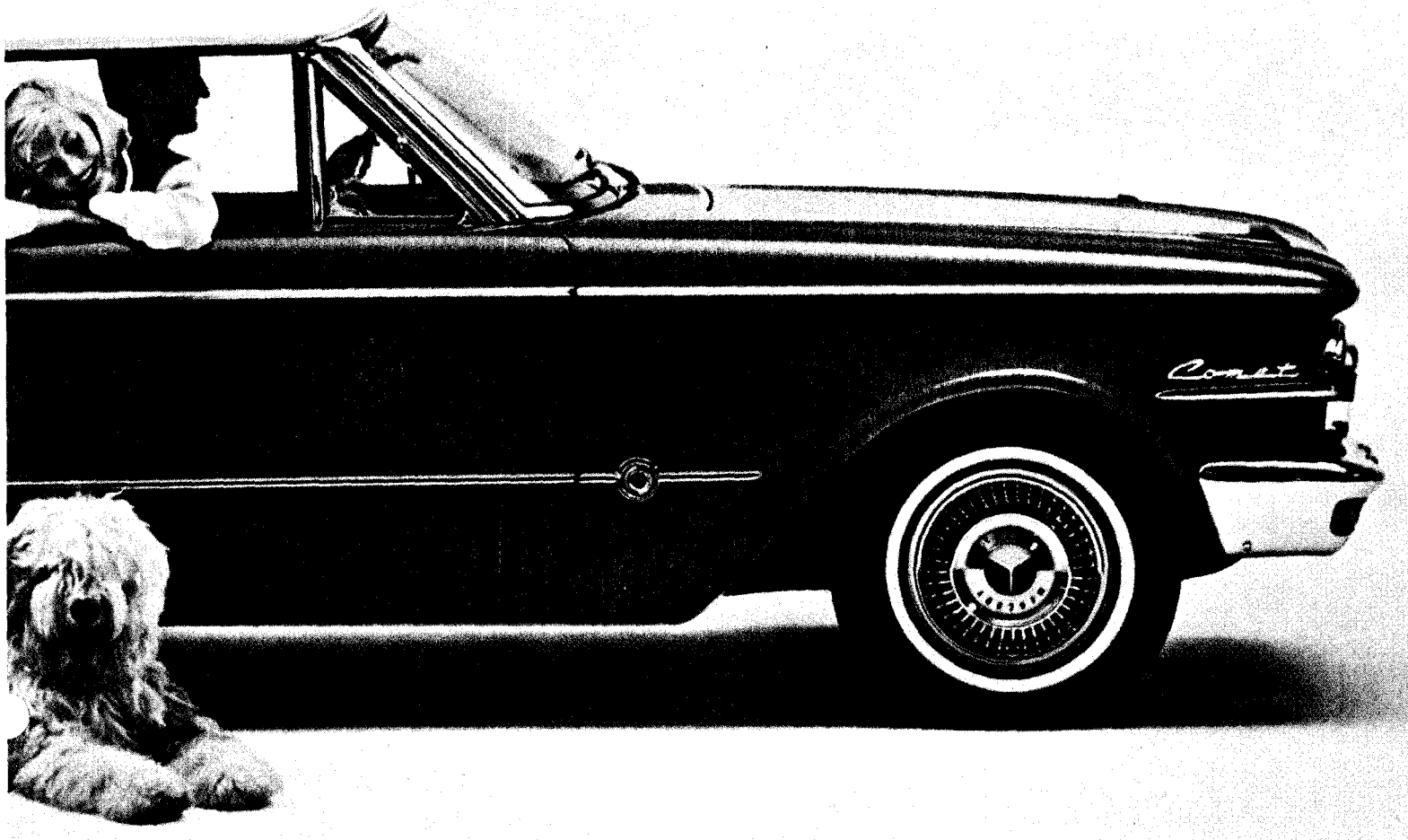

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by Williams Forrest

He had a reputation on the Erie Canal and he meant to uphold it.

Kathleen, who had the blue eyes, the milky skin, the pretty figure and all the loyalty and compassion a man could want, sat with pen and paper beside the kerosene lamp in the frame-and-mud town beside the Erie Canal halfway between Albany and Buffalo. She looked up with her brows shadowed, her expression a mingled one of pride and pain as she looked at her husband, who was fiercely pacing the creaking boards: Sean, the big fist of the canallers, pride of the men of Tipperary. Her hand was poised over the paper, and she regarded him with hidden sympathy. "What shall I write?" she asked.

He paced and glowered, saying, "By all the graces, girl, I don't know. But it has to be done, doesn't it?" Without waiting for an answer, seeing only her poised face in the lamplight, he halted his rearing and pacing, put a silent kiss on her forehead and cried out, "Oh, tell him, tell Tim McCarthy, Sean is tired of the canal and its life. Tell him I'll take his great and fanciful proposition that he made long ago. Tell him we shall make a fortune together. Tell him I'll sell my boat and shall become his partner and buy into his saloon and sell whisky to men who most certainly can't drink it as well as we."

He paced around the room again with great strides. She saw his face go from shadow to light with the pain on it. Softly, her blue eyes closing momentarily in the light, she said, "Shall I tell him, shall I tell him of your—your affliction?"

"Damn it, beautiful woman," he said, "and who says I have an affliction? Oh, God, I know it," he said, and he punched his left arm that looked as big and mighty as his right arm, but it crunched and crinkled, and when he pulled it out of his pocket, the newspapers that he'd kept in the sleeve slid out and left it empty. He let the sleeve hang as he stood in the shadows of the far side of the room. He said with the lilt in his voice that had always been there, "Now, my wild Irish beauty, we can't write and tell him Sean is only half a man, that the two-fisted fighter of the canal is only half of what he was. Come, Kathleen. It would make the man accept us through pity, and it's none of this we want. Pity for Sean and his Kathleen? Never shall we need it."

He walked from the shadows, his boots stamping across the floor; the floor creaked under his great weight. She looked at him with such gentleness that it felt as if hooks were put into her heart and tugged as they would ship a fish from the water.

There were many things within her. Oh, Lord love us, from poverty of Ireland had come many of the strong. And she knew they had dug the ditches for the canals, laid the tracks for railroads and now they manned the boats and manned the trains. Oh, Lord love us, they had done everything that other men couldn't do. For a few cents a day. But then getting a few bits of food in their bodies, getting steak and whisky—oh, Lord love us—they became the greatest, toughest men in America, fierce, proud, fighting. Oh, who could fight like an Irishman? Sean had been the best, the strongest canaller on the Erie. She loved him for that, but she loved him also because his wild Irish body could be so tender in the night. But now she must say, "The letter is written. But Tim will find you only have one arm."

"I'm a man," he said, "and it doesn't matter in the least to me how many arms I have, if it be one, two or five. I'm Sean O'Reilly, and this is what I believe."

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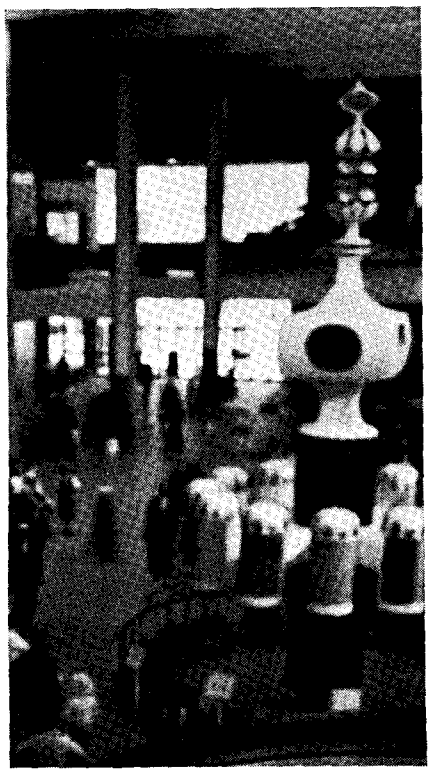

MEETING PLACE—Midtown's "Clock of the Nations" has 12 revolving stages that open on the hour to reveal animated scenes symbolic of the world's cultures.

Wausau Story

This shopping center went to town

Not the suburbs—but the very heart of downtown Rochester, New York, is the site of the new multimillion-dollar Midtown Plaza. Retailers and city planners throughout the country ask: "Does this shift of scene make a difference?"

"When a 7½-acre center under one roof goes up *in* town, instead of *near* town, everything's different every step of the way," says J. Lynn Johnston, General Manager and V.P. of Midtown Holdings Corp., the owners and developers. Mr. Johnston knows Midtown Plaza from concept to completion.

"The downtown area is not only renewed, it's revitalized with a different spirit, changed attitudes about competition, a different merchandising approach. But no difference is more apparent or important than the matter of safety. And I commend Employers Mutuals of Wausau for their help in achieving the amazing safety record on this job. John B. Pike & Son, the general contractor, and Midtown Holdings Corp. are both Wausau policyholders. That brings us the experience and thoroughness of able men, men who work the Wausau way in keeping accidents from happening. Pike has had Employers Mutuals people on their safety team on many large projects for more than 18 years.

"But here site and schedule added safety problems. More traffic. More people to protect . . . thousands in the construction area every day, working, visiting, passing through. Our opening date was advanced by 6 months. More men put on their hard hats, climbed the scaffolds, and literally worked 'in layers'.

"All this, yet safety was always planned ahead of the construction schedule. Then vigilantly followed through. The completed Midtown Plaza represents more than a million and a half man-hours of work, *safe work!* I repeat what the record says so clearly: Employers Mutuals are 'good people to do business with.'"

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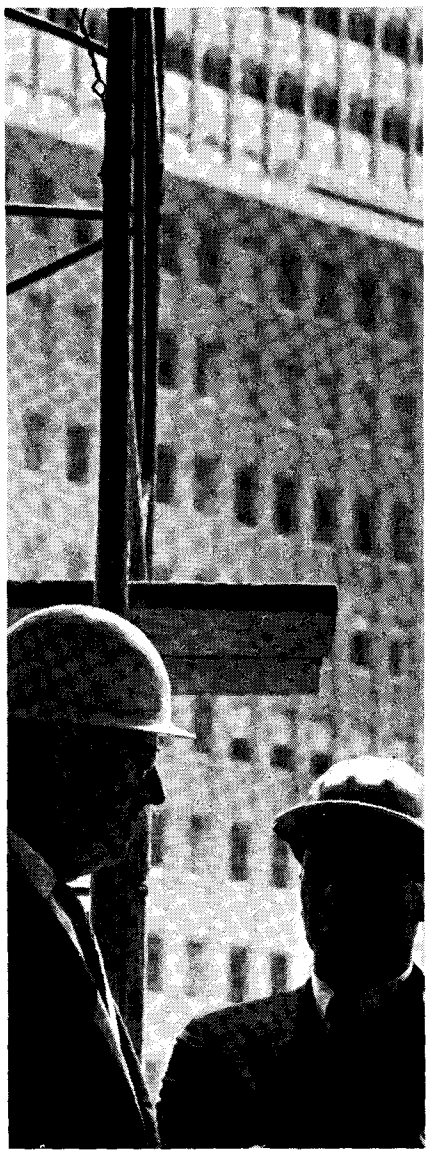
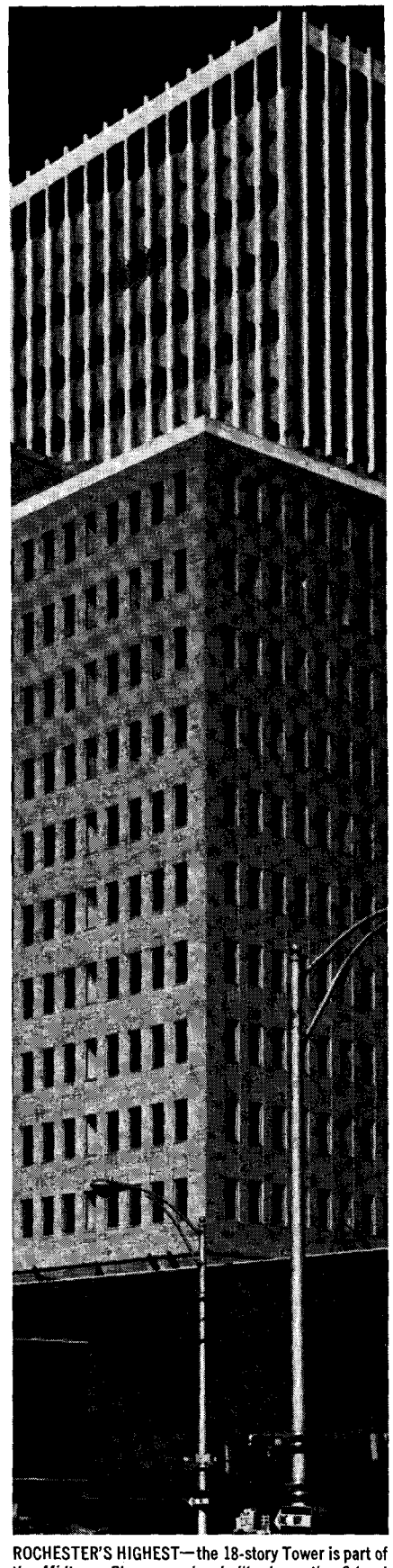


"FASTEST JOB I've ever been on," says Pat McCarthy (left). He was superintendent on the Plaza job, worked closely with Jerry Darby (right), Employers Mutuals' Safety Engineer. Retired now, Pat was with John B. Pike & Son, Inc. for 34 years.

MIDTOWN PLAZA is the nation's newest and largest urban development, privately financed by two of Rochester's long-established stores: McCurdy's and B. Forman Co. Groups from more than 150 cities have seen and studied the success of this "shopping center that went to town!"

"EMPLOYERS MUTUALS' performance at Midtown shows why we're Wausau Policyholders . . . and have been for over 18 years." Carl W. Shaw (left) speaks for John B. Pike & Son, Inc. . . . confirms what J. Lynn Johnston (right) says in this Wausau Story.



ROCHESTER'S HIGHEST—the 18-story Tower is part of the Midtown Plaza complex built above the 3-level underground garage. Midtown is a city within a city, has a working population of more than two thousand people. Employers Mutuals salutes a great accomplishment.

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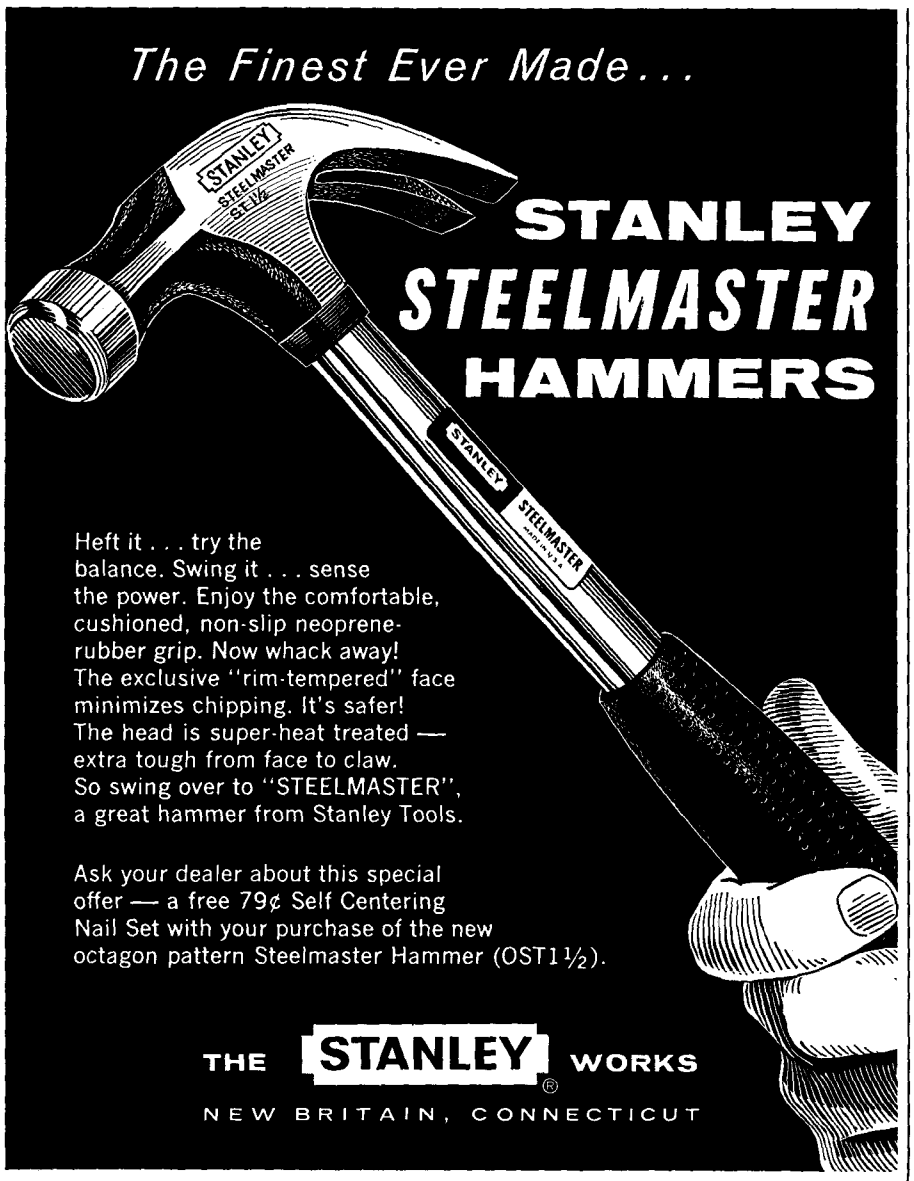
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THE STANLEY WORKS
NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT

CHAMPION

It rained that night. In the frame shack on the Erie, Kathleen clung to her husband, who murmured Gaelic in the dark.

Oh, how she knew the way it had been and the kind strength of her husband. She said "kind" to herself, even though he had sometimes savagely hit other men into the ground. In her heart she was gentle, and yet she approved what he had sometimes done. She knew, as did all the other women, that a canaller must fight a railroader. And canallers must fight one another, if it meant the right of way through a canal lock, or just meant a man's challenge. She knew the rules and the pride; a man could fight with hands, feet or head, but never with a weapon; it had to be himself and his pride, and if he didn't have his pride, he wasn't a man, in front of himself or anyone.

Even as she wrote the letter to Tim, she had worried. Could Sean's pride live, after what had happened to him, even though what had happened had been so heroic, although he would not speak of it?

They had come to a lock, and it was spring and evening, blue light falling everywhere. The locktender was not to be found. Sean had kept his boat waiting quietly while one of the two drivers of the team that pulled the loaded ninety-seven-foot boat went to look for the lockkeeper. Slowly, at the four-mile-an-hour limit, another canal boat came up toward them, threw off its lines to the shore and tried to get in ahead. The boat was blue and fairly new, and there was a young lad leaning over the side, a boy of about ten years of age. He laughed and waved defiance, even as Sean called out with the challenging way of the canallers. But in a moment it didn't matter. Because the boy slipped and fell into the water between the two boats. Sean's left arm held the other boat away while with his other arm he pulled the boy out of the canal. Then the strain took his left arm and chopped the bones out of their muscles and sockets. Sean stood up and said to his wife, "We had better land and see what doctor they have in town."

Kathleen turned to him and wanted to throw herself upon him. She knew enough about him to realize when the pain was trying to buckle his knees. But she knew also that he liked to fight pain as well as any other adversary, because of his pride and sometimes because of his very practicality.

"Danny, my boy," he shouted to the top man of his two steersmen. "Damn it, I hurt my arm a small amount, and I'll have to go and see the local sawbones. I appoint you captain, and you appoint one of the boys the cook, because Kathleen is coming with me. For certainly she's always by my side. Go to the lake and deliver. Get our return freight and come back here and pick us up."

Danny and the other lads were growling and cursing and wanted to go over and fight people on the other boat, but it was an impossible thing to do, no matter what they had caused, because a woman was bent and keening and cradling the young boy who had been saved from a clash together of the boats. And the other crew looked sheepish, and their belligerence to get through the lock first was gone. The big red captain stood there with chest out and whiskers bristling, but tears streaming from his eyes.

The locktender walked down indolently, spat tobacco juice and cried with the usual sarcasm of such men, "We take one at a time, you dark, benighted Irish, through this lock. And any man that says me nay can fight for it, because I'm a better Irishman than any canawler."

He did not receive in return this time the imprecations, the counterchallenges or the actual fist as he worked the lock. Sean and Kathleen stood on the rim of the towpath and watched Sean's boat go through in silence and then the other boat go through in silence as in the deepening shadows the captains and crews looked back and watched and silently waved. The red one on the second boat suddenly shouted with a foghorn voice, "Blast you—God bless you."

Then the dark was full overhead, and Kathleen felt the diminishing in her man which was not of his choice. Forward and to the right were the flat lights of a canal town, vaporous in the time before the moon. She felt and heard his sweat and anguish, but when he walked beside her over the mud, grass and stones, he did not stagger. And on the edge of the town he said, "Now, did you see the red giant on the boat? I wonder if I could have battled him if it had come to that?"

They found the doctor, and the doctor found that Sean's arm was pulp. He told them the only thing that could be done. Sean would have to leave his arm behind. "It's been good to me," said Sean, "and I think we'll give it a decent burial."

Kathleen wept.

"Oh, Kathleen," he said, "the other arm is strong enough to put around you and make you still know you have a man."

The doctor handed Sean a bottle of whisky. Sean understood and drank deep. Kathleen went into the other room to wait. It was a long time before she heard anything but the beating of her own heart and her breathing.

At length the doctor came out and sat with her. He filled her wide, waiting eyes with hope. "He's a very powerful man, and he'll be all right. He's asleep now. Two weeks, three, before his crew gets back, he'll be walking around, feeling as good as ever."

Kathleen clenched her hands; her heart was beating in a new way, relieved, but aggrieved again. "As good as new, you say?" She shook her head.

The bright, optimistic look left the doctor's face, because he could not have deceit. "He will be all right physically," he assured her; "I mean, by the time his crew comes back, he will have no pain, and he'll have his energy." Kathleen looked at him. The doctor continued, "But there is something else. Something I can't do anything about. It'll have to be done by you, by Sean," he said.

Again Kathleen waited. The doctor said, "While he was drinking, we had time to talk. He told me that he is well known on the canal, which I well knew, and that people would wonder and ask about what had happened to him. He said that he would rent a place here and wait here until his boat came back, but that he did not want anyone to know what had happened to his arm until he was ready to tell them."

Kathleen said, "I can understand, for two mighty fists are the world to him and are his manhood, he thinks, although I think it's the spirit in him that makes him a man."

The doctor nodded. "I felt as much, and I'm sure he'll find the way, but I

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THE STANLEY WORKS
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promised him that nothing would be said except that he hurt his arm a bit."

"Is there a place we can find," said Kathleen, "where we can stay quietly?"

"There is," said the doctor, "and I'll help you get it in the morning. Tonight you'll stay here. Now I'll call my wife, and she'll make tea."

Sean convalesced and watched the canal. Kathleen watched him. He spoke with intermittent bellows. He spoke with laughter. In voice and gesture he tried to be as he always had been. He tried her body hard with the kind of love that makes a man think he's a man. And she, who had always kept her eyes closed in modesty and ecstasy, kept them open to try to judge the truth.

Eventually the boat and Danny returned. And Danny came to the rooms they had rented. He did not see that the arm was gone. Sean let no one see that. He had already begun to stuff the sleeve with false muscles made of newspapers. He kept the false arm jammed into a pocket of his coat, and he jammed the other good fist into the other pocket and walked around huge and lumbering and powerful with his strides long as if he were merely thinking deeply and coming to a major decision.

"Danny," he said, "you've been saving for a long time for a boat, just as I did. I was a tow-horse boy, and a steersman, and I saved just like you have saved. Do you know what I did, Danny? After a long time I bought the boat from Tim McCarthy, and he went into the bar business. And he told me that when he got older and when I got older, I could go in with him. And now I'm going to do it if your sock is deep enough and full enough like mine was when I paid off Tim McCarthy."

Danny stood up and tugged at his shirt. Then he blushed and pushed his shirt down and said, "I could do it better if Kathleen was not in the room." Kathleen smiled and walked out, and Danny pulled up his shirt, pushed down his pants, unbuckled his money belt and flung it so it came out straight across the table. "Many a man," he said, "has broken his hand against that. But maybe now it'll do a kinder thing, for what is the passin' of money if it doesn't make everything more pretty?"

Sean called his wife in and had Danny go for the drivers and other steersman, and then he put a bottle of whisky on the table and told them all to drink. They did, and laughed, and no one found out his secret. They promised to come to his bar, to Sean's bar that he was going to share with Tim McCarthy, and they vowed to bash anybody else in the bar but good Irish canallers.

They left, and Kathleen said, "I have made coffee, Sean." He sat at the table and drank a whole pot of it. As he drank she saw that his great right fist shook a little. She was sure that no one but her would have noticed it.

Later she pushed herself against him, and with his good right arm he lifted her from the floor. High up, dizzying, and he threw back his head and the muscles and tendons stood out. Held upward off her feet she put the thumb and the next finger of each hand against the pulsating muscles and tendons of his neck. And she could feel the pulse of his strength moving in the tendons and muscles she held, and beating against her breast from the firm, ceaseless strike of his heart.

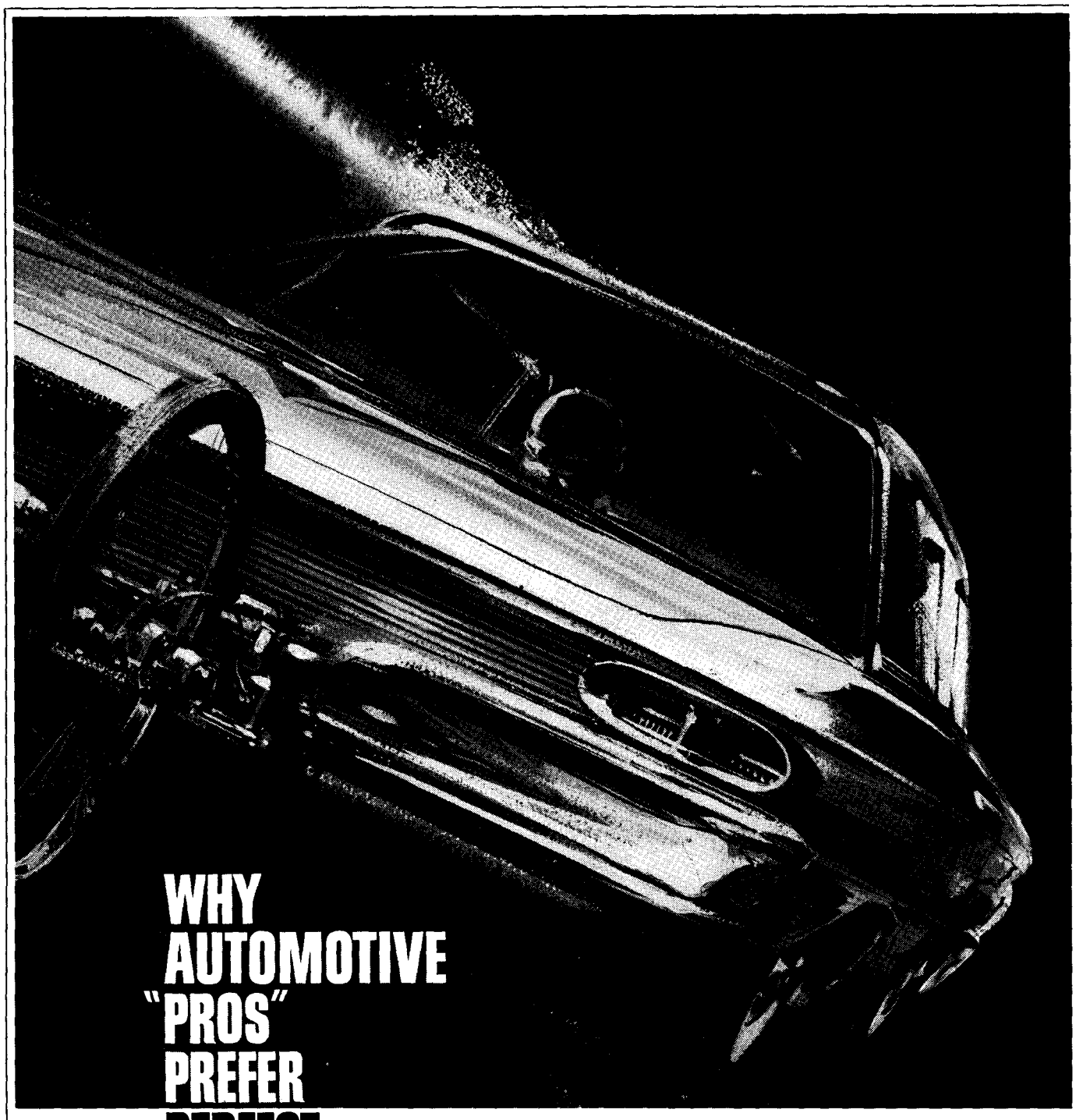
There was a great lot waiting for Sean when he came back East on the Erie to be partner and bartender for his mentor, Tim McCarthy. A lot of things had been happening. His reputation had grown bigger and bigger by the telling and the retelling.

The fact was that Tim was building up a reputation for Sean that even went beyond what he already had. And what he had was considerable enough.

The truth was that Tim McCarthy needed a new fighter as a partner because he was only going by reputation. He had never lost a fight, but now he was starting to lie awake nights, thinking of the possibility. So when he heard that Sean was coming to him, it took ten years off his life—or maybe twenty. He began to talk of the old champions and say to those assembled that they were nothing compared to Sean.

He mentioned the time when he had walked down the side-cut near the canal to the bar owned by Red O'Neal. In front of the bar there had been a couple of wooden steps, and Paddy O'Brian, that great fighter, had been sitting on the steps, head in hand, looking fairly lacerated. "Paddy," Tim had said. "How did you get beaten so sorely?" And Paddy had replied, "Well, you know the tune and the method. When you're a great fighter, and known as such, they can lock you into the saloon and have at you. Well, now, this is what happened to me this mornin'. They locked me in this place with the bartender and the porter and four men at the bar."

Tim looked at him. "And this is what they did to you?"



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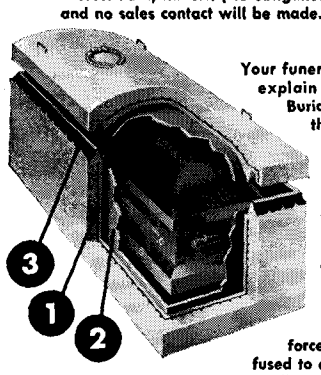

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CHAMPION

"This is what they did to me," said Paddy O'Brian. "And I sit here with my head in my hands just waitin'."

"What are you waiting for?" said Tim.

"Why, you damn fool," said Paddy O'Brian, "I'm waitin' for the runnin' cowards to come back so I can finish the job."

"But Sean is better," said Tim, "and that is the beautiful truth."

So that was the environment into which Sean and his Kathleen had come on that pretty, late afternoon off the packet boat.

They were met at the dock by the porter from Timothy McCarthy's. They were escorted to their kind wooden house that was two houses from the church, and the canal was running before them and a road of mud was in front.

Kathleen looked all around the house in a woman's way. Sean followed her and laughed at everything she said. Not because he felt that she was a fool, but because she was able to look into every corner and decide whether that corner itself would make them like or dislike their new home. She knew when the creak of a floor could be one he didn't care about or one that could be annoying.

They were still walking through the house, extending love into new rooms, when the pounding came at the front door. They looked out from the second-story windows and saw the small crowd yammering in the yard, with a reflected glow from the canal sweeping their necks.

"What is it?" Kathleen asked Sean.

"Maybe it's a welcome of a sort," he said, "or maybe it isn't."

He walked away from her and down the stairs and opened the door. She was leaning against the side of a window on the second floor and heard what was thrown against him. She listened to the boasting challenges of a man at the door. And she heard the silence of her husband, whose voice had always been bigger and stronger, wilder and sure, and with good reason. And now she pressed her forehead against the side of the window and heard the yells of the challenger's following, and heard the feet stamping in the muck and heard nothing from her husband who once would have charged them all with a swinging of powerful fists that would have felled some and made the others step backward in their muddy boots.

Now she put her index finger curled between her teeth and bit it, grasped the side of the window, closed her eyes and suffered.

She heard a spiteful yell downstairs. The slam of the door. Then silence. She looked out and saw people laughing and walking away. Boots mashing rubbery mud. Shoulders hunching with disdain. And ahead of all these was a man of tremendous broad shoulders in a green plaid coat, who put out his fists striking into the light and laughed, and he seemed from the pulse of the people behind him to be their great champion. Was he the one who had challenged her husband and who had walked off having victory without even a fight?

Kathleen came downstairs. Sean was standing against the door, and she had never seen the look in his face that he had now. Even when he had saved the boy and his arm had been destroyed, or when it had been cut off.

This was another destruction. He stood there tall and mighty, and the way he stood, his soul and his determination defeated all those who had come to the door. He turned and faced her and said, "Oh, Kathleen, did you hear?"

"Yes," she said, "I heard."

And he said, "I don't have two fists to fight. And I knew it; it was in my feeling and broke my anger."

She saw his knees bend a little and his good arm come up in a huge fist, and he stood straight. Then his arm fell to his side, and he said, "Oh, darling, maybe I am half a man—maybe I am half a man. Do you believe that?" he asked.

She looked at him. "You're all of a man. Oh, my darling, all of a man."

There was a hard knock on the door. Kathleen opened the curtains and saw Timothy McCarthy and let him in.

Tim came in a rush, all the short power of him. His enraged face mottled. "What have you done, man?" he cried. "What have you done?"

Before he could say more, Kathleen slammed the door behind him, against the triumphant laughter swaggering up the street, and exclaimed, "Now you be quiet, Timothy McCarthy. For my husband has a reason and it's a good one. And don't you be blind to him like those others out there."

She started to say more from the passion in her, but Sean immutably shook his head and said, "Quiet, pretty woman. I told you we would have no pity." And he said, "But then you told me we should tell the truth." He cast his eyes fiercely from her to Tim McCarthy and said, "Here's the truth," and he reached over and took his false left arm made of newspapers and squeezed it to the pulp it was, and the newspapers poured out. He threw back his head and laughed with the irony and torment that was in him.

Tim looked at him, and his big Irish soul flew into his face so that it looked fierce, but threatened to weep.

Kathleen cried, "No, no," and brought him a drink, and he drank it and sat down quietly.

In a blunt voice Sean told him what had happened to him on the canal, and Tim kept nodding and shaking his head. "It'll be all right, Sean, my lad," he said. "It'll be all right. I'll tell them that they're fools and traitors to a great man. They'll come to our place wanting to know a pretty legend and to see it there. They'll be ashamed and weep into their whisky. And if we ever have to throw anybody out, we have three arms that are good enough to do it. It's Tommy O'Riordan who challenged you, a railroader so fierce with his fists that we'll have to take him together, if the need arises."

Sean cried out with an emotion so strong that Kathleen knew more had been broken in him than the arm torn by the boats. This was not merely the tissue of him crying from his throat, but his very fierce and wounded spirit, the soul of the man itself, and she shivered to hear it. "No, no, and it can not, will not be!"

He smashed with his good fist a table in the semidarkness beside him, shattering the table to fragments. "I won't take the sentimentality of your emotions, Timothy. Nor the charity of being your partner. I am a man, and I know what happens among men. I can ruin you here, and I won't do it. Oh, madman, fool that I am. I should have known that it would be a thing that finally would have to be pity. Pity from you, pity from the others. Oh, they would come to our saloon," he said, "they would come at first out of their kind, fierce hearts and act as good as they could be. But, after a while, they wouldn't come again, because it would make them too weary to feel the pity when they wanted to be angry and full of the fire that a man gets from the woods, the canals and the laying of track. Oh, they wouldn't come again, because of embarrassment and because of what they are. They won't fight if we're better at it—but they'd love to know that they could fight if they were better. Not because they must pity me."

Kathleen looked at her husband. Tim dropped his head.

Sean said, "Isn't it true? Wouldn't they come at first and then not come any more?"

Tim would not answer.

Kathleen lifted her head and said, "Tim, is this true?"

Tim lifted his head, and he looked at them in an Irish sentimental, practical, wild agony, and said, "'Tis true."

In the room there was a long silence. The lamps sent up arrows, broad and sharp at the tip of light and involvement. As if all the stars outside were impersonal, and this soft light here kept the individuals in place. Sean walked forward and said, "I'll fight my challenger."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"If *that's* Cosgrove, who's *this*?"

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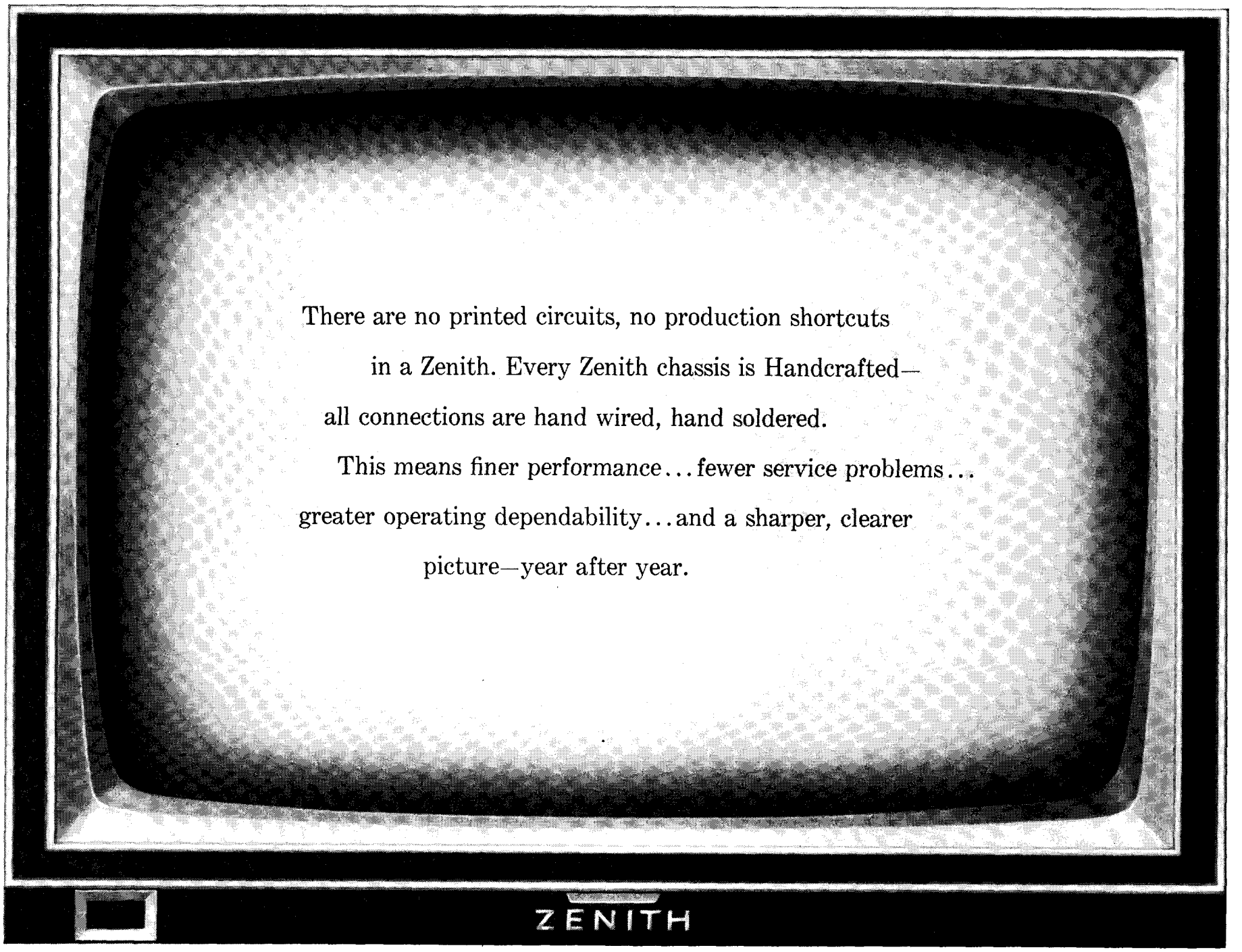
If everyone knew this almost everyone would own a Zenith TV!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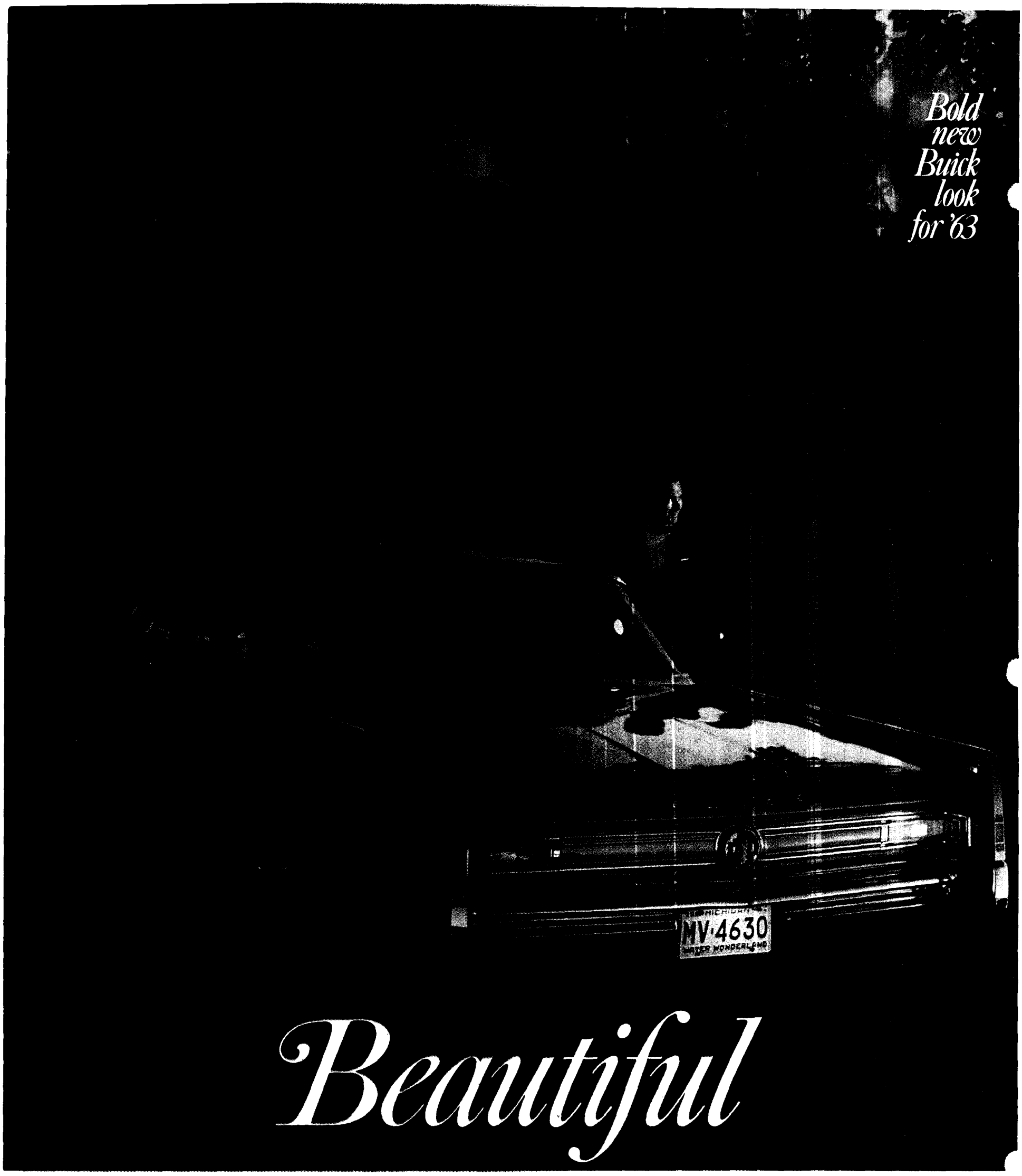

This automobile is built for people who put a premium on performance as well as total luxury. Buick Electra 225 beauty, its bold design, superb reliability, and sensible price make it a fine-car investment without peer. An impressive list of standard equipment includes famous Turbine Drive (automatic full torque converter transmission), power steering and brakes, and all the advantages of Buick engineering: greater road stability, arrow-straight tracking, and years of smooth riding comfort. Drive this most excellent automobile at your quality Buick dealer's.

'63 Buick Electra 225

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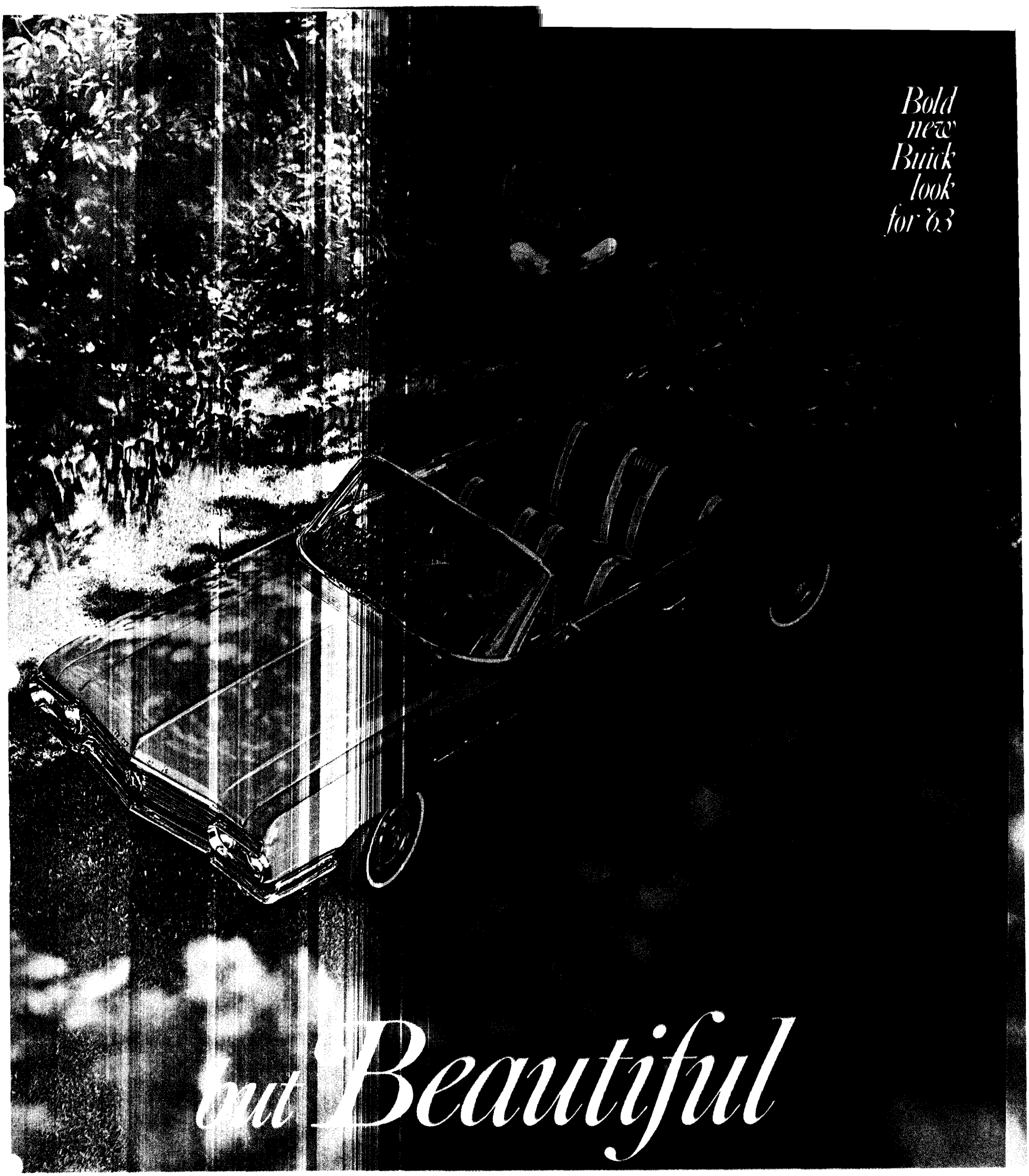

Buicks never looked like this before . . . for '63, they're dashing, daring, eager to get out on the road to show off their spirited, smooth performance. All the new full-size Buick LeSabre models feature unique Advanced Thrust engineering—that virtually does away with the front floor hump, tames curves and cross winds, makes driving easier. Also finned aluminum front brakes (considered the world's safest), and a host of low-maintenance, long-life features all at no extra cost. Take the bold, beautiful Buick route in 1963 . . . see your Buick dealer today!

'63 Buick LeSabre

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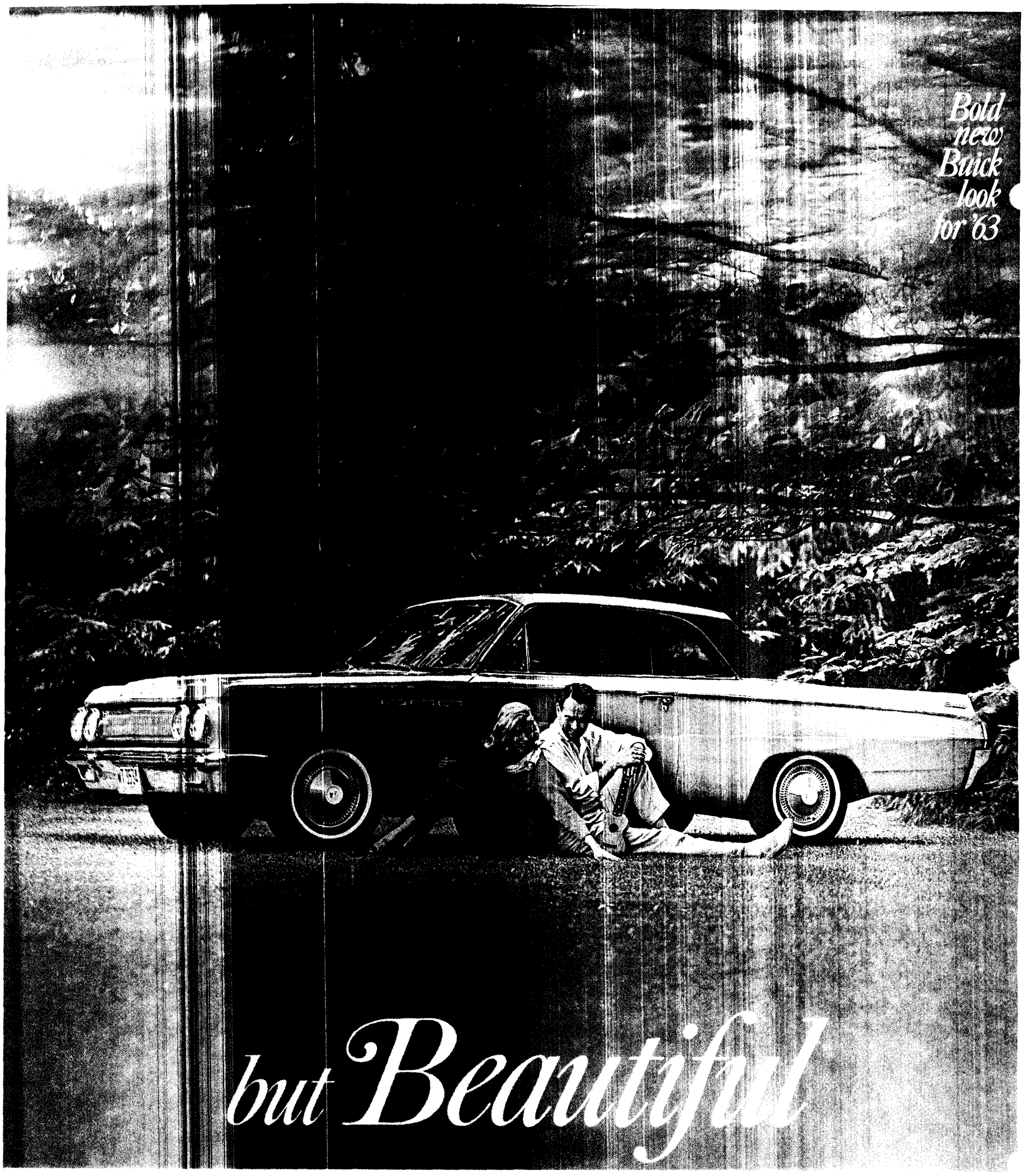

The jaunty winner of Motor Trend's '62 "Car of the Year" award is better than ever . . . meet the roomy, sprightly new happy medium-size Special! Just what makes this Buick so special? Take a peep under the hood . . . you'll see one very good reason. That's the exclusive V-6 engine sitting there, waiting to demonstrate its nimble, regular gas saving talents. (There's a thrifty aluminum V-8, too!). Choice of seven models, three transmissions. And a happy medium-size Buick Special can be yours at a happy surprise low price. See your Buick dealer today!

'63 Buick Special

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CHAMPION

Kathleen put her hand against her mouth. What was this mad, mad desire to be a man? Timothy McCarthy became depressed, and that was unusual for him, a man of such exuberance, that nothing, fighting, whisky or possible Irish despair, had ever made him fall down. But this time he looked as though he could.

"I've a head and two feet, and I've a will of my own," said Sean, "and my will will do me, or destroy me, but nothing can change my mind."

He walked into the light and stood there laughing and grinning with that wild, Irish grin, but Kathleen looked at him with compassion. He opened the door, stopped, got the newspapers and shoved them back into his sleeve, and then he paused again and walked across the floor and kissed Kathleen. He turned and shook hands with Tim and said, "I'm walking down to your saloon that might become ours."

"You be staying here," said Tim.

Sean pulled away. Tim started to follow violently, but Kathleen grabbed his coat on each side of the shoulders and said, "No, no. Go with him, but he has to do what he wants to."

At the door Sean hesitated, and turned back. Kathleen and Tim watched him, wondering about the reason.

"I had a thought," said Sean. "Ah, sure, if this champion saw my arm fly out into newspapers at the first blow, he'd be enough of an Irishman to turn his back on a fight with such as me. Kathleen, now in your woman's way, you have to help me with the solution."

She stood there with her face taut and aching, but with a knowledge in her that could not make her swerve nor forget to be ingenious in the cause. "I'll use two great pins, and they should hold for a great time in the strong cloth of your sleeve and pocket."

He grinned. "That is what I need, pretty woman." He looked at Tim. "Isn't it a fact that a man needs a wife in all the best and worst times of his life?"

Then he walked out, and Tim walked behind him. At first it was a quiet walking down an empty street, but it didn't stay that way. In the strange way that these things happened, people knew that it wasn't just a case of two men walking down a dirt street in the beginning of the night; they sensed that something was going to occur.

Yellow light sprang up, and they walked toward the broader yellow-and-silver light of the saloon. The word seemed to have got there, too, because a half door was slapped back and men came out to stand in the street.

Timothy caught up to Sean and said, "What can you do? It's a damn fool you are, a glorious damn fool, but one nevertheless."

Sean strode on. "I'm remembering a man who bashed me down when I was a lad in the beginning, and before I had a reputation for my hands. He didn't need any hands."

They marched down the street and into the saloon, Sean looking big and brawny and both his arms the same, and it seemed as though both his hands were in his deep jacket pockets because of bold effrontery.

Then it was as it should be and always had been in the memory here. The time when a big and important fight was going to happen. Ah, it seemed as if the scent of the canal were something special, filled with the smell of a lion's very skin. It seemed as if the stars shot out points that flamed. It seemed as if the moon were astride a horse. It seemed as if your drinks made a yell in your head. It seemed as if the yellow and mud of the town came up against your neck like a rope. Sure, and there was such excitement that a man could feel the beat and excitement in himself, and long to tangle with everyone around him.

Timothy McCarthy followed Sean into the saloon and to the bar. He watched him take a long drink there without looking around. He watched him turn and face his many challengers. And out of the ruck of these the big one in the plaid coat, Tommy O'Riordan, stepped forth, isolating himself from the rest and making himself the fierce demand.

He stamped his feet, Tommy O'Riordan, and laughed. "When I stamp my feet," he said, "it's a bit of thunder that I could do better if I did not want to bring down a wreckage on the heads of my friends." He jumped in the air and laughed and flapped his arms. "But I'm a railroader with an inborn hate. I take men of the water and drown them. I jump up and I come down and my feet make thunder and electricity. And they all quiver and go to shame because Tommy, The Wild One, is my name."

Sean was still leaning against the bar and looking at him. Timothy looked at Sean and was about to do something, but, of course, he couldn't. Sean had picked his moment for his own reasons. And it was the Irish against the Irish, and no man interfered—ever—with what an Irishman wanted to do.

Sean indicated to the bartender that he should bring up a bottle. And the bartender did, then stood back, white-faced, and white-clothed around his big belly. Sean took a long drink with his good arm, the other looking as likely in the pocket of his coat. He invited Tommy to come up and have a drink too; which he did. Then Sean threw the bottle over his shoulder, and it landed on the duckboards behind the bar.

Timothy McCarthy started to move up, his arms opened wide, as if he would say something or do something, but Sean exclaimed, "Get back, fool of a friend!" and turned himself face to face with his challenger.

They always said, those who had been there and those who had heard about it, that it was the greatest fight made by all the canallers, or made between canallers and railroadmen. It was the greatest fight among all the Irish. It was a fight to make the band play, a fight to make men dance a jig, a fight to make men drink everything from the barrel and stamp and talk about it.

They walked toward each other in an admiring way, with their bare teeth showing, so that you'd think they were the greatest friends in the world who wanted to bite air before they said hello. As they circled each other, they kept grinning in such a way that it made everybody grin, too, and "hurrah," slap their legs and stamp.

The watching was a special event and, oh, it was a peculiar one. The great fighter, Sean, waving one great right hand in front of him and keeping the other hand in his pocket with such contempt that it was bewildering, seeing as he faced the two massive flails of Tommy O'Riordan. Tommy lashed out, and it was a one and a two, the left and the ponderous right. And Sean went down to a great groan of delight and cry of despair from all those watching. Sean sensed the pull and rip of the pins, but there was nothing full and heavy in that sleeve, no pushing, flailing muscle, so it could not be tugged, forced out unless his clothing or his motions in his clothing might be so taut that the pins would pull out of the cloth. He rolled and moved as easily as he could, to keep his false arm in its sleeve.

Tommy jumped and stamped, which was his way of triumph, and Sean rolled and snapped to his feet, a great gymnastic thing for a man so big. Everybody sighed their breath in and out. For never before had they seen a man with such contempt. Even now he didn't take his left hand from his pocket. Ah, Tommy O'Riordan was abashed at that, and abashed that this iron-jawed man had got up again. Then they weaved around and flung blows, and Tommy was hit many a time and it hurt him, but he was hitting with two hands and Sean with only one, and the murmurs began to go around the room.

There were murmurs that said that everybody liked the fight, but there were murmurs that said that Tommy ought to win. True, there was blood on the faces and coats of them both, but it was foolish and wrong for Sean to persist in fighting a man with one hand. It made a fool of the other man, and it wasn't working, because Sean went down again, and was stomped twice with Tommy's boots before he could roll away and get up again.

Ah, Sean was reeling and staggering back, hunched up in his coat, one hand still in his pocket—himself the fool. What was he trying to prove? And Tommy grinned and went in with his fists wide, to beat from left and right like the fierce lad that he was at it, when a man was over and done. They all sighed and caught their breaths, and knew it was over as Sean sort of fell in between Tommy's pouring fists, that were hitting to this side of the head and to that and expecting his man to go down.

But then, they all saw it—Sean jumped like a kangaroo. Ah, his legs were valiant, and he was bucking with his head! One, two, three. Buck, buck, buck. He butted with his head, thrown violent from his feet and his jumping, and Tommy went back, back and down.

Everybody jumped up to watch more closely, in the way you can see if you stand. A bucker had knocked Tommy down. Hitting him in the temple and the forehead. And Tommy got up staggering, and the bucker moved back, waiting. Tommy stood up and put up his hands, and the bucker moved his feet like a bull and charged and hit him in the belly, and both of them crashed through twenty men and four tables. And as they plunged and writhed, Sean's false arm whipped from its pocket and threw newspapers around and lay empty and limp beside him as he got up from unconscious Tommy and stood there with the sleeve hanging empty with a final piece of newspaper dropping from it.

They all looked at the fact and knew it—a one-armed man had beaten their best champion. It had been the best fight they had ever seen, and now it was better.

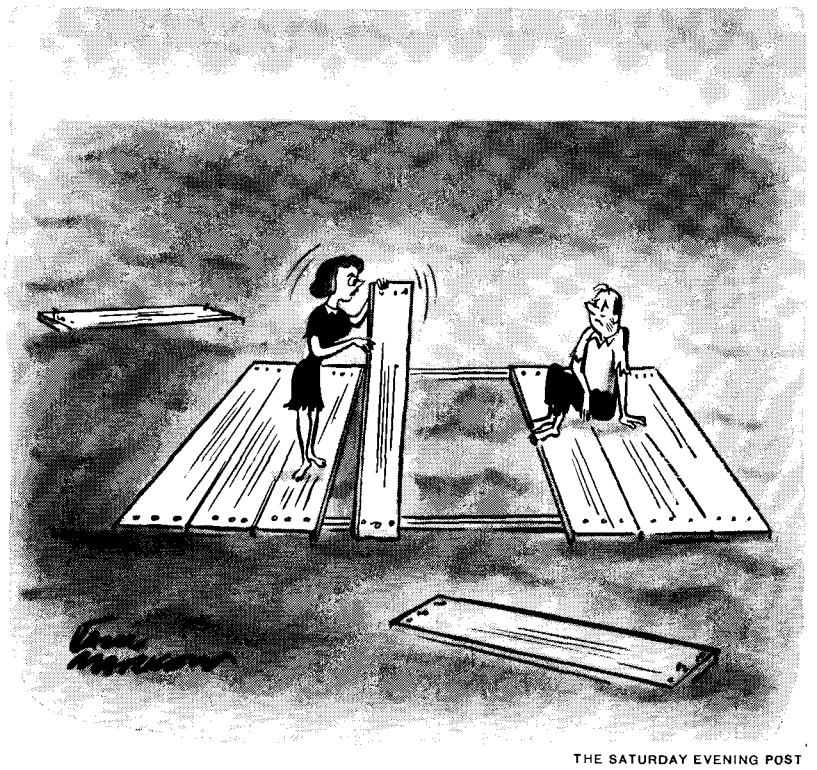
The place was silent—it was more than silent. Men who had drinks in their hands did a peculiar prayer. They put down their drinks and stood up as Sean walked by to go out, their tribute. But that was not all; they felt a great deal for the man who was beaten, and they picked him up and poured cold water over his face. When he awoke, they were glad.

Later Timothy McCarthy walked up the road to the house where Sean was going to live with his wife. Tim was followed by fifty men of the town, and next to him was the ex-champion, Tommy O'Riordan, all marching along and singing. They bashed on the door, and Sean opened it. With his good arm he embraced Timothy and Tommy, then he said, "Sure, and it's been a good evening, but I have a pretty wife who wants to sleep."

"Come back to the bar," cried Tommy O'Riordan, "for we'd have a drink with the champion."

Others cried out, and Timothy begged him. Kathleen, filled with smiles, pushed at his back with her hands. "Go," she said, "it's a night to be a man and howl, and I'll hear you from here."

Sean went out and down the street, with the crowd singing at his heels under the stars. **THE END**



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Enter at your community Food Store Oct. 3-13!

$50,000

75 FOODARAMA PRIZES!!!

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FABULOUS FOODARAMA

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Free Food for 1 Full Year!

National Association of Retail Grocers of the United States

Enter during the NARGUS-POST *The Saturday Evening*

"All-American Brands Spectacular"

at leading community food stores Oct. 3-13

In the biggest shopping event of the year, your community food store announces spectacular values on your favorite brands . . . plus a chance to win the grand prize of a Foodarama and $25 worth of free food every week for one year! Or you may win one of 74 other Foodaramas! There's nothing to write* . . . nothing to buy. Just pick up an entry blank at your community food store, fill it out and mail it in! (Complete rules are on the entry form.)

No other food value event matches this one. Sponsored only once a year by the National Association of Retail Grocers of the U. S. (NARGUS) and *The Saturday Evening Post*, this giant "Spectacular" has the industry-wide support of leading manufacturers, retailers, voluntary and cooperative groups, wholesalers and brokers. NARGUS, the world's largest trade association, has over 112,000 stores to serve you. Shop and save at yours today!

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THE PET MILK COMPANY
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THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY
Aunt Jemima Pancake Mix,
Quaker and Aunt Jemima Grits,
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REYNOLDS METALS COMPANY
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THE SEVEN-UP COMPANY
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Look for these famous brands at your food store displaying this "All-American" sign.

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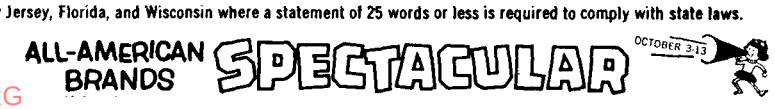

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Take The HINDMOST

"There's the devil to pay for poaching an Irish stream."

by Brian Cleeve

The Devil sat fishing by the Styx in the worst of tempers. Dirty, oily water sliding past him and not a screed of grass on the bank to have his picnic on.

"Damn the day I took up fishing," he said and gave his line a jerk that nearly broke it. The soul of a pawnbroker came up dripping, all claws and shell and eyes on stalks, and the Devil added it to the pile of scutty little crabs and crayfish that was already in his basket.

"What wouldn't I give for a salmon now," the Devil said through his teeth. "A spring-run salmon, with the strength in it to take a May fly three feet above the water and bend a greenheart rod into a hoop." He ground his teeth together, and little sparks flew out. "A greenheart rod! Look at this thing! Look at the like of what I have to fish with!" And he held out his own rod and shook it fearfully at his gillie, Belfagor. "A curtain rod! And not a damn bit of nylon line from here to Hell's gate."

"It melts," said Belfagor timidly, trying to make himself small-small on the bank.

"Damn and blast, don't I know it melts," screamed the Devil. "Haven't I half the scientists down there trying to invent nylon that doesn't melt?" He stood up and gave his basket a terrible kick, scattering the pawnbrokers, theater managers, newspaper editors and television comedians into the Styx again. "Get me a salmon," the Devil roared at his unfortunate servant. "Get me the thirty-pound soul of an Irish Christian that can leap a six-foot fall, and him fasting."

"My Lord!" screeched Belfagor imploringly.

"And a greenheart rod to fish him with," the Devil swept on, "*and—and*, mark me, a seven-pound nylon line blessed by a priest that'll let me play him till Doomsday without melting."

"Not—not an Irishman!" pleaded Belfagor.

The Devil grinned, threading the soul of a journalist onto his hook. "Not only an Irishman, but a Kerry man, taken with blasphemy and damnation in his jaws in the instant of death."

"Kerry?" whimpered Belfagor. "I'll go to Dublin! I'll go to Cork! I'll even go to Belfast! But not the Kingdom, not Kerry." And he fell on his face and covered his black head with his black wings and cried like a child.

"Kerry!" said the Devil triumphantly. "Oh the trout streams! Oh the inlets from the sea and the salmon coming, and the straps of girls with their shawls and baskets, and the lads with the dynamite. Those were the days!" And he wiped a tear from his leathery cheek and came within a wing-tip's brush of feeling remorse. He dangled his hook over Belfagor's big, flappy ear and caught the lobe of it. "Up with you," he commanded; "up and off with you and be back here in ten minutes!" (Although by this, of course, he meant ten Hell's minutes, which are somewhat longer than ours.) And with a flick of his wrist and the hiss of the reel, he sent Belfagor flying from Eternity to Killara Parish in the heart of Kerry.

In that same parish Father John McCarthy lay in bed, deeply troubled in his body with old age and rheumatism, and more troubled still in his soul with many things. He was troubled first by the nearness of death, which he had felt like a coldness in the room for many weeks.

"For I am quite unworthy to die," the poor old man whispered to himself in the darkness of the night and thought with terror and contrition of his many vanities and many lapses over his sixty years of ministry. He thought of the fierce pride he had taken in the parish hurling team and the fierce joy he had felt as he lifted a glittering rainbow trout from the willow pool above the Presbytery, or fought a salmon down the length of the stream to the Colonel's boundary. "And beyond, God help me!" the old man whispered, remembering times he had poached half a mile deep into the Colonel's preserves. "And he a Protestant!" He crossed himself and prayed that Saint Peter might intercede for him, for wasn't he a fisherman? But even as he prayed, he doubted whether it was allowable.

Morning came to him before he slept, and brought him his other troubles, two and three together. Mrs. Hegarty with her asthma, rattling the worn curtains back on their hooks to let in the sight of a sky like gray slate. He knew from the set of her white bun at the back of her head, as stiff as a stale loaf, that she had words to say to him. She turned and faced him, folding her hands in her apron.

"It's the dinner," she said. "If there are to be the four of you, I have to have help."

"Aye," said Father John weakly. The one woman in the parish who could darken his eye was Mrs. Hegarty, and she had to be his housekeeper! Well, maybe it would be held to him when—when the time came. "Get in young Sheila, surely."

"Her!" said Mrs. Hegarty, outraged. "My granddaughter? With that scamp of a boy Jack that you let disgrace the Presbytery making dog's eyes at her, and she in her apron? I'm a poor woman, Father, and little thought of by you or any—I know that! But I have my pride, I have my standards!"

"Aye, aye," said Father John very quickly, "you have—you have indeed, and how can you say you're not well thought of?" He hunted in his tormented old mind for a way out. "Maybe we could send Jack off ——"

"Off entirely?" said Mrs. Hegarty eagerly, for she had a nephew she would have liked to see in Jack's place as handyman to the Presbytery.

"For the day," said Father John, summoning his strength, what little was left to him. "Send him up to me."

He lay back on the pillows when she was gone, thinking wearily of the problems that the day was bringing to him. The dinner first. The Colonel was coming, being still the big landowner of the place, and Father John's dearest friend and most quarrelsome enemy for longer than either of them could remember. And the schoolmaster, Hugh Byrne, county councilor, local pillar of the Gaelic Athletic Association. He would be the real judge at the dinner. And then Father Finn, who was to be judged. For it was Father John's dearest wish that, when he died, Father Finn should become parish priest in his place. The bishop would make the decision, but the Bishop lived far away and would largely make it on Father John's solemn recommendation.

"Let me know if you want him to come after you, John," the Bishop had said a month ago on his visitation. And for thirty days the necessity of deciding had been one more torment in the old priest's mind. So much to hang on his word. The future of a parish. The future of a priest. "God guide me," he prayed. But no guidance came, and so he had thought of the dinner. All four of them already knew one another well. But let them dine together, drink and smoke and gossip together into the small hours, and maybe some new factor would develop so that he could judge. Maybe Hugh Byrne would take more kindly to Father Finn. For that was the crux of it.

If it were left to his own wish, Father Finn would be the man. But his own wish was poorly based and badly biased, and he knew it. For if ever a man was cut out not to be parish priest of Killara, Father Finn was him. A chess player, a poet, a singer of songs that a good Kerry priest shouldn't even know, let alone sing at the top of his voice on a Sunday afternoon; a fisherman with a ruthless disregard for boundaries and preserves and closed seasons. A man who thought that Hugh Byrne was a fat hypocrite and had said so in public. "May God forgive him," Father John prayed. "And me for agreeing in secret." For Mr. Hugh Byrne was that necessity of a parish, its lay conscience—and, besides that, its greatest pillar and support. No sodality, no activity was complete without his bald shining head and his rimless pince-nez. And a parish priest who didn't get on with Mr. Byrne was doomed to frustration from the start. "It'll have to be an outsider," groaned Father John. "I couldn't in conscience recommend anything else." Unless at the dinner he could make them friends. Although it was hard to see how anything that Mrs. Hegarty knew how to cook could bring that about.

And so the worry went round and round in the poor old priest's skull, until Jack Ryan, the handyman, came to him, slipping in like a fox after a pheasant, one black, curly lock of hair falling down to hide a wicked, innocent-seeming eye. Oh, the Devil's own whelp of a fox, Jack Ryan, the heartscald of his mother, of Sheila Hegarty and of poor Father John, who had stood between him and more harm than any man should need protection from.

"It's a fine day," said Father John.

"It is, God bless it," said Jack, as meek as an acolyte.

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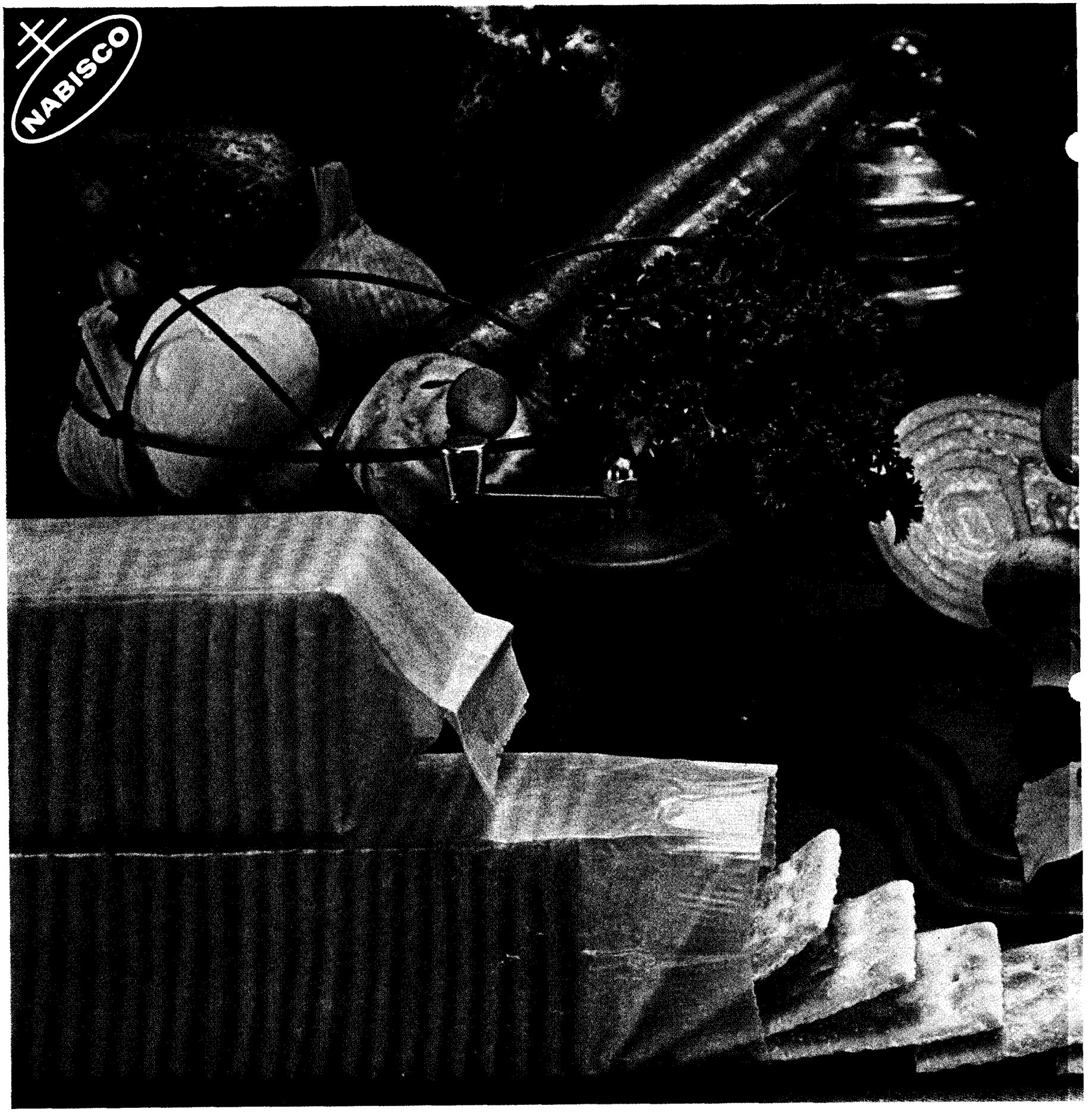

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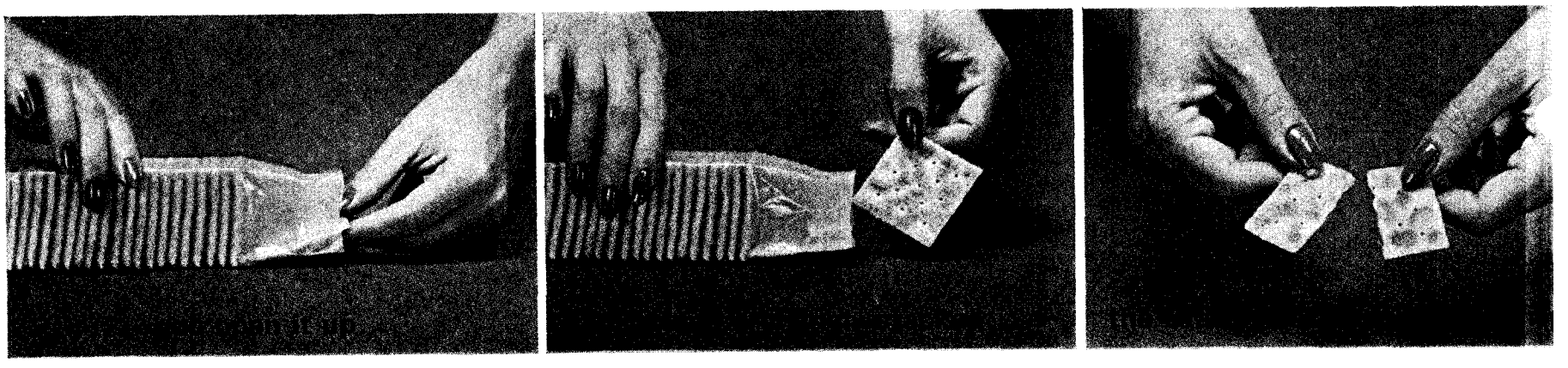

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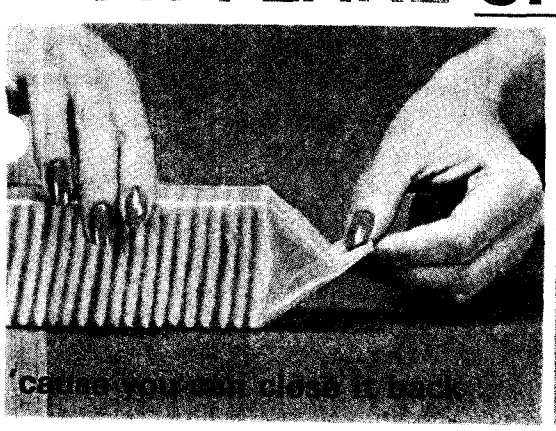

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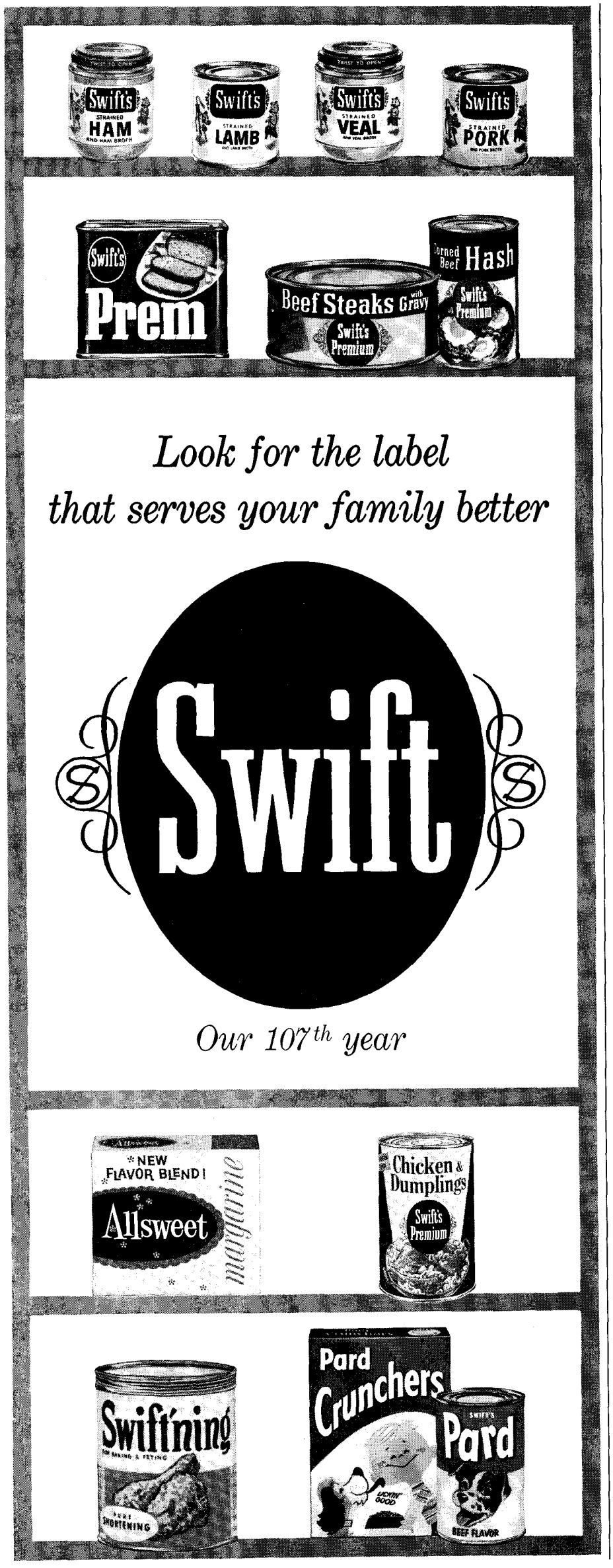

Take the HINDMOST

"You don't want to be killing yourself with work on a day like this," said Father John. "Would you not like a little holiday to yourself?"

"To go fishing, Father?" And he slid a reel out of his pocket. "To fetch home a salmon maybe for the dinner tonight?"

"God forbid," said Father John piously, for it wasn't the season, and there'd be no salmon anywhere in the parish except in the Colonel's waters, if there. "But a trout now, you might take a trout up above. Go off with you now—enjoy yourself. And be good." But Jack was already halfway down the path.

"My love is like a white white rose, And whiter there than where she shows," he was singing, tipping his forelock to Mrs. Hegarty, glowering at him from the kitchen window.

The Devil take him, the old lady thought and hoped that he wouldn't meet her granddaughter on the road up, for she'd sent for her already. But the wish had hardly flown from her when it was denied. For Jack was barely halfway to the place he'd turn off the road when he saw Sheila coming, and swinging a basket with her apron and a sober dress in it, fit to wear when waiting on two priests and the Colonel and the schoolmaster.

He waited for her, leaning against a dry-stone wall, his rod beside him. "The morning is made for me," he said.

"Is it?" said Sheila and blushed the length of her neck to her forehead. "Why aren't you working?"

"I have the day off," said Jack. "Wouldn't you share it with me? We could have great sport. Fishing," he added, before she could get angry.

"You're wicked," said Sheila, sorely tempted.

"Would you have me any other way?" Jack said and captured her hand that lay alongside his on the low wall.

"Let me go!" she whispered. "There's Father Finn! Oh, merciful heavens, he'll tell my grandmother."

"The Devil take him," said Jack, who'd had it in mind to capture more than her hand if he'd been given another minute or two. "The Devil run off with him—and your grandmother."

"Jack!" cried Sheila and tore her hand away and off with her up the road as fast as virtue would carry her. Which wasn't so fast as to prevent a backward glance at the turn. But by then Jack was greeting Father Finn and had no eyes for her.

"What do I care if he looks after me or not?" Sheila asked herself as she went up the path. But either that or something left her a little restless all the morning.

"What ails you, girl?" Mrs. Hegarty shouted at her the second time she burned the milk. "Are your wits astray?"

If they were, they'd have found Jack in good company, Father Finn's no less. For between one thing and another, it wasn't ten minutes before the pair of them were making their soft way into the Colonel's land and preserves, Father Finn whistling *Pedro the Fisherman* very gently under his breath, his fair hair tousled as a thrush's feathers after a dust bath, brambles tearing at his old black suit, and Jack's greenheart rod in his hand.

"D'you think we'll rise anything?" he whispered to Jack between verses.

"We'll rise the Colonel himself if you don't quit whistling, Father," said Jack, for when it came to poaching he was the boss, and let Father Finn confess him after. The priest could be the boss then. And they went on as softly as two shadows toward a pool Jack had heard there was a salmon in this time last year.

But softly as they went, they weren't soft enough to avoid the eye of Mr. Hugh Byrne, cruising the bounds of the parish on his well-oiled bicycle, looking for truants. A big, heavy man who might have been a policeman if he hadn't been a teacher; a terror to truants and small children stuck over their arithmetic. As he topped the brow of a hill, he saw the tails of Jack and Father Finn disappearing into a thicket on the Colonel's land, and the top of a rod sticking up above Father Finn's shoulder.

"Ah!" said Mr. Byrne. "I have him! I have him at last!" For he well knew that Father John was hoping to be able to recommend Father Finn to the Bishop. But it would be beyond even Father John to recommend a convicted poacher to become a parish priest. And so with the happy feeling that comes only to those who know they are combating sin, Hugh Byrne leaned his bicycle against a tree, vaulted the low wall and set off across country toward the Colonel's river.

"Oh, wait till I get him!" he crowed, rubbing large horny hands together. "I'll have him defrocked." For there was a long history of passages at arms to be avenged, over and above the reference to a fat hypocrite. "*He's had the parish ruined*," Mr. Byrne thought, "*but here's an end to it, the Devil take him.*"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Hey, pop—you're shaving with my transistor radio."

OCTOBER 3-13 ALL-AMERICAN BRANDS SPECTACULAR

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from soup to dessert...with

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CREAM OF CORN SOUP

Combine 1 qt. milk, #303 can Libby's Cream Style Corn (it's richer in *natural* corn cream), 1 slice of onion, 1½ tsp. salt. Cook over boiling water 30 min. Mix ¼ cup each flour and water to smooth paste. Add to corn mixture. Cook 15 min., stirring occasionally. Add 2 tbsp. butter, ¼ tsp. each pepper and paprika. Top with slices of Libby's Stuffed Olives. 6 servings.

PEPPER-ASPIC SALAD—Open 46-oz. can Libby's Tomato Juice. (That's the one that's truly tomato rich!) Soften 3 envelopes unflavored gelatin in ¾ cup of the cold juice. Heat remaining juice; do not boil. Add 3 tbsp. grated onion, 3 tsp. salt and the softened gelatin, stirring until it dissolves. Cut 3 green peppers in half lengthwise; scoop out; fill with slightly thickened aspic. Chill until firm; top with cottage cheese or deviled egg halves.

BEEF STEW 'N BISCUITS—Cut packaged biscuits in half. Dip tops into melted butter mixed with caraway seeds or oregano. Bake buttered side up in 475° F. oven 5 to 7 min., or until lightly browned. Meanwhile, heat Libby's Beef Stew to bubbling; then top with herb biscuits. Libby's is the stew with *lots* of lean beef; it's *most* like homemade!

FRUIT COCKTAIL CREAM PUFFS—Drain #2½ can Libby's Fruit Cocktail. (You'll love the delightfully fresh taste of each of its five fruits!) Reserve syrup and heat to boiling. Thicken with paste of 2 tbsp. each cornstarch and water. Simmer 15 min.; remove from heat. Add 1 tsp. grated lemon peel. Fold in fruit cocktail; chill. Serve over ice cream-filled cream puffs.

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Take the HINDMOST

And didn't he say this at the very moment that our brave Belfagor was flying overhead, curving down into Kerry?

There's a fine, hopeful sign for me, Belfagor thought, for he'd already seen Father Finn on his nefarious business, and now he heard what Mr. Hugh Byrne wished for him. "If I don't have that thin, tousled, untidy disgrace of a Kerry curate for my master to fish with inside this morning, my name's not Belfagor," he said and landed neatly on the road beside the schoolmaster's bicycle. Looking around to see that he wasn't observed, he folded his wings, put them inside his traveling case and took out his disguise. Within two minutes he was a handsome-looking English tourist, in knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket, with an old tweed fishing hat on his head and a guards' brigade tie. Next he tucked his traveling case under a convenient bush, looked around him to make sure he was alone and jumped on the bicycle.

At the bottom of the hill he propped the bicycle against the hedge, opened the gate and marched up to the kitchen window, where he saw Sheila Hegarty kneading dough, a faraway look in her eyes.

"Excuse me, young woman," he said, "the schoolmaster that I just met by the road asked me to leave his bicycle back here and told me that in return you might possibly be kind enough to conduct me to my old friend Colonel Morrison, who lives nearby." (Which wasn't quite such a lie, for the Colonel being both Church of Ireland and a hearty tippler was naturally well-known in His Majesty's Dominions.)

"Well, I don't know, sir," Sheila said, shivering as she looked at the stranger's eyes. A queer yellow color not going at all with his nice-old-gentleman exterior.

"Get along with you, girl," said Mrs. Hegarty from by the stove, who had overheard and was very taken with the stranger's appearance. "I'd take you myself, sir, only I'm in the middle of making this sauce and daren't leave it."

So off with Sheila's white apron and out with her onto the road, to trot along by the stranger to Colonel Morrison's. And a very fine conversationalist she found him, so that the quarter mile to the Big House flew by. There was Colonel Morrison taking the morning air on his front steps and practicing mashie-niblick shots with his blackthorn stick.

"You can leave me now, girl," said Belfagor quite sharply, for he hadn't counted on finding the Colonel in full view, and he didn't want Sheila to see that the Colonel didn't know him. "Off back with you to the kitchen, or I'll be blamed for keeping you." He strode on, holding out his hand toward the Colonel.

But it so happened that Sheila was in no hurry to be back working, and she lingered to watch how two such gentlemen would greet each other. And, of course, they didn't greet each other at all. Or at least the Colonel didn't.

"Colonel Morrison?" said Belfagor in his most winning voice.

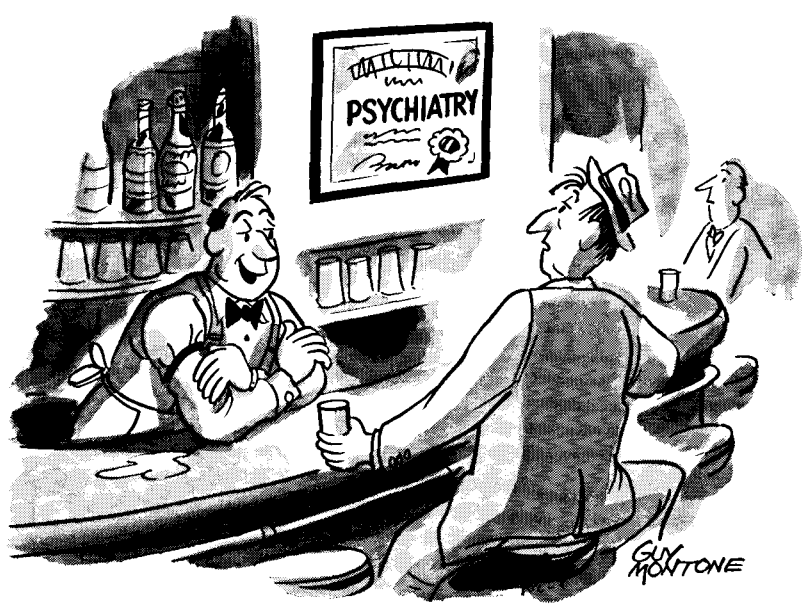
"Yes," said the Colonel. "And who the Devil may you be, sir?" in a voice which would carry down to Killara, let alone to Sheila twenty yards off.

"Ha, ha," said Belfagor, grinding his teeth and swallowing the sparks. He came close to the Colonel and said in a whisper, "What I came for was to tell you of poachers. As I was passing"—he waved a hand in the direction of the river—"I saw two very ruffianly-looking characters sneaking onto your preserves, one of them disguised as a priest."

"Poachers!" screamed the Colonel. "A priest! Father Finn, by Heaven! I'll smash him! I'll have him cashiered! I'll write to the Pope!" And gripping his blackthorn stick in one hand, and Belfagor's elbow in the other, he began running toward the river.

All of which left Sheila dazed for the moment, both with the treachery of mankind and the danger of her beloved. For if Father Finn stood to be reported to the Pope, Jack Ryan stood to go to Limerick gaol for six months.

"What'll I do?" she cried, wringing her hands, but already her feet were showing her, and she began running down to where she knew Jack Ryan was likeliest to be, taking shorter cuts than the Colonel, and longer strides. So there was Hugh Byrne rushing down to the river on one side, fat and treacherous and gloating, his bald head shimmering with sweat and satisfaction. And there was the Colonel and Belfagor racing down to the river on the other side, the one full of cunning and malice, and the other of fury and a landlord's outrage. And on the side of love and innocence and the rights of poachers, nothing but poor Sheila tearing her stockings to shreds on the bushes, and her heart prostrated with



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It's really just an honorary degree."

OCTOBER 3-13 ALL-AMERICAN BRANDS SPECTACULAR

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the thought of no dancing partner for twenty-six Sundays at a stretch.

And in the midst of all this storm of passion and plotting were our two poachers tense as heroes over the long pool by the waterfall. Jack Ryan stretched on his belly on the bank holding the gaff and Father Finn up to his armpits in the water, only the Roman collar dry on him and the sweat of battle starting from his head. For they had a salmon. Thirty pounds? Nearer fifty. It was his brother that Jack Ryan had heard tell of, the year before. But his brother had been a sprat to him, a shrimp, a sardine. This was the king of all the salmon that ever went slipping and wriggling down from Killara as little milts to the great sea.

It had taken the breath out of Jack's throat when he saw it, and Father Finn had crossed himself and rolled his old trousers to the knee. "God bless the rod and line that catches it," he said, and with his hands trembling he fitted a No. 7 fly to the cast. "Do you take the gaff, Jack," he said, "and may God forgive us both for what we're going to do." And then they did it. A long, curling cast of the fly to the sunlit end of the pool, and the big fish rising lazily. He wasn't hungry, for he had his mind on higher things, such as hen-salmon, and he was very tired, from trying to jump the fall all morning. But there was a fascinating something about the way that little red fly danced above the water. Even so, he didn't bite fast or hastily, or without due and long consideration.

"You'll never get him, Father," Jack whispered. "Let me use the spear on him," and he began to pull out his three-pronged telescopic spear from his coat pocket.

"I'll be damned if I don't make him strike," said Father Finn, between his teeth, and deep in the preserves of Hell the Devil, who was listening, ground his teeth together and rubbed his hands with delight.

"We have him," the Devil cried. "Belfy'll get him as sure as turnips. And don't let him forget the rod and line, or I'll skin him," he said to himself. "A true blessing on it! It'll never melt!"

But the Devil was far from Father Finn's mind at that moment, God forgive him, for just then he made the cast all fishermen dream of making, with the little red fly drifting, settling, curling down to kiss the water an inch from the salmon's snout. And with a flash and a swirl and tick on the line the hook was gone, sunk half a fathom beneath the surface. And then the fight that fish began to make! Up the pool and down again, racing and roiling, and Father Finn into his knees' depth, and up to his chest, and the fish careering past him like a shark.

"Get him in under the bank," urged Jack. "Get him close under me while I strike him," and he poised the gaff.

When along came Hugh Byrne, creeping and slipping through the bushes. When he saw the salmon and the condition of Father Finn, he clutched himself with delight. "I have him!" And down he went to the bank of the stream and, in his schoolmaster's voice, said, "Father Finn! Whatever are you doing?"

"Be damned to you," said Father Finn. "Can't you see what I'm doing?" And with no more bother than that he went on fighting the fish.

"You're poaching!" screeched Hugh Byrne and went close up to the bank to shout it again. When didn't the edge of the bank give way under him, and in he slipped, head over heel, and came to the surface chin-deep beside Father Finn.

"Good man yourself," cried the priest, thinking the schoolmaster had come in to help him. And at that moment the great salmon hit Father Finn a tremendous welt across the side of the head. Fifty pounds of solid fish at full speed. And Father Finn staggering in the water, and then sinking unconscious below the surface, rod and line fallen from his hand.

"He's dead," cried Jack in terror and sprang into the pool to drag the wounded curate out of the water, while the schoolmaster, finding the salmon seeming to attack him from all sides, picked up the rod and began to defend himself, striking this way and that with it at the fish.

Jack dragged the curate out onto the bank and was trying to revive him there when with a rustle of leaves and a panting voice, Sheila was at his back.

"The Colonel is coming," she gasped at him. "And a stranger, who informed on you and the Father. Get out, quick!"

"Take his legs then," said Jack, and they dragged and carried the priest to safety, fifty yards off in a clump of bushes. And two seconds after they were out of sight, in broke the Colonel and Belfagor to the little clearing round the pool, where the schoolmaster was splashing and flailing the water with the rod.

"Wait till I get my hands on that damned curate," screeched the Colonel.

"Wait till I get *my* hands on him," said Belfagor.

"Save me," the schoolmaster was screeching. But if what was going through his mind about Father Finn wasn't blasphemy and wickedness and grounds for damnation, I never heard what was. When, "thump," the fish hit him in the stomach and under he went, swallowing a gallon of river water on the way.

"He's mine!" screamed Belfagor, not bothering with disguise, and stretching his arm he whipped schoolmaster, rod and gaff and salmon out of the pool with one great sweep and vanished up the hill in a cloud of sulphur.

The Colonel sat down very suddenly on the bank, not trusting his eyes. The pool was quite still again. Only a little curl of steam came up from the center of it where Belfagor had stuck in his hand. Very slowly the Colonel got up and tottered back to the Big House.

"Bring me three bottles of brandy and some hot water and brown sugar," he said to his housekeeper. "I'm going to bed." And he stayed there for a month.

It was nearly a month before Father Finn was well enough to get up either, and by a merciful Providence he'd lost all memory of what had happened, so that it was as great a mystery to him as to Father John how and why Hugh Byrne, the schoolmaster, had disappeared.

"A great loss to the parish," Father Finn always says, for he's a true parish priest, filled with charity, and a fine successor to Father John. But nevertheless he gets on much better with the new schoolmaster, a poet and chess player like himself.

But what about Hugh Byrne? Oh, the splash when he hit the Styx. Little good his algebra and his Latin were to him there, or his hypocrisy either. And there he is swimming and fighting to this day, with the Devil and Belfagor on the bank, one with the rod and line and the other with the gaff, and half the devils in Hell out watching the sport. And if he can escape the gaff till Doomsday, maybe he has a chance after all. **THE END**

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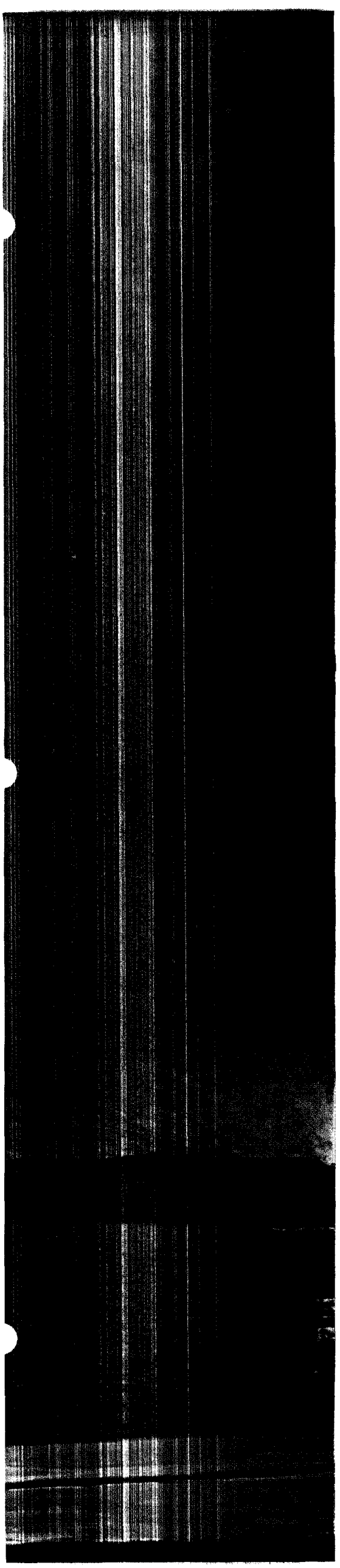

in the darkness at dawn a young girl eludes . . .

the reach of the FOG

by Shirley Ann Grau

From the open Atlantic beyond Timbalier Head a few scattered foghorns grunted, muffled and faint. That bank had been hanging offshore for days. We'd been watching the big draggers chug up to it, get dimmer and dimmer and finally disappear in its grayness, leaving only the stifled sounds of their horns behind. It had been there so long we got used to it and came to think of it as always being there, like another piece of land maybe.

The day I'm thinking about started out clear and hot with a tiny breeze—a perfect day for a snipe or a sailfish. There were a few of them moving on the big bay—not many. And they stayed close to shore, for the barometer was drifting slowly down in its tube and the wind was shifting slowly backward around the compass.

Larger sailboats never came into the bay—it was too shallow for them—and these small ones, motorless, moving with the smallest stir of air, could sail for home, if the fog came in, by following the shore; or, if there was really no wind at all, they could be paddled in and beached. Then their crews could walk to the nearest phone and call to be picked up. You had to do it that way, because the fog always came in so quick. As it did that morning.

My sister and I were working by our dock, scraping and painting the little dinghy. Because the spring tides washed over this stretch, there were no trees—no bushes even—just sharp eelgrass and pink-flowering sea lavender, things that liked salt. All morning it had been bright and blue and shining. Then all at once it turned gray and wet, like an unfalling rain, moveless and still. We went right on sanding, and from being sweaty hot we turned sweaty cold, the fog chilling and dripping off our faces.

"It isn't worth the money," my sister said. She was twelve and that was her favorite sentence. This time it wasn't even true. She was the one who'd talked my father into giving us the job.

I wouldn't give her the satisfaction of an answer, though I didn't like the wet any more than she did. It was sure to make my hair roll up in tight little curls all over my head, and I would have to wash it again and sleep on the hard metal curlers to get it back in shape.

Finally my sister said, "Let's go get a Coke."

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE HUGHES

When we turned around to go back up to the house, we found that it had disappeared. It was only a couple of hundred yards away, right behind us and up a little grade, a long slope of beach plum and poison ivy, salt-burned and scrubby. You couldn't see a thing now except gray. The land and the water all looked the same; the fog was that thick.

There weren't any Cokes, just some bottles of root beer and a lot of empties waiting in cases on the back porch. "Well," my sister said, "let's go tell her."

She meant my mother, of course, and we didn't have to look for her very hard. The house wasn't big, and being a summer house, it had very thin walls; we could hear her playing cards with my father in the living room. They were sitting by the big sheet of glass that did for a front window. On a clear day there was really something to see out there: the sweep of the bay and the pattern of the inlets and, beyond it all, the dark blue of the Atlantic. Today there was nothing, not even a bird, if you didn't count the occasional yelp of a sea gull high overhead somewhere.

"There's no Cokes," my sister said. "Not a single one."

"Tomorrow's grocery day," my mother said. "Go make a lemonade."

"Look," my father said, "why not go back to work on the dinghy? You'll get your money faster." So we went, only stopping first to get our oilskin hats. And pretty soon fog was dripping from the brims like a kind of very gentle rain.

We forgot about the dinghy. For a while we sat on the edge of the dock and looked at the minnow-flecked water, and then we got out the crab nets and went over to the tumbled heap of rocks to see if we could catch anything. We spent a couple of hours out there, skinning our knees against the rough, barnacled surfaces. Once a sea gull swooped down so low he practically touched the tops of our hats. Almost but not quite. I don't think we even saw a crab, though we dragged our nets around in the water just for the fun of it. Finally we dug a dozen or so clams, ate them, and tried to skip the shells along the water. That was how the afternoon passed, with one thing or the other, and us not hurrying, not having anything we'd rather be doing.

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Reach of the FOG

We didn't have a watch with us, but it must have been late afternoon when they all came down from the house. We heard them before we saw them, heard the brush of their feet on the grass path. So we began scraping a bit to look busy.

It was my mother and my father and Robert, my biggest brother, the one who was eighteen. My father had the round black compass and a red can of gas. Robert had a couple of gas lanterns and a big battery one. My mother had the life jackets and a little wicker basket and a vacuum bottle. They all went out along the narrow, rickety dock and began to load the gear into my father's sea skiff. It wasn't a big boat, and my father had to take a couple of minutes to pack it, stowing the basket way up forward in the cuddy and wedging the vacuum bottle on top of that. Robert, who'd left his lanterns to help carry the heavy gas can along the walk, came back to fetch them.

"I thought you were at the McKays," I said. "How'd you get over here?"

"Dad called me." He lifted one eyebrow. "Remember about something called the telephone?" And he picked up his gear and walked away.

"Well," my sister said.

They cast off, the big outboard sputtered gently, throttled way down. They would have to move very slowly in the fog. As they swung away, Robert at the tiller, we saw my father set out his compass and take a bearing off it.

My mother watched them out of sight, which didn't take more than a half minute. Then she stood watching the fog for a while and, I guess, following the sound of the steady *putt-putt*. It seemed to me, listening to it move off and blend with the sounds of the bay, that I could pick out two or three other motors.

Finally my mother got tired of standing on the end of the dock and she turned around and walked up to us. I expected her to pass right by and go on up to the house, but she didn't. We could hear her stop and stand looking at us. My sister and I just scraped a little harder, pretending we hadn't noticed.

"I guess you're wondering what that was all about," she said finally.

"I don't care," my sister said. She was lying. She was just as curious as I was.

My mother didn't seem to have heard her. "It's Linda Holloway and Stan Mitchell and Butch Rodgers."

We knew them. They were sailing people, a little older than I, a little younger than my brother Robert. They lived in three houses lined up one by the other on the north shore of Marshall's Inlet. They were all-right kids, nothing special either way, sort of a gang, living as close as they did. This year they had turned up with a new sailboat, a twelve-foot job that somebody had built for Stan Mitchell.

"What about them?" my sister asked, forgetting that she wasn't interested.

"They haven't come home."

"Oh," I said.

"They were sailing," my mother said. "The Brewers think they saw them off their place just before the fog. They were sort of far out."

"You mean dad's looking for them?"

She nodded.

"Is that all?" my sister said. "Just somebody going to have to sit in their boat and wait until the fog lifts."

My mother looked at us. Her curly red hair dripped with the damp of the fog. "The Lord save me from children," she said quietly. "The glass is 29.80 and it's still going down fast."

We went back up to the house with her to help fix supper—a quiet, nervous kind of supper. The thick, luminous, fish-colored fog turned into deep, solid night fog. Just after supper, while we were drying the dishes, the wind sprang up. It shook the windows and knocked over the geraniums on the back porch.

"Well," my mother said, "it's square into the east now."

A low barometer and a wind that had gone backward into the east—there wasn't a one of us didn't know what that meant. And it wasn't more than half an hour before there was a grumble of approaching thunder and the fog began to swirl around the windows.

"Dad'll come back now, huh?" my sister asked.

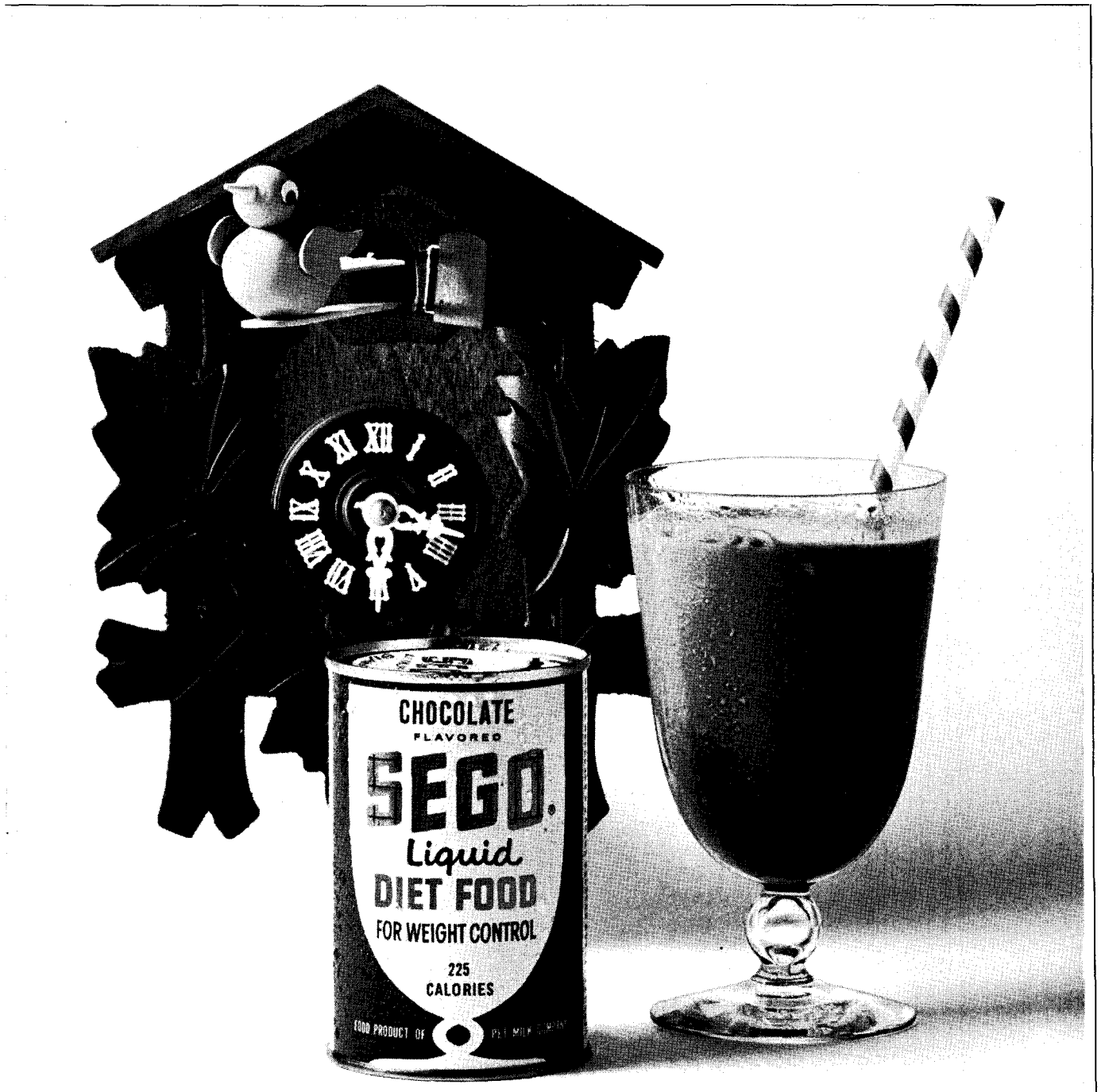
"Yes," my mother said. "All the boats'll have to come back now."

We settled down to television, half watching it, and half listening to the storm outside. In an hour or so my mother said, "Turn off that thing."

"What?"

"Turn it off, quick." She hurried out on the porch, saying over her shoulder, "I hear something."

The boards of the wide platform were wet and slippery under our feet, as wet from the fog as if it had been raining. Between the crashes of thunder, we heard it too. There was a boat coming into our cove. By the sound of it, it would be my father and Robert.



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"Is that the motor?" my mother asked.

"Sure," I said. It had a little tick and it was higher pitched than any of the others.

Without another word to us she went scuttling across the porch and down the stairs toward the cove. We followed and stood close by, off the path and a little to one side. It was tide marsh there, and salt mud oozed over the tops of our sneakers. The cove itself was sheltered—it was in the lee of Cedar Tree Neck—but even so it was pretty choppy. Whitecaps were beginning to run high and broken, wind against tide, and the spume from them stung as it hit your face and your eyes. You could hear the real stuff blowing overhead, with the peculiar sound wind has when it gets past half a gale.

My father's boat was sidling up to the dock now, pitching and rolling in the broken water. They had had a bad time.

In the quick lightning flashes you could see every scupper pouring water. You could see the slow weary way they made the lines fast.

"There wasn't anything else to do," my father was saying as they came up the path, "with it blowing straight out the east, we had to come in."

Robert stopped a moment to pull the top of his oilskins over his head. Under it his shirt was drenched.

"We came the long way around," my father said, "hugging the lee as much as we could."

"We almost swamped," Robert said.

Then we were at the house and they went off to dry their clothes. They told us later that everybody had had to come in, except only for the big Coast Guard launch. And with only one boat it was no wonder they didn't find them.

The next morning was bright and clear and a lot cooler. The big stretch of bay was still shaken and tousled-looking, spotted with whitecaps. As soon as it was light my father went to the front porch and looked and looked with his glasses. He checked the anemometer dial and shook his head. "It's still too rough for us." In a bit the Coast Guard boats—two of them—appeared, and a helicopter began its chopping noisy circling.

It was marketing day too, so my mother, my sister and I went off, as we always did. It was maybe four o'clock before we got home.

The wind had dropped, the bay was almost quiet again. Robert and my father were gone, and so was the boat. "I thought they'd go out again," my mother said. She got a cup of coffee, and the three of us sat watching the fleet of boats work their way back and forth across the bay.

Just before dark—just when the sky was beginning to take its twilight color—my father and Robert appeared. They were burned lobster red with great white circles around their eyes where their glasses had been. They didn't even bother changing their clothes; they just sat down.

"Ran out of gas," Robert said. "Almost had to paddle back."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"He's remarrying her for his money."

"Did you find anything?" my sister asked.

My father looked at my mother, who was opening a can of beer for him. "You might as well tell them," she said. "They'll know anyway."

"Well," my father said, "they found the boat."

"That's what they were expecting to find, wasn't it?" my mother asked quietly.

He nodded. "It's kind of hard to say what happened. But it looks like they got blown on East Shoal with the tide going down and the chop tearing the keel out."

"Oh," my mother said.

"Oh," my sister said.

"They found the boat around noon."

My mother said, "Have they found them?"

"Not that I heard."

Robert said, "In a river, you could drag, but that bottom is full of rocks and you can't even see, with the eelgrass."

"You think," my mother said, "they could have got to shore way out on Gull Point or some place like that?"

"No place is more than a four-hour walk," my father said.

And it was later still, after dark, ten o'clock or so, that Mr. Robinson, who lived next door, stopped by the porch on his way home. "We found one," he said wearily. "The Mitchell boy."

"Oh!" my mother said. "Oh, oh."

"Life jacket?" my father asked.

Mr. Robinson shook his head and said, "Don't know why. Maybe he took it off to swim."

"Where?" my father asked again.

"Just off the shoal. The skin divers found him, lying on his side, they said, curled up in the eelgrass."

Lunchbox Ideas . . . fresh all the way in Reynolds Wrap®

Spread egg salad on a slice of ham or corned beef. Roll up like a jelly roll. Put into a frankfurter bun or between slices of bread. Wrap the way that keeps a roll-up fresh and neat-to-eat—in Reynolds Wrap. Other combinations: bologna rolled with potato salad, cole slaw or baked beans; deviled ham rolled with slices of American cheese.

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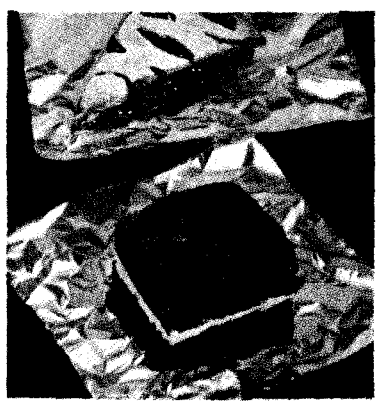

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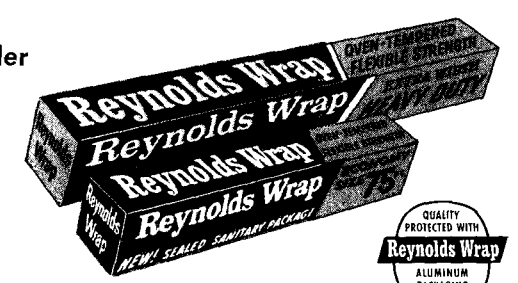

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ALL-AMERICAN BRANDS SPECTACULAR

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Reach of the FOG

"My God," my mother said softly.

There wasn't any more after that. Mr. Robinson moved off without so much as a good-bye. And my parents seemed to be just sitting there. After a while my sister and I slipped off down the hall and went to bed. But not to sleep. We played cards for an hour or so, until we couldn't stand that anymore. Then we did a couple of crossword puzzles together. Finally we just sat in our beds, in the chilly night, and listened. There were the usual sounds from outside the open windows, sounds of the land and the water. Deer moving about in the brush on their way to eat the wild watercress and wild lettuce that grew around the spring. The deep pumping sounds of an owl's wings in the air. Little splashes from the bay—the fishes and the muskrats and the beavers.

"I didn't know there'd be so many things moving at night," my sister said.

"You just weren't ever awake."

"What do you reckon it's like," she said, "being on the bottom of the pond in the eelgrass?"

"Shut up," I told her.

"Well, I just was wondering."

"Don't."

Her saying that started a funny, shaking, quivering feeling from my navel right straight back to my backbone. The tips of my fingers hurt too, the way they always did.

"I thought the dogs would howl," she said.

"They can't smell anything from the water," I told her. "Now quit."

She fell asleep then and maybe I did too, because the night seemed awfully short. Or maybe the summer dawns really came that quick. Not dawn, no. The quiet, deep dark that means dawn is just about to come. The birds started whistling and the gulls started shrieking. I got up and looked out at the dripping beach-plum bushes and the twisted salt-burned jack pines; then I slipped out the window. I'd done it before. It wasn't anything of a drop. I circled around the house and took the old deer trail down to the bay. It was chilly, and I began to wish I had brought my robe or a coat. With just cotton pajamas my teeth would begin chattering very soon.

I don't know what I expected to see. And I didn't see anything at all. Just some morning fog in the hollows and around the spring. And the dock with my father's boat bobbing.

The day was getting close now. The sky overhead turned a sort of luminous dark blue. As it did, the water darkened to a lead-colored gray. It looked heavy and oily and impenetrable. I tried to imagine what would be under it. I always thought I knew. There would be horseshoe crabs and hermit crabs and blue crabs, and scallops squirting their way along, and there'd be all the different kinds of fish and the eels. I kept telling myself that that was all.

But this time I couldn't seem to keep my thoughts straight. I kept wondering what it must be like to be dead and cold and down in the sand and mud with the eelgrass brushing you, and the animals bumping you, and the fish—I had felt their little sucking mouths sometimes when I swam.

The water was thick and heavy and the color of a mirror in a dark room. Minnows broke the surface right under the wharf. I jumped. I couldn't help it. And I got to thinking that something might come out of the water. It didn't have a name or a shape. But it was there.

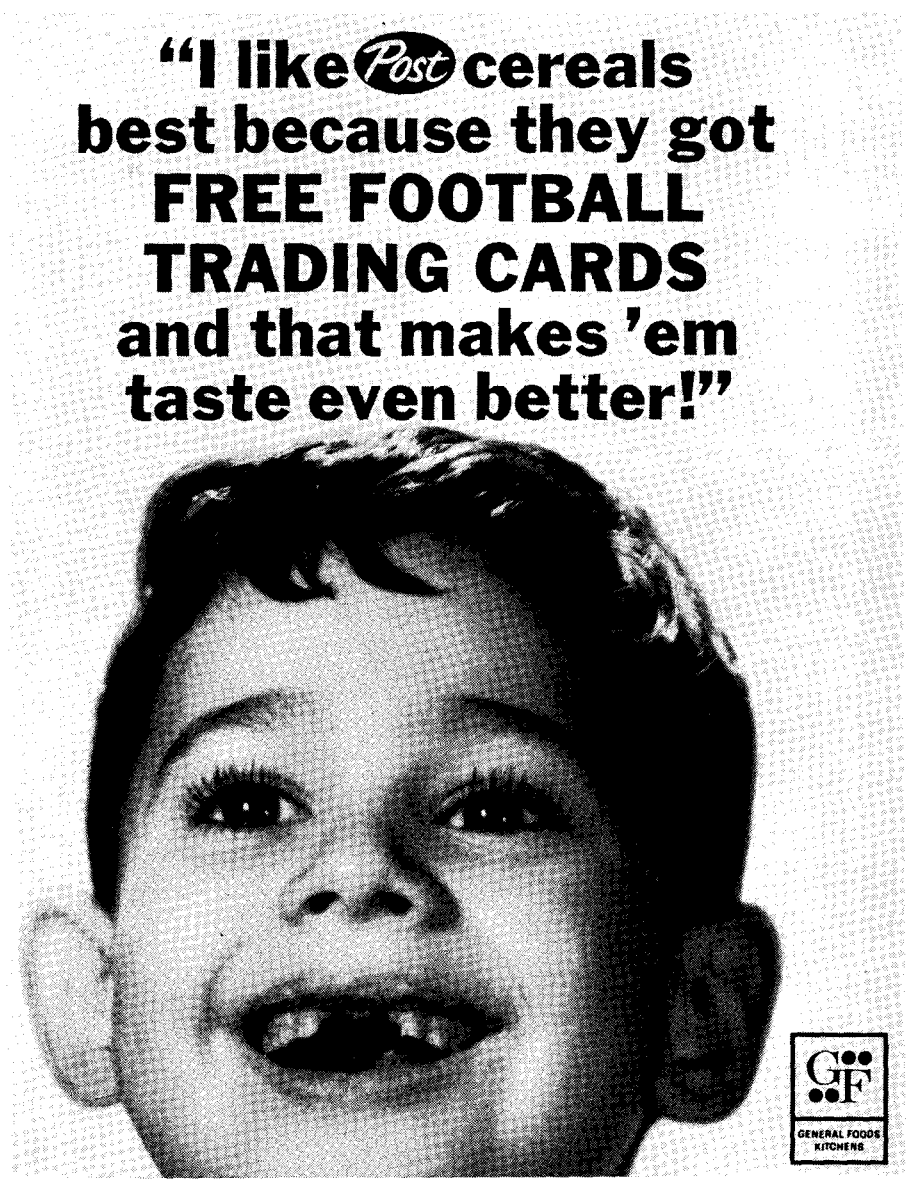
I stood where I was for a while, trying to fight down the idea. When I found I couldn't do that, I decided to walk slowly back to the house. At least I thought I was going to walk, but the way the boards of the wharf shook under my feet I know that I must have been running. On the path up to the house I know my bare feet hit some of the cut-off stubs of the *rosa rugosa* bushes, but I didn't stop. I went crashing into the kitchen because that was the closest door.

The room was thick with the odor of frying bacon, the softness of steam—my mother had got up early. She turned around when I came in, not seeming surprised—as if it were the most usual thing in the world for me to be wandering around before daylight in my pajamas.

"Go take those things off, honey," she said. "You're drenched."

"Yes, ma'am," I told her.

I stripped off the clothes and saw that they really were soaking. I knew it was just the dew and the fog. But I couldn't help thinking it was something else that had reached for me, and missed. Something that was wet, that had come from the water, something that had splashed me as it went past. **THE END**



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, come now, Mr. Peters, you must take your medicine."

OCTOBER 3-13 ALL-AMERICAN BRANDS SPECTACULAR

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Stock up now on these famous Red Magic Values!

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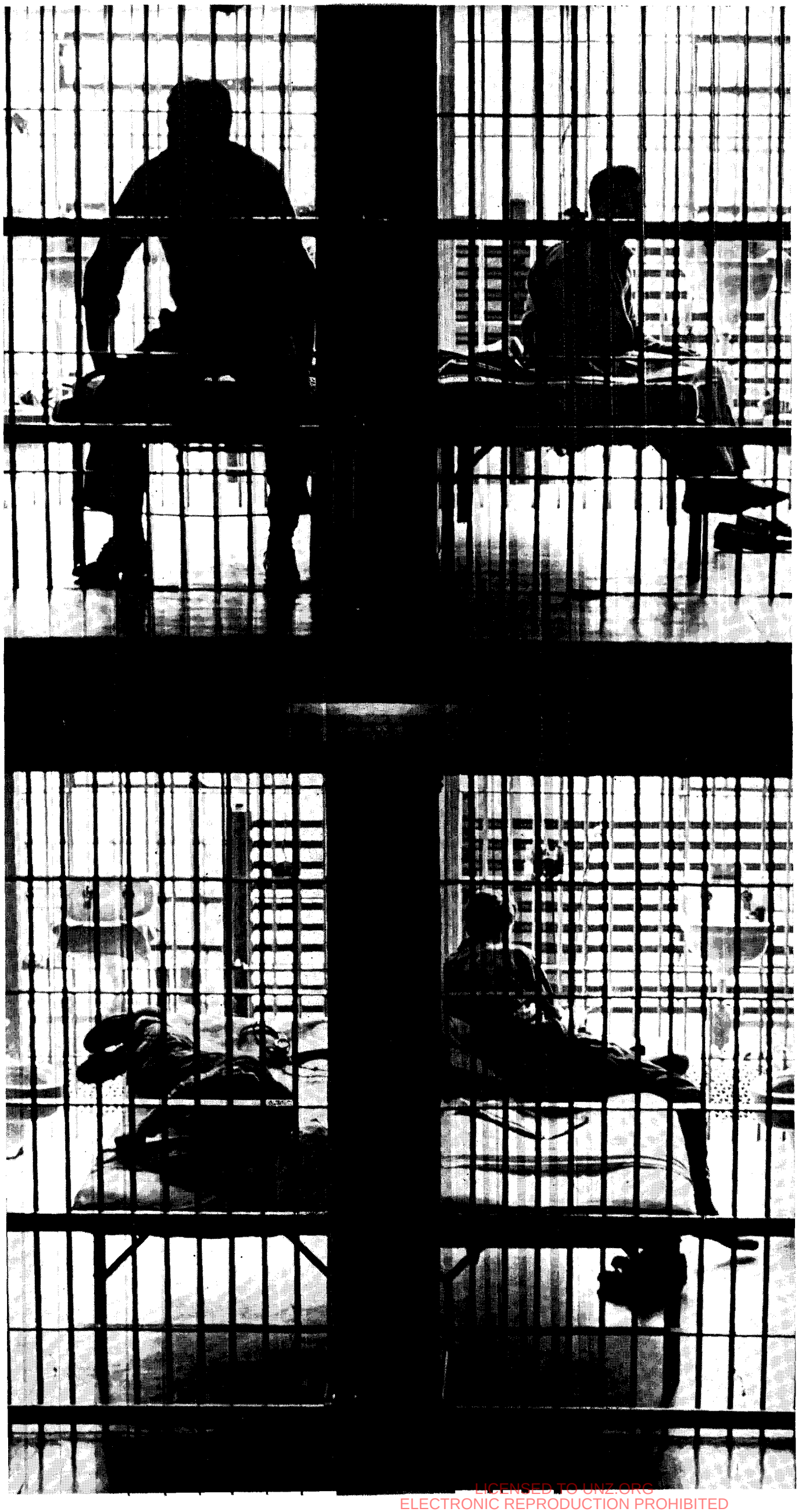

How to Succeed In Jail

By HAL HOLLISTER

Status-seeking prisoners who want to climb follow a code of morality which separates the "good thieves" from the bad.

Among law-abiding citizens the words "good thief" sound like libelous double-talk. In prison, however, to call a man a good thief is to pay him a compliment. Good thieves are the aristocrats and moral leaders of convict society. No other group, no combination of official influences, so strongly affects the attitudes of prison inmates.

What sort of people are these men who make up prison's Social Register? Even for me—and I spent thirteen years as a convict, viewing the subject first-hand—the answer to that question isn't easy. For the professional criminal—the good thief—seldom fits snugly into any sort of pigeonhole. No handy label can really describe the particular morality that he embraces.

He is unfeeling and ruthless in his disregard for the rights and property of others, yet he clearly respects the obligations of friendship, and values such personal virtues as loyalty and dependability. He is immoral in that he breaks the conventional standards of behavior, yet he is not without moral sense, for he abides by his own standards. Seldom will he stoop to robbing, say, the corner grocery; such a deed lacks "class" and the grocer is a "working stiff" who would be hurt. He is antisocial in that he systematically undermines the bedrock institutions of society. Yet he is prosocial in that, unlike many convicts, he believes in the rightness of order and system in human affairs. He is untrustworthy in that he respects no law or convention that he can break with profit. Yet he

Inside the cell block, counterfeiters and thieves, who are really "in," occupy the top rungs of the inmates' social ladder.

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"Several crimes—murder, arson and assault —can't be fixed on a respectability scale."

Prune Satin Pie. Measure 1½ cups chopped cooked SUNSWEET Prunes into saucepan. Beat 3 eggs and ⅔ cup brown sugar until foamy. Combine with ½ tsp. salt, ½ tsp. grated lemon rind, ½ pt. dairy sour cream. Add to prunes. Cook, stirring constantly, until thick enough to mound on spoon. Remove from heat. Stir in 2 tsp. lemon juice. Turn into 9-inch baked pastry shell. Chill 3 hrs. before serving. Top with whipped cream.

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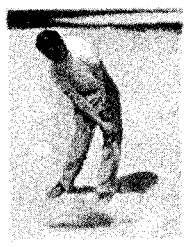
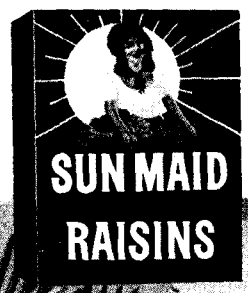
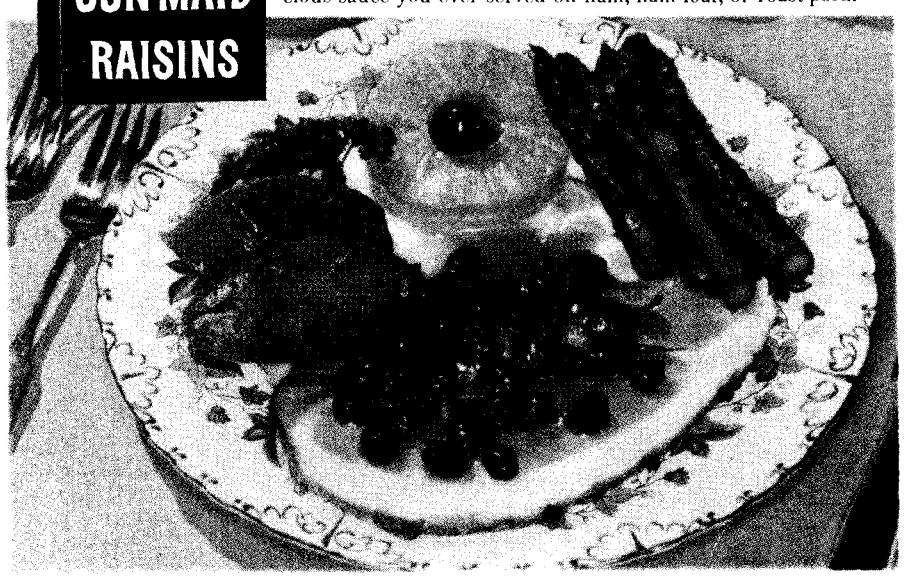


• Discover what a boost of *energy* and *flavor* SUN-MAID Raisins and SUNSWEET Prunes give your puddings, cakes, cookies and salads! These wholesome, naturally sweet fruits are also ideal as between-meal snacks for youngsters and grownups who need extra energy. And SUN-MAID Raisins and SUNSWEET Prunes are *fresh-tasting the year 'round*. Get the season's best fruit buys today!



Royal Raisin Sauce for meats. Simmer 1 cup SUN-MAID Raisins in 2 cups water 15 min. Make paste of 2 Tbs. cornstarch, 2 Tbs. sugar, ⅛ tsp. salt, 2 Tbs. cold water. Add to raisins. Heat until thick. Remove from heat. Add 1 Tbs. butter or margarine, 2 Tbs. lemon juice. Mix well. Most delicious sauce you ever served on ham, ham loaf, or roast pork!



OCTOBER 3-13 ALL-AMERICAN BRANDS SPECTACULAR

Prisons willingly endures extreme punishment rather than betray anyone, even an enemy, to established authority.

A fair gauge of the prestige and authority of the professional is the respect that his philosophy—the "Convict Code"—receives among convicts. For the code is still the only law that is generally respected in prison.

An illustration was furnished by a friend of mine whom I'll call Pete Shrunk. Shrunk was arrested by a guard who had found contraband Benzedrine pills in his cell. It happened that Shrunk was innocent: An enemy of his—an inmate Benzedrine peddler whose name shall here be Davis—had planted the pills in Shrunk's cell, and then tipped off the guard. Nevertheless, Shrunk was sentenced to solitary confinement in the Hole for two months.

Pete knew how the pills had come to be in his cell, and he could have gained his release by telling what he knew, thereby revealing Davis's Benzedrine traffic to the prison officials. By conventional standards it would have been ethical to do just that; for in framing Shrunk, Davis had surely sacrificed all moral claim to protection. But Shrunk said nothing and served out his full sentence in solitary. On his first day out of the Hole he caught Davis in a corner of the prison yard and nearly succeeded in knifing him to death. Such a method of dealing with the matter was in line with the professionals' morality, and it earned Shrunk admiration among his fellow convicts.

Blind Allegiance to Code

In the climate of jittery moral consciousness which the professional has created in prison, the code is often followed blindly, without reason. Once while I was working as "con boss" of the crew that unloaded boxcars of sawdust for the prison boiler room, a prop jarred loose and let a heavy car door crash down on one of the men working below. It knocked him down and laid open his scalp.

At the hospital he told all he knew about the mishap, which wasn't much. I was questioned and truthfully reported that it had been an accident. The injured man's working partner—Jim Blake will do for a name—refused to say anything. Although he had nothing to hide, he refused to open his mouth. The yard captain concluded from Blake's silence that he had deliberately loosened the prop and that my explanation was an attempt to protect him. Blake drew a sixty-day stretch in the Hole—where, presumably, he was comforted by the thought that he hadn't violated the code by talking.

The domination of convict society by the professionals is shown not only by the slavishness with which their rules are obeyed but also by the deviousness with which they are broken. The most elaborate attempt that I know of to circumvent the code involved a pair of convicts whom I'll call Renshaw and Belbo. There was bad blood between the men, and Renshaw hit on a scheme to settle accounts. At that time no inmate was permitted to move about the prison without a pass, on which would be stamped the time of his arrival and departure and his destination. On a Saturday morning Renshaw asked for a pass to the carpenter shop, where Belbo alone was assigned at that hour. Once in the shop, Renshaw walked past Belbo and into the toilet. There he took a knife from his belt, placed the handle against the wall and the point against his back and leaned into it, sending the blade into his shoulder. He hid the knife in an obvious cranny above the door and, concealing the wound as best he could, returned to the control center. There he turned in his pass and went to the hospital.

Under questioning, Renshaw stonily refused to tell who his "assailant" was, but the evidence on his pass soon made Belbo the prime suspect. Discovery of the knife removed any doubt, and Belbo was sentenced to the Hole for six months. Renshaw was unsuccessful in deceiving his fellow convicts, but the pains he took to conceal his breach of the code testified to the force of the good-thieves' rules in prison.

The influence of the professionals largely determines status rankings in the prison social structure. In an inexact but generally accurate way the social status of most convicts is determined by the nature of their crimes, just as the status of a man in normal society depends on the sort of work he does.

On the bottom rung of the prison social ladder are sexual offenders. Ranking above this group, but not far above, are the wife-and-child beaters, pimps, purse snatchers and the more heartless types of embezzlers and wife deserters. Considerably more respectable than these, but often regarded as not wholly trustworthy, are confidence men and "paperhangers" (forgers and bad-check artists). Then come the great bulk of robbers, burglars and larcenists—the thieves, but not "good thieves," who comprise almost half the population of most general, unclassified prisons. They ply their trade willingly, but not very well.

Counterfeiters on Top Rung

Perched atop the whole structure, few in numbers but heavy with status, are the good thieves—professionals and near professionals in robbery, burglary and the most "professional" of all crimes, counterfeiting. Several crimes—murder, arson and assault among them—can't be firmly established on a "respectability scale." Men convicted of those crimes are accepted or rejected on the basis of

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"Status in prison is probably much less artificial than it is in normal society."

the motives and circumstances of their crimes.

Although this social rating is arbitrarily based on the standards of professional thieves, it is not capricious. Status in prison is probably a good deal less artificially based than status in society at large, for it depends almost wholly on character and personality, rather than wealth or family background.

Bootlicking Pariahs

Sexual offenders, for example, are the pariahs of the prison world not only because prisoners abhor sexual offenses, but also because this type of prisoner seldom abides by the rules of convict society—that is, by the good thieves' rules. The typical sex offender is a hard worker; he is cooperative, he respects authority and laughs earnestly at authority's jokes. He obeys the rules; he goes to church on Sunday and in all ways demonstrates qualities that in normal surroundings would be regarded as virtuous. In prison, however, where cooperation with authority is not considered a virtue, all this hard-working good citizenship is seen as bootlicking. With few exceptions sex offenders occupy a position of contempt in prison not only because their crimes are contemptible, but because they continue to act in ways that are, by convict standards, contemptible.

Similar logic is employed in all other cases. The distrust felt toward paperhangers, for instance, is based on the nature of these offenses and on firsthand experience with the men who commit them. "Look," a friend of mine once put it, "shoving paper's too easy. You don't have to know anything but how to write your name, you're risking no danger, you're trading on the trust of gullible people, and you're shooting for nickels. The business is made to order for two-bit chiselers, and I never saw the paperhanger I'd trust when the chips were down." This judgment was made by a lifelong robber.

It is no accident that good thieves should dominate prison society. Unlike most convicts, the professional chose his trade deliberately instead of stumbling into it through ineptitude, or psychological aberrations. No thrill-seeking psychopath, the professional criminal is likely to be a person of ability and good judgment. The influence wielded by such convicts is the influence that gravitates to the more substantial members of any community.

There is a constant sounding-out of the leaders of convict society for their opinions on ethical questions. Once given, these opinions often have the force of divine revelation.

Ridiculing a Prison Strike

One revealing instance that I witnessed stands out above all the rest. During a period of slack prison discipline, a clutch of firebrand convicts decided to call a strike. In this case there were no visible grounds for doing so. But in prison, where a supply of erratic people is always on hand, a rabble-rouser can always amass a following. It worked that way this time, and the situation had built up to a near-explosive state by the time a man I'll call Jack Shannon, a professional thief of solid standing in the prison, was consulted. Shannon's reaction was emphatic. "Count me out," he said. "I've done a lot of time in a lot of joints—but I've always spent it trying to get out of these places, not trying to run 'em."

This pointed bit of ridicule was quoted the length and breadth of the prison yard, and within an hour—almost surely as a consequence of Shannon's acrid observation— any sturdy support for the strike had wilted.

This almost magical cooling of hot blood in response to one man's disapproval suggested that influence lies not only in the strength of the leaders but in the pliability of the followers. It spotlighted the moral uncertainty of most prison inmates. For nowhere but in prison can so many men be found who seem unable to reach conclusions on their own, who are so eager to be led.

Considering the typical convict's moral uncertainty, to say nothing of the rational uncertainty that seems to accompany it, it is understandable that the professional criminal who speaks in a sure, clear voice should reign as the kingpin of the prison world. **THE END**

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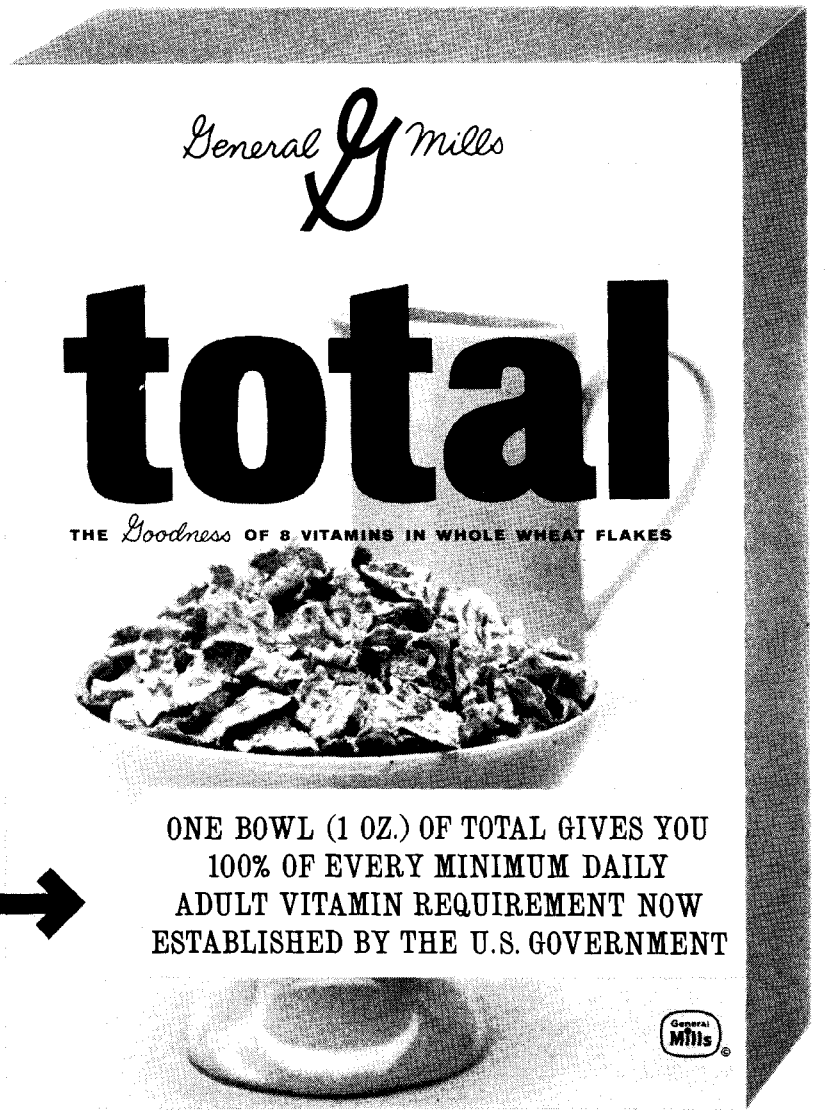
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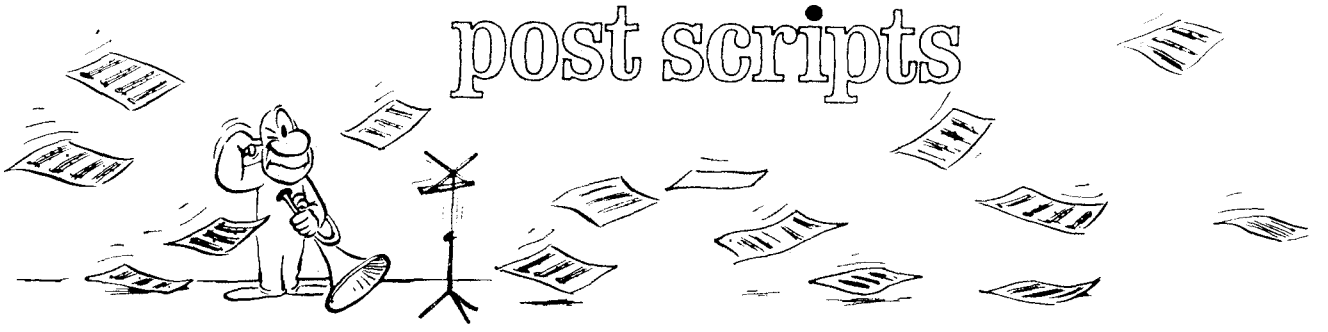

"Good boy!"

And They Call Him Doc!

His shingle back in times remote
Read simply: Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.
Behold him now, this specialty-collegist:
An ophthalmo-oto-rhino-laryngologist!

HOWARD CUSHMAN

"That's nothing—you should see him when he reads *Little Red Ridinghood*."

"My older sister will entertain you until I get ready, Bill."

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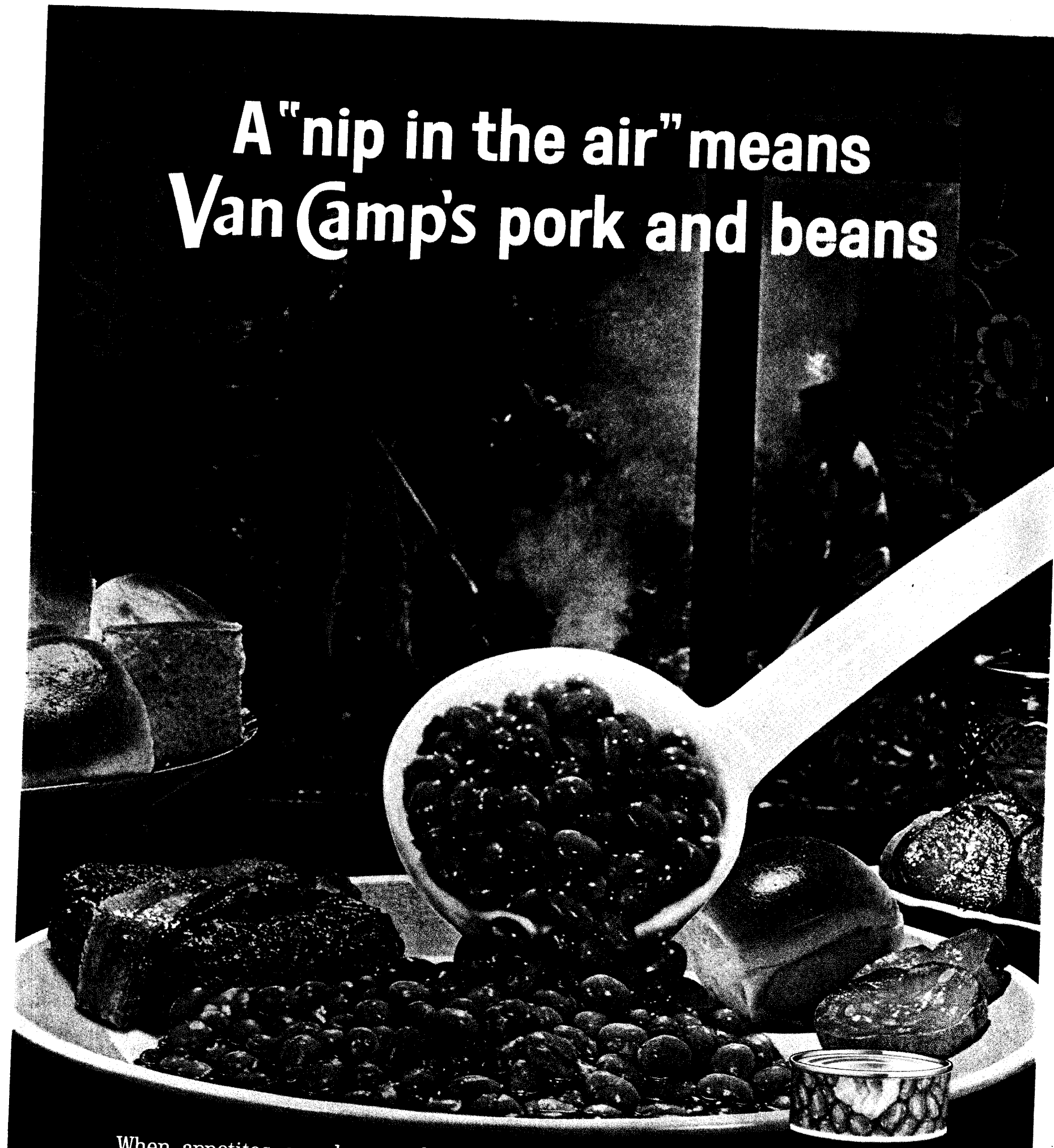
A "nip in the air" means Van Camp's pork and beans



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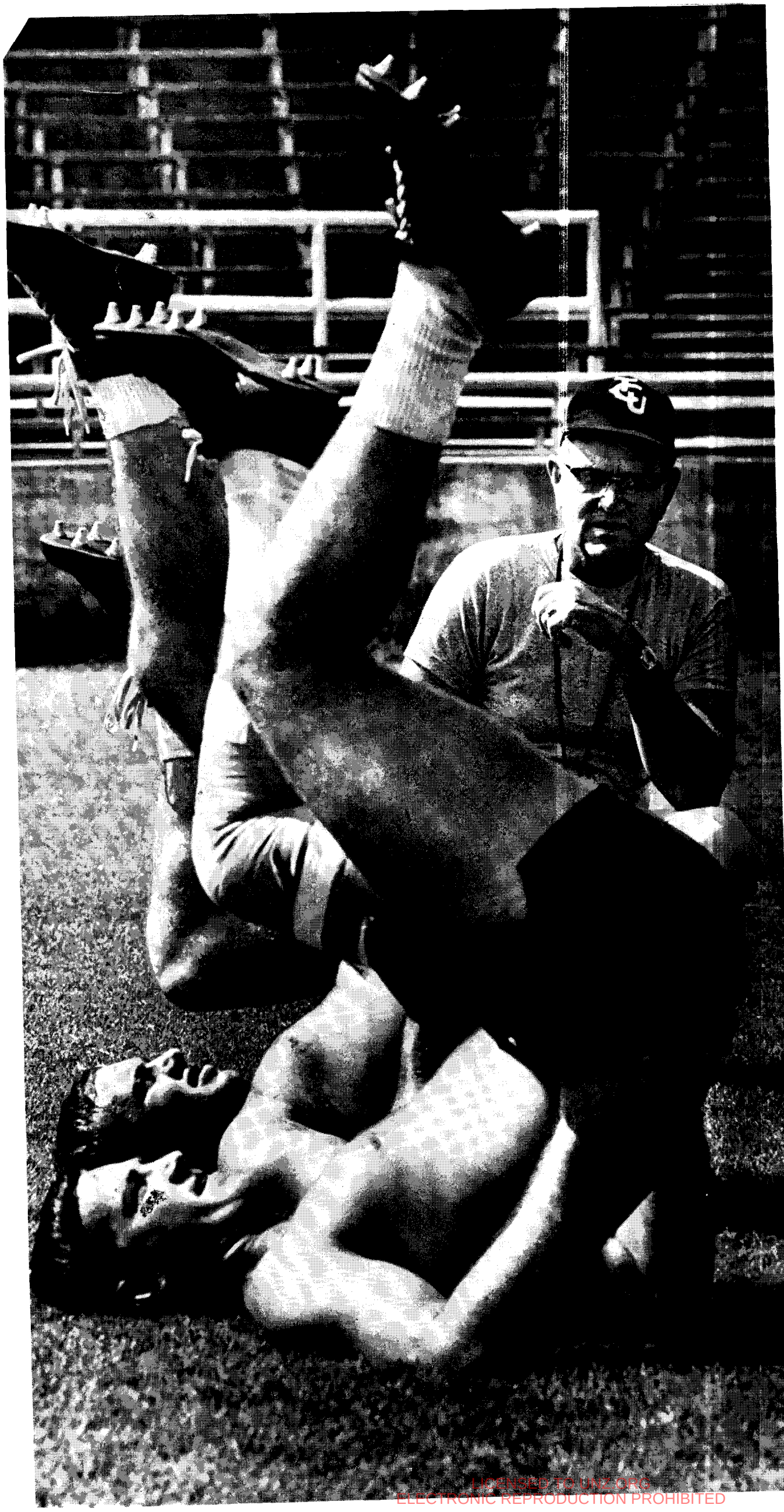

Cool Coach of the Horned Frogs

A country boy with the style of a con man, Abe Martin has made T.C.U. a football giant killer.

By GENE GREGSTON

Among the high-geared young smoothies in big-time college football, fifty-three-year-old Abe Martin, the homespun coach of Texas Christian University, seems like a country hick trying to beat a carnival con man's shell game. Just when you're feeling sorry for the hick, though, you find that he's outslickered the con man.

Abe Martin has developed some championship teams at T.C.U., but he is most notable as a giant killer. Last year, in his first losing season since 1954, his Horned Frogs won only three and tied two of their ten games. One of the ties, however, was achieved on the home grounds of the country's No. 2 team, Ohio State, and one of the victories—also on the road—was over the No. 3 team, Texas.

This unpredictability is disconcerting, even to T.C.U. fans. Polly Riley, Fort Worth's well-known amateur golfer, spoke for many after last year's Texas upset when she complained, "What I can't understand is how we can beat teams like Texas and lose to teams like Texas Tech. It seems to me T.C.U. gets ready for certain games and ignores the others."

Neutral Texans—perhaps a mere figure of speech where football is concerned—were disappointed that T.C.U. had cost the Texas Longhorns their chance to give the state its first national-championship team since 1939. As for the Longhorns' own rooters, they bitterly charged that T.C.U. fullback Tommy Crutcher had deliberately smashed his knee into the head of ace Texas back Jimmy Saxton after a play had ended, thus forcing Saxton to

Easygoing coach Martin supervises a strenuous session of conditioning drills.

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Martin on small staffs: "I like to coach kids but I'd hate to have to coach a bunch of coaches."

the sidelines for most of the day. Game movies subsequently failed to establish conclusively whether this action was either illegal or intentional.

Abe Martin, who is sometimes called "the Jacksboro Philosopher"—after the West Texas town near which he grew up—sighs and says, "It was the greatest victory of my career, but I guess people would have been happier if we'd lost. I've never won a game that made so many people mad."

Honest Abe—another of his nicknames—always has a few minutes to spare for any visitor to his office. Martin sits back, a down-to-earth guy in a rumpled suit, the stub of a cigar in his mouth, his hat pulled low over his forehead, his eyes peering over spectacles pushed down on his nose and his feet propped unceremoniously upon the desk.

From that relaxed conversational posture he dispenses commentary and dry humor in a soft, slow voice. "Shucks," he'll say, "this game of football ain't worth it if you don't have fun doing it. And it's hard to have fun if you're losing. That's why I'm glad to see us win once in a while."

He'll disclaim credit for a victory—"There ain't any geniuses in coaching." Or he'll observe about a losing streak, "We're just like the man who is having an oil well drilled. Everything is going fine, except that he isn't getting any oil yet."

Abe Martin is one of the lowest-salaried coaches in the Southwest Conference (about $14,500 a year). He has the smallest staff of assistants. His school has never been called on the carpet by the infractions committee of the National Collegiate Athletic Association for violations of the player-recruiting regulations. Whereas many coaches today frankly declare that their job is to win games, Martin still preaches, "You bet I'm building character. I don't see how you can find any grounds for having football if that isn't its purpose."

Victory Over the Strongest

Yet this coach with the old-fashioned ways has kept right up with the competition. In the past nine years he has led T.C.U. to three conference titles and four bowl games, with an overall record for the period of fifty-two wins, thirty-six losses and six ties. These figures are the more impressive because, in addition to its tough league schedule, T.C.U. makes a practice of booking for nonconference dates the strongest opponents it can find in other parts of the country. In thirty-four intersectional games through 1961, Martin's boys won twenty-two and tied three.

To cynical outsiders the Abe Martin story sometimes sounds too good to be true, but men who see him a lot insist that he's the real thing. "Some writers think Martin will con you," says Flem Hall, the veteran sports director of the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram*. "But I've spent days with him in business and recreation, and he's always the same. If he's conning us, he's the greatest actor we've ever had."

Martin's solid coaching record over the years is no mystery to some of his colleagues. "Abe knows football and he's a fine handler of kids," says respected Jess Neely of Rice, senior coach in the conference. "He gets fine scouting and makes the best use of scouting material. He recruits big, strong boys, and he gets most of those he goes after."

Alabama's Bear Bryant, who coached for a while at Texas A. & M., testifies, "If there's any doubt about what a great coach Abe is, just play him a couple of times and you'll find out."

Martin depreciates his reputation as an upset artist. He contends that T.C.U. played to normal expectations in most of last year's games, including the five losing ones. He admits that his boys outdid themselves against Texas, Ohio State and also Kansas, a highly regarded team the Horned Frogs squeezed past in their opener, 17–16.

He explains, "To begin with, our 1961 football team was real young and inexperienced. Only six seniors played much. These kids would get real high for people who looked like they'd eat us alive. They'd run scared.

"It's not all easy. Gosh dang, this football is tough. Texas didn't look at us as a real formidable opponent last year. But it can go the other way too. In 1955 (when T.C.U. seemed headed for an unbeaten season) Texas A. & M. didn't have as good a football team as we did. But they played up, and we didn't, and we lost."

This mellow master of football learned about hard effort early on the family farm outside Jacksboro, about sixty-five miles northwest of Fort Worth. Born on October 18, 1908, the third of five children of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Martin, he was christened Othol Herschel. The elder Martins, who will have been married sixty years this November, can remember no special reason for the name.

The boy attended the one-teacher Stradley School. The teacher—a man—stimulated his interest in athletics by encouraging him and the only other good-sized boy in school to box.

At high school in Jacksboro he became friendly with an older athlete, Mike Brumbelow, who went on to T.C.U. to play football. He urged Martin to follow.

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"This game isn't worth it if you don't have fun doing it."

"Well, I don't know about this game of 'ootball," Martin's father said. "There's a lot Othol hasn't learned yet about this farming."

But the son went to T.C.U. anyhow, even though he had to pay his own way until he was awarded an athletic scholarship on the basis of his play with the freshmen, who were coached by L. R. (Dutch) Meyer—today Martin's boss as T.C.U. athletic director.

The varsity coach was Matty Bell, now athletic director at Southern Methodist. As a sophomore under Bell in 1928 Martin won a regular job at end. He lost his starting post as a junior under a new coach, the late Francis Schmidt, then regained it as a senior. It was Schmidt who began calling him "Abe"; the coach got the idea from the syndicated newspaper feature, *Abe Martin Says*.

The Influence of Tragedy

After finishing up his football at T.C.U., it took Martin another couple of years, sandwiched around odd jobs, to get his degree. He went into coaching as an assistant to his friend Mike Brumbelow at El Paso High School, succeeding him as head coach in 1934.

Soon afterward Abe Martin experienced the first of two tragedies which were to influence his lifelong attitude toward boys and football. In a game between El Paso and Phoenix, one of the Arizona players got a broken neck and died. Three years later, when Martin was head coach at Lufkin High in East Texas, he watched one of his own players bleed to death from a ruptured spleen.

"I seriously thought about quitting coaching," Martin says now. "But there are so many other activities where a boy can get killed that aren't as worthwhile as football, I decided to stay with it.

"I guess when I started coaching I believed in playing football to punish. But since these accidents I've always been against what people now refer to as hard-nose football, or piling-on and gang pursuit. Kids should be aggressive, but you should never play football to hurt."

In 1943 Martin's wife Sally persuaded him to try other work. He joined an oil firm in West Texas, but quit after a year and returned to high-school coaching. He says, "I learned that I'm not as interested in oil, oil companies or money as I am in people—particularly kids."

Through 1945 Martin's record as a high-school coach was ninety-five victories, fourteen defeats and one tie. His teams took nine district championships. In 1946 he switched to college football as assistant to Dutch Meyer, who had become head coach at T.C.U. When Meyer quit after 1952 to work full time as athletic director, Abe Martin replaced him.

Meyer's last team had broken even. The Horned Frogs didn't do that well in Martin's first two years. They lost thirteen of twenty games while he was in the process of junking his predecessor's famous spread and double-wing formations and converting to the T. But his boys only once lost by more than two touchdowns, and from the beginning they showed a penchant for upsets.

In Abe's maiden season of 1953, for instance, T.C.U. was a thirty-two-point underdog to Michigan State, which had won twenty-six consecutive games. The Frogs led 19–7 going into the fourth quarter, finally yielding to superior firepower, 26–19. The 1954 team had a similar near-miss against unbeaten Oklahoma, and then made an upset stick against a Southern California team that had been favored by twenty-three points.

By 1955, T.C.U. itself was a team to beat. This has been the case in several recent seasons. When Martin's boys aren't on top themselves, though, they remain capable of beating the teams that are—as in 1957, when they hung an 18–14 defeat at Columbus on an Ohio State team that went on to finish first in the United Press national rankings.

After Martin's third year as head coach, the university's chancellor, Dr. M.E. Sadler, recommended that he be given faculty tenure. T.C.U. trustees approved.

Doctor Sadler says, "I think athletic personnel should be treated the same insofar as security is concerned as members of the English department. And I don't think we should expect any better job from our coaches than our English teachers. Any school trying to carry on a clean, sensible athletic program cannot expect to win every year."

Few big-time football schools have such a history of coaching stability as Texas Christian University, a privately endowed, church-related (Disciples of Christ) institution with 8400 students. Since T.C.U. began playing competitive football in 1896 only one coach has been fired—a man who in 1912 was found using an ineligible player—and Abe Martin is only the fourth head coach the Horned Frogs have had since joining the Southwest Conference in 1923.

Even though T.C.U. coaches have not been under pressure to win or else, the Frogs are second only to the University of Texas in percentage of conference games won during their thirty-nine years in the league. And they are second—again to Texas—in the number of conference titles won or shared.

Obviously T.C.U. has been recruiting players who could do the job, but the recruiting has been remarkably scandal-free. "I know people look at our record and say we must be hypocrites," says ex-sportswriter Amos Melton, who is assistant to the T.C.U. chancellor. "But if the time comes when we have to cheat, steal and lie, we won't have athletics."

Boosts From the Frog Club

T.C.U. operates its athletic department on the relatively small annual budget of $750,000, including payments on the bonded debt on 46,000-seat Amon Carter Stadium, which the Frogs rarely fill to capacity. Athletic funds are augmented by contributions from a booster organization, the Frog Club, which raised $20,000 in 1961 for miscellaneous recruiting expenses—chiefly travel by the coaches. There is a ceiling of $200 on donations, so that no individual can acquire undue influence, and the funds are not given directly to the athletic department but are administered by T.C.U.'s business office.

Until this year, when an assistant backfield coach was hired, Martin had only three varsity aides and a freshman coach.

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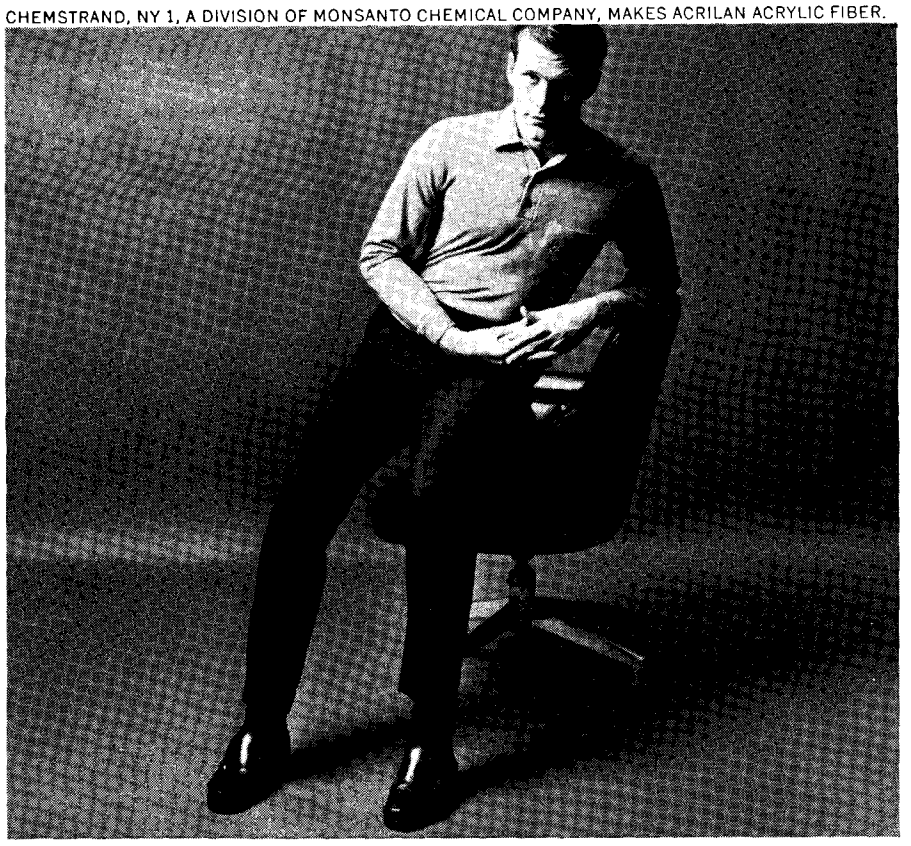

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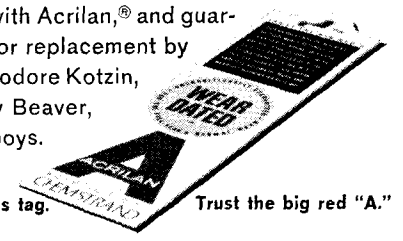

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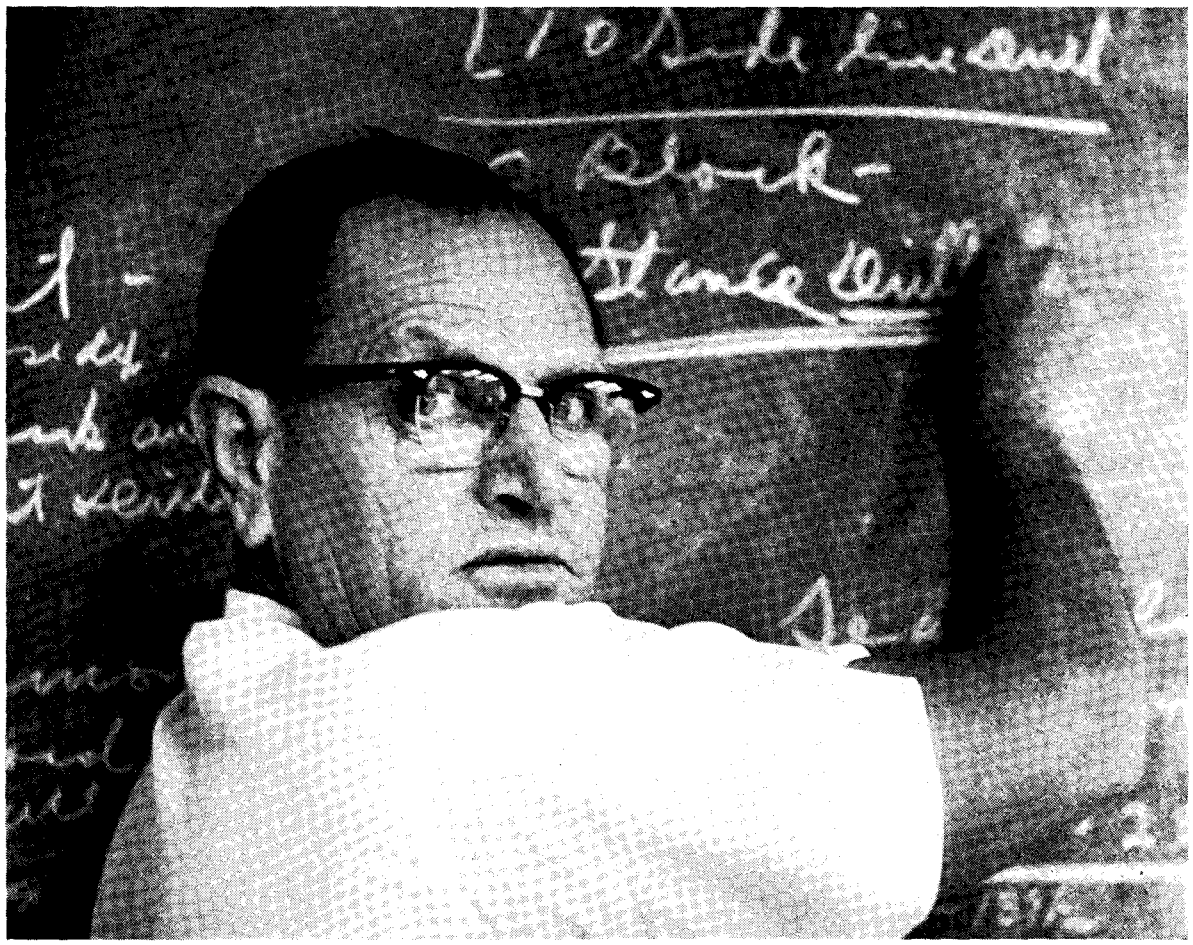
Upset over Texas: "Greatest win of my career. But I've never won a game that made so many people mad."

Texas linemen reach to stop T.C.U. fullback Tommy Crutcher (No. 38) after a short gain in last year's 6-0 upset. Despite a losing season, the Horned Frogs beat Kansas, tied Ohio State.



Running a skull session in his office at T.C.U.'s stadium in Fort Worth, soft-spoken Martin emphasizes the old-fashioned but effective formula of aggressive, ball-control football.

"T.C.U. came to Little Rock last season," recalls Orville Henry of the *Arkansas Gazette*, "and the contrast was amazing. On one side of the field were Frank Broyles and seven assistants, all dressed in matching blue blazers and charcoal-gray slacks. On the other side was Abe Martin in a rumpled suit with a couple of assistants."

Martin insists that he doesn't want a big staff. "I like to coach kids," he says, "but I'd hate to have to coach a bunch of coaches."

His methods seem to work, although in the past two seasons—after previously drawing four bowl bids in five years—the Horned Frogs have had little to rejoice about except their occasional surprise wins. At the time of the Texas upset last year, line coach Allie White was away scouting the next opponent, Rice. He closed his report with the dry comment, "Rice doesn't look strong enough for us to beat." It wasn't just a gag: the following weekend Rice trounced T.C.U., 35–16.

Great Expectations for 1962

This season, with twenty-seven lettermen returning, better things were expected. Heading the veterans was Sonny Gibbs, a huge quarterback the fans hoped would be T.C.U.'s eighth All-American selection since 1955.

Martin's only son, Don, never played college football. Abe advised the boy to forgo athletics and concentrate on his interest in medicine. Even though Don was in the upper 10 percent of the 1962 graduating class at Baylor's College of Medicine, the father says, "I think maybe he resented my telling him that. I'm not sure I was right, and I never will be sure."

Don once said of his father's job, "Winning's not a pleasure at home anymore. It's just a relief." As for Mrs. Martin, the strain of being a coach's wife has forced her to stop attending games. She doesn't even listen to them on the radio but waits at home for her husband's report.

Says Martin soberly, "I guess Sally sometimes thinks I could be doing something a little more important than this."

Most T.C.U. football followers would disagree. They think that Abe Martin is in his proper niche, although they occasionally criticize him for not passing enough, for not being tough enough with the boys and for not getting the team "up" every single Saturday.

The consensus is probably expressed by Paul Ridings, a lifelong fan who serves as executive secretary of the Frog Club. Ridings at times wishes that T.C.U. and Abe Martin were a little less conservative about football. "But I think the school has the most sensible approach to athletics of any in the major-college field," he says. "And except for the malcontents on the squad, which you'll have in any group of sixty boys, the kids love Abe. And no matter how badly it goes on Saturday afternoon, old Abe will have something to say to the team on Saturday night that will ease the pain." **THE END**

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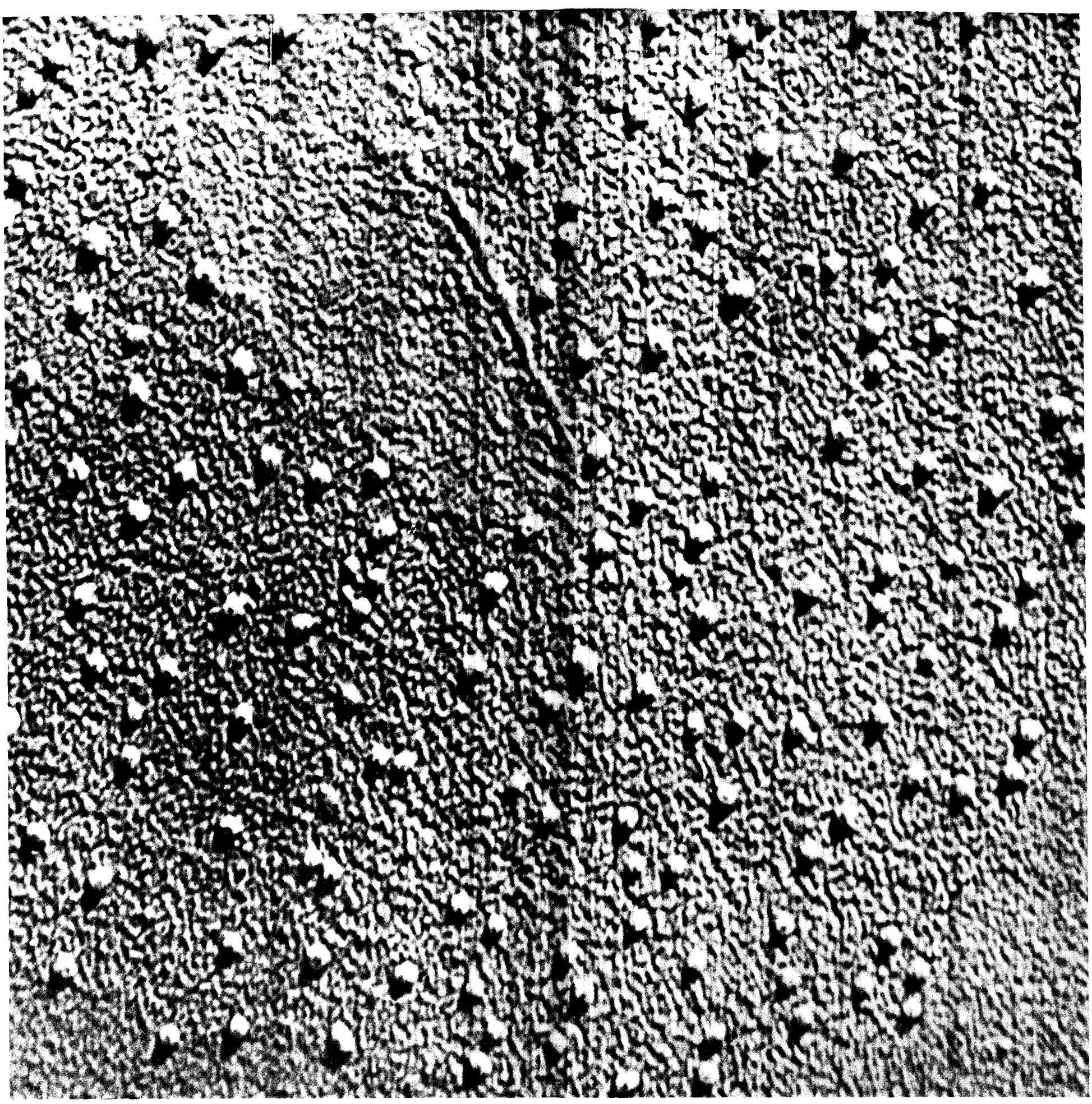

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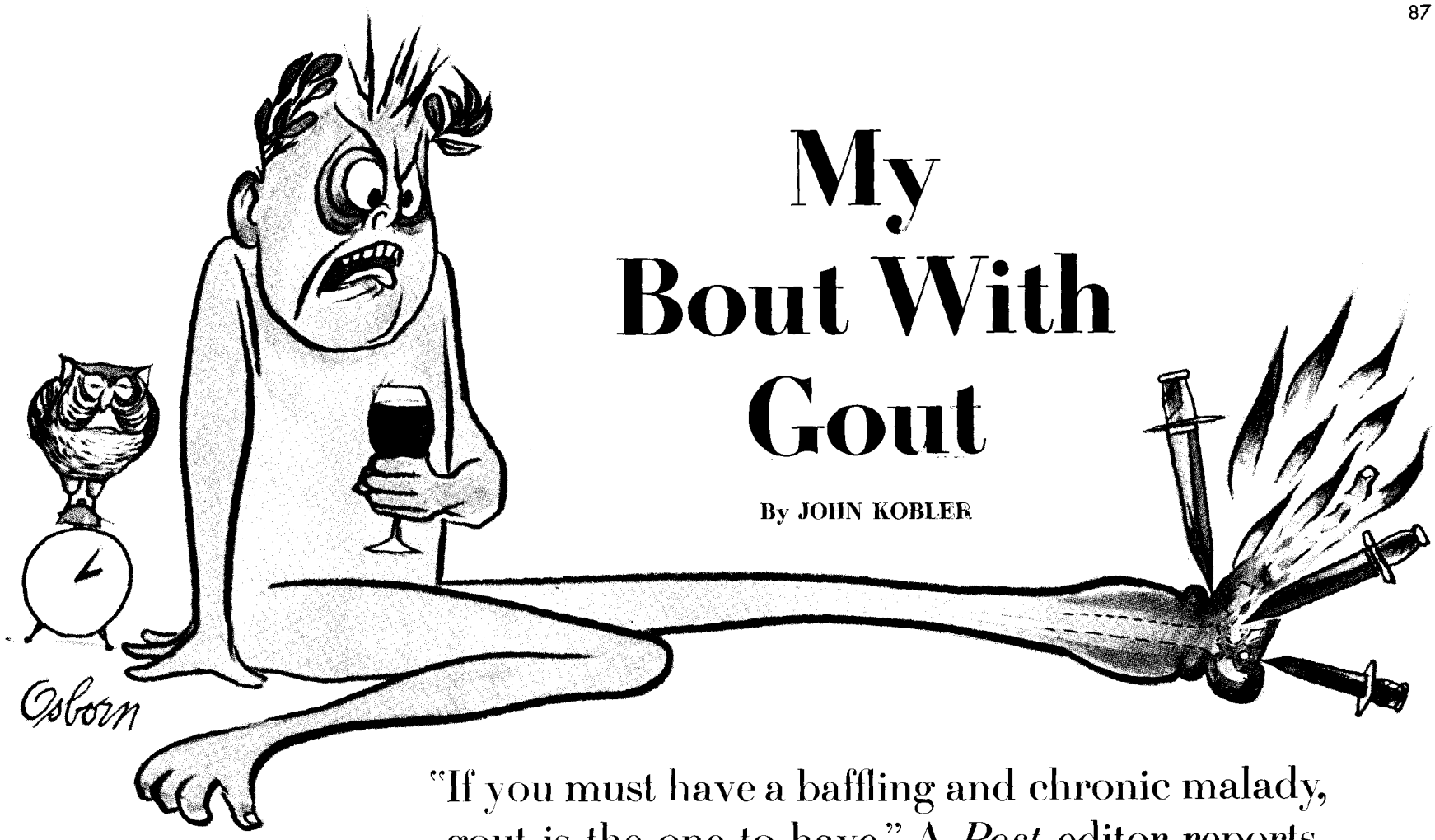

My Bout With Gout

By JOHN KOBLER

"If you must have a baffling and chronic malady, gout is the one to have." A *Post* editor reports.

Early one morning nine years ago I was snatched from a pleasant dream by the sensation of a fire blazing away inside my left heel. Switching on a light, I saw the heel was red and swollen. I tried to stand. At contact with the floor I yelped and tumbled back into bed. The slightest motion, the mere weight of the bedclothes, set up fresh waves of hot pain. I lay there uncovered, bemoaning my lot, afraid to budge and afraid not to, as my whole ankle turned a deep, blushing red and swelled to half again its normal size. A few days later the inflammation had subsided enough to allow me to hobble around, and the next day it disappeared.

I can be precise about the time of that first onslaught, for it jolted me awake so violently that I knocked a bedside alarm clock to the floor, smashing the works. The hands, I noticed later, had stopped at 2:25. The night before, dining in a Swedish restaurant, I had made four forays upon the smorgasbord table. The month was April. I was then forty-three years old.

I dwell on these minutiae because with a single exception they typify the symptoms of a baffling ailment I share with a half million of my fellow countrymen—gout. The exception was the area of attack, the joint connecting the heel bone with the rear large ankle bone. Though gout, a form of arthritis, may attack any joint (I have since had it in both insteps and in my right finger joints), it favors the "bunion" joint of the big toe. For reasons nobody understands, gout commonly strikes middle-aged men without warning (women seldom) two or three hours after midnight, in the spring or fall, and can be triggered by a copious meal. There may be no recurrence for years. Usually, though, failing proper treatment, the victim can expect a second attack six to twelve months later, followed by others of increasing severity at shorter intervals.

I say proper treatment because some doctors are evidently still unfamiliar with the remarkable and mysterious drug, probenecid—Benemid, to use the trade name—available since 1950, which unaccountably controls the symptoms of gout so effectively that the patient may never again experience even a twinge. Sharp and Dohme, now merged with Merck, which developed the drug, holds the patent. Had the first doctor I consulted prescribed Benemid, I probably would have been spared eight excruciating flare-ups during the next three years, several of them lasting a week.

"When I have gout," wrote Sydney Smith, the nineteenth-century essayist, in an unsurpassed description, "I feel as if I am walking on my eyeballs."

Mounting Drugstore Bills

Following the advice of another doctor, I began swallowing Benemid tablets at the rate of two a day every day. They felt like cartwheels going down, tasted bitter and increased my drugstore bills by nine dollars a month. After a year free of attacks I ventured to give the stuff up. Within six months I was nursing an ankle thick as a lamppost. I have not failed since to choke down my daily dose of Benemid and so have avoided the torment which drove the Roman general, Agrippa, to suicide, obliged Henry VI to postpone his marriage to Margaret of Anjou and soured Martin Luther's disposition.

The disease itself is incurable, the cause unknown and the diagnosis fraught with pitfalls. Yet, considering the compensations, I claim if you must have a chronic malady, gout is the malady to have. For one thing, it should bolster your ego. Gout, according to an age-old notion, has an affinity for persons of superior attainments. The late famed psychologist Havelock Ellis endorsed that notion when he declared in *A Study of British Genius:* "There is a pathological condition which occurs so often, in such extreme forms, in men of such preeminent intellectual ability, that it is impossible not to regard it as having a real association with such ability. I refer to gout. . . . The genius of the gouty group is emphatically masculine, profoundly original. . . ."

I prefer to ignore the deflating statistical probability, as Doctor Ellis obviously did, that the world's gouty millions must number more muttonheads than geniuses. I prefer to bask in the reflection of the illustrious sufferers. The roster is long, stretching from Alexander the Great to Bernard Baruch, who upon learning that his friend Robert C. Ruark had developed the disease at an early age, telephoned to congratulate him. "It took me seventy years and seven million dollars to get the gout," said the financier, "and you've got it before you're thirty-five."

Gout afflicted Theodore Roosevelt. "My right ankle and my left wrist and one thumb and both great toes are swollen sufficiently to more or less impair their usefulness," he wrote to his son Ted from the White House, "and I am well mottled with bruises elsewhere." After a visit to Ben Jonson's sickbed, a fellow Elizabethan reported, "He heth consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe about which he hath seen Tartars, Romans and Carthaginians, feight in his imagination." Blind John Milton was probably the most stoical sufferer in the annals of the disease, if we can believe one of his biographers. "He would be chearful even in his gowtefitts, and sing."

Because gout tormented her valued treasurer, Lord Burleigh, Queen Elizabeth insisted he sit in her presence instead of stand, saying, "My lord, we make much of you, not for your bad legs, but for your good head." The great seventeenth-century physician, Thomas Sydenham, "the English Hippocrates," himself suffered from the disease, wrote the first searching study of it and consoled himself with the thought that "in this manner have lived, and in this manner finally died, majestic Kings, Rulers, Generals, Philosophers, and Admirals, and many others of like rank." Kublai Khan, founder of China's Mongol dynasty, had gout. So did Charlemagne, Louis XIV, Francis Bacon, Isaac Newton, John Calvin, Oliver Cromwell, Lord Chesterfield, Samuel Johnson, Charles Darwin, Goethe, Guy de Maupassant, John Barrymore. And to drop the names of a few of my notable contemporary brother sufferers, Sir Osbert Sitwell, A. J. Liebling, James Michener, Richard Rodgers, Senator James Eastland of Mississippi.

Furnishing Small Talk

Besides placing you in this august company, gout furnishes you with an inexhaustible supply of small talk, for no affliction has engendered more curious folklore, anecdotes, witticisms and verse. Thus, you can toss off such tidbits as, "Know who first wore long pants? George IV—to hide his gouty feet." Or you can enumerate some of the bizarre nostrums adopted through the ages. William Harvey (1578–1657), who discovered the circulation of the blood, used to sit outdoors in freezing weather with his feet in a bucket of ice water.

A seventeenth-century astrologer named Culpeper advised, "Take an owl, pull off her feathers, and pull out her guts; salt her well for a week, then put her into a pot and stop it close, and put her into an oven, that so she may be brought into a mummy, which being beat into powder and mixed with boar's grease, is an excellent remedy for gout, anointing the grieved place by the fire." Frederick the Great, whose favorite jester had gout, believed a good scare would turn the trick. Accordingly, he dispatched the patient to the headman's block, then as the ax was about to fall, told him it was all a joke. The shock killed the jester. Or you can burst into the jolly Gilbert and Sullivan ballad from *The Gondoliers:*

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Gout

A taste for drink, combined with gout,
Had doubled him up forever.
Of that there is no manner of doubt—
No probable, possible shadow of doubt—
No possible doubt whatever.

But the greatest boon we gouty enjoy, now that we can get effective treatment, is having a glamorous ailment without the agony. The road leading to that treatment has been long and tortuous.

Some medical historians contend that gout was the first major organic disorder to afflict mankind. Chemical analyses of Egyptian mummies thousands of years old have disclosed skeletal abnormalities strongly suggesting gout. Hippocrates, who recognized it as a distinct pathological entity in the fifth century B.C., called it podagra, from the Greek *pous*, foot, and *agra*, attack. A thirteenth-century physician, Demetrios, coined the modern term, deriving it from the Latin *gutta*, drop, to denote a drop-by-drop accretion in the joints—a concept, as we shall see, not far from the truth.

Not only did the ancient Egyptians probably know something about gout, they had at hand one of the most potent weapons ever devised to kill the pain. Among the prescriptions listed on an Egyptian papyrus dating from 1500 B.C. is saffron herbs. The seeds and bulbous roots of meadow saffron yield colchicum and from colchicum we get the alkaloid colchicine, which can end acute gout seizures within a day or two. The first time I took it, one milligram every four hours, I was ambulatory by nightfall. But how colchicine acts upon gouty joints and why no other form of arthritis responds to it is, like practically every aspect of gout, a mystery.

Explanations Come Slowly

Because colchicum is rather toxic and in prolonged dosage may produce nausea and diarrhea, it fell into disuse—a few doctors still mistrust it—and was all but forgotten until a French quack of the fifteenth century, Nicholas Hasson, rediscovered it. Benjamin Franklin introduced it to America. With characteristic humor and grace he wrote of his own sufferings to Foreign Secretary John Jay, "I now find at four score that the three contraries have befallen me, being subject to the gout and the [kidney] stone and not being master of all my passions."

Kidney damage is the only critical complication of gout, but it seldom proves fatal. Gout is not a killing disease, though if neglected, it can permanently cripple, lead to various kidney diseases and shorten life.

The late eighteenth century was notable for progress in the study of gout. Indeed, we have not progressed a great deal further since. A Swedish chemist, Karl Scheele, identified uric acid, and soon afterward his English colleague, William Wollaston, showed that the hard, round, swelling lumps on the joints, typical of gout, called tophi, consist largely of uric-acid salt deposits. Within the next century gout was established as a metabolic defect causing an abnormal secretion of uric acid. Occasionally the chalklike deposits break through the skin, and in one famous case the patient could write on a blackboard with his knuckles. These same deposits often form kidney stones.

Proof, however, that urate crystals directly induce gout was not established until last December, when two Philadelphians, Dr. Daniel J. McCarty, chief of the rheumatology section at Hahnemann Medical College and Hospital, and Dr. James S. Faires, a trainee from the National Institute of Arthritis and Metabolic Diseases, performed a painful experiment on themselves. They injected their left knees with urate crystals. "Pain began suddenly at two hours," Doctor Faires reported, "first as a mild pricking sensation, increasing progressively until at the peak it was a steady, deep, crushing pain, upon which was superimposed an irregular spasmodic stabbing pain. After one hour of agonizing pain, we felt that our point had been made and treatment was begun."

But what causes the overproduction of gout in the first place nobody can explain. We know gout to be a familial disease. England's eminent literary dynasty, the Sitwells, provide a striking example.

HAZEL, STARRING SHIRLEY BOOTH, MAY BE SEEN ON NBC-TV THURSDAY EVENINGS.

HAZEL *by* Ted Key

"Hide the financial section." THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

All four of Sir Osbert's great-grandfathers were gouty. An eighteenth-century Sitwell, Francis, subscribing to a popular theory that an open wound relieves the pangs, made an incision in his leg and kept it propped open for years with an orange pip.

Between my first attack and the right diagnosis—by the third doctor I consulted—almost four years passed. This is not unusual. Dr. John H. Talbott, editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association* and one of the world's leading authorities on gout, estimates the average time lag at around eight years. "I've known doctors to miss it in themselves," he says. Why so hard to spot? Because of the approximately thirty other forms of arthritis, several closely simulate gout—rheumatic fever and osteoarthritis, for examples. However, the odds overwhelmingly favor gout if (1) you have a family history of the disease, (2) urinalysis shows a high uric-acid level, (3) X ray detects a bony spur at the site of the affected joint, (4) white nodules—the tophi—which often grow behind the ear, contain urate crystals, and (5) colchicine stops the pain.

Once satisfied he had discovered what ailed me, Doctor No. 3 looked positively joyous. Doctors treating gout tend to, because though they can't cure it, they know of few diseases so easily coped with. If the patient can't tolerate colchicine, they have a choice of several more recently developed analgesic agents, often producing equally spectacular results. Both Doctor Talbott, when he was physician-in-chief at Buffalo General Hospital, and Dr. Alexander B. Gutman, of New York's Mt. Sinai Hospital, found that injections of the pituitary hormone, ACTH, completely halted acute attacks in six cases out of ten in twenty-four to forty-eight hours after the first dose. Phenylbutazone, developed by Swiss chemists, has been known to act even faster. Zoxazolomine, a new muscle relaxant, is still under clinical trial.

But these drugs serve only to subdue an attack once started, not to prevent it. The epochal discovery of the safe preventive, Benemid, was one of those rare, happy laboratory accidents. During World War II a team of chemists, working under Dr. James M. Sprague in the research division of Sharp and Dohme, was trying to synthesize a compound that would prolong the action of penicillin. They came up with probenecid, which they later found also reduced the uric-acid level in the blood serum. Among the first to receive a batch for testing were Doctors Talbott, Gutman and E. C. Bartels of Boston's Lahey Clinic. The results merit the lifelong gratitude of gout sufferers.

Because the myth persists that gout is the wages of high living, I have long had to endure the hilarity of my friends. Oh, the leers and sly winks implying I am a glutton and drunkard! Abject ignoramuses, of course. Let the gouty of the world rise up as one man and proclaim: "No such cause and effect exists. The soberest, most frugal ascetic may be just as prone to the disease as the epicure."

Does diet, then, play no major role in the disease? Overeating and tippling, to be sure, can bring on an attack. But so can a tight shoe, a blow, surgery, some drugs, even emotional stress. As to the value of dietary restrictions other than moderation, there are two schools. At the heart of the controversy lie the chemical substances called purines, occurring in body cells and in certain foods. As purines break down during the metabolic process, they manufacture most of the body's uric acid. According to the first school, exemplified by the Mayo Clinic, the gouty should never touch purine-high foods such as anchovies, sardines, liver, kidney; and during an attack, not even foods of middling purine content—brains, lentils, fish, fowl, meat. But Talbott considers the benefits of a low-purine diet dubious. Of one patient in the days before Benemid he reports: "The number of attacks was about tenfold that observed while he was on a low-purine diet as while he was eating a liberal portion of meat each day." My own doctor agrees. He has never denied me any particular food or beverage.

Difficulties in Diagnosis

What stimulates the excessive secretion of uric acid remains a subject of speculation, ranging from the ingenious to the fantastic. That there are twenty times more gouty men than women, and that, of those women, nearly all have passed menopause, has led to theories involving the male sperm. (Eunuchs, Hippocrates noted, never got gout.) Could it be that the manufacture of male hormones, accompanied as it is by an increased activity in the breakdown of nucleic acids, accounts for the faster rate of uric-acid production? Significantly, colchicine seems to impede the multiplication of sperm cells.

The distinguished allergist, Dr. Joseph Harkavy of Mt. Sinai Hospital, struck by the seasonal recurrence of acute gout attacks, has postulated pollen from grass and trees in the spring and from ragweed in the autumn as one possible cause. Finding three gout victims to be sensitive to certain pollens as well as to certain foods, he injected them with the pollens. All three promptly underwent acute attacks. He then immunized them against the pollens and ordered them to shun the upsetting foods. Two of the patients had no further attacks. Harkavy went on to observe that acute attacks may arise from any of numerous food allergies, the problem being to track down the right one. The theory has few adherents.

A more recent theory, which has the makings of folklore, was propounded by a South Dakota doctor, Robert E. Van Demark. "Well known over the nation for its pheasant hunting," he wrote in the *South Dakota Journal of Medicine and Pharmacy*, "South Dakota is host each fall to pheasant hunters from every state in this country. Less well known is the fact that pheasant meat contains a fairly large amount of purine bodies. Each fall, acute gout is seen in pheasant hunters as a result of this fact."

The mystery of gout is unlikely to be solved tomorrow. But should the fiery fiend stab your big toe one morning, take heart. Colchicine will probably see you through the worst, Benemid may well fend off future attacks, and you can rejoice in the sense of brotherhood with "majestic Kings, Rulers, Generals, Philosophers, and Admirals, and many others of like rank."

THE END

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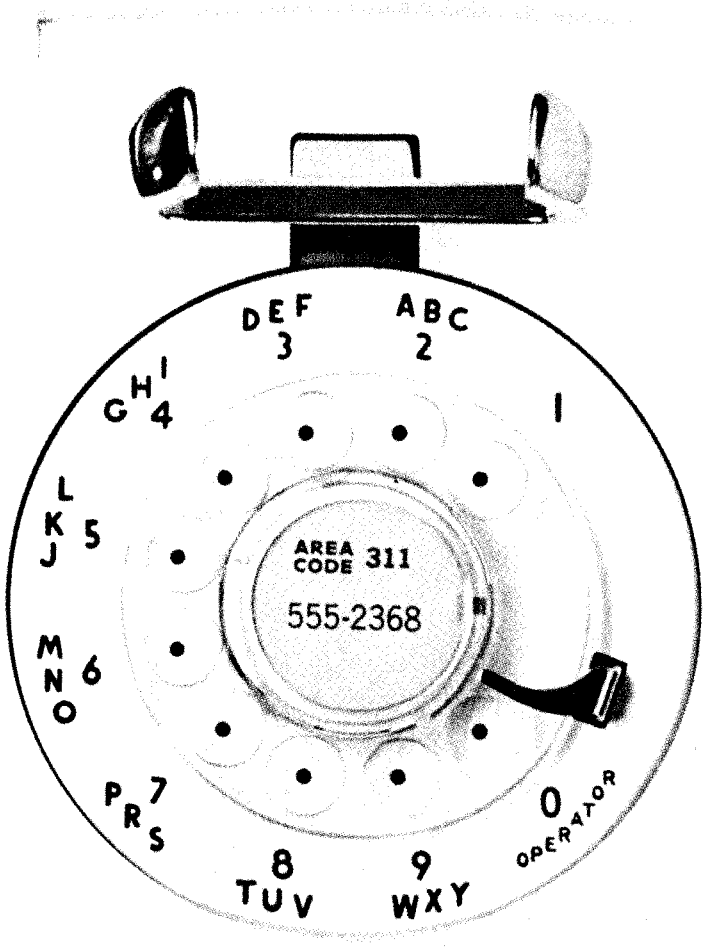

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Painting a line on a New York street, Barnes punctuates a point about traffic control.

Furious Foe of Traffic Jams

Tough Henry Barnes stops at nothing in his fight to unravel the snarls on city streets. • By GAY TALESE

Probably the greatest untangler of traffic jams in America is a hell-raising, self-styled "stupid country boy" named Henry A. Barnes. Having perfected his street-unclogging tactics in Baltimore, Denver and Flint, Michigan, he has now brought his considerable temper and fuming pipe to the post of traffic commissioner of New York City—and the resulting explosion is noisy and massive and suspenseful.

"You can't be a nice guy and solve traffic," says Barnes, who advocates a tough policy of eliminating anyone—or anything—that disturbs the free flow of traffic. During one of his first inspection tours of New York this year, accompanied by a carload of reporters, Barnes scowled at four double-parked cars on Park Avenue, all bearing "MD" plates.

"Jes' look at 'em!" he snapped. "Must be nice to be privileged—and rich! Those doctors are the worst traffic offenders!" As he talked and got madder he suggested that maybe doctors' parking privileges should be curbed—and the reporters took notes that made headlines.

A few days later Barnes was publicly denouncing diplomats who ignored regulations with impunity and the week after that New York's mayor, Robert F. Wagner, got a parking ticket.

Next Barnes cast a critical eye at slow-moving road repairmen—"I've seen street barriers in New York with grass growing around them"—and followed with a broadside against female drivers.

In the midst of all this uproar, Barnes introduced to New Yorkers the "Barnes Dance," a signal system in which he ordered all traffic lights at certain intersections to turn red briefly so that pedestrians could cross in any direction until the lights switched back to the normal red-and-green sequence.

While many New Yorkers seem delighted with Barnes, some of his victims counterattacked. The New York County Medical Society wondered whether Barnes was qualified for his job; the rector of the Little Church Around the Corner scorned a Barnes proposal that would cut a highway close to church property; and a woman driver banged Barnes's 1954 convertible three times in the rear—it was an accident, she said—inflicting $200 worth of dents.

When Barnes suggested that buses might use New York parkways, thereby encouraging commuters to leave their cars at home, Robert Moses, one of New York's most powerful public servants, reminded the newcomer that parkways in New York City are primarily for leisurely travel. "I agree wholeheartedly," Barnes retorted, puffing up clouds of pipe smoke. "Some of the most leisurely driving in the world takes place on the parkways here—about five miles an hour in peak periods, bumper-to-bumper and fender-to-fender—and this will continue as long as Mr. Moses insists on the outmoded concept of trying to move cars, not people."

Moses snapped back, "There are no limits to this man's cleverness and gall."

When Moses, on a leisurely drive on Long Island's Sunrise Highway, had his car smashed from the rear, Barnes said, "It just goes to show what some people will do to keep up with me."

Keeping up with Henry Barnes is difficult. At 55 he is as fresh and vigorous a character as anyone in New York City government since the late Mayor Fiorello La Guardia. Barnes works with feet on desk, jacket off, and says "yep" and "nope"—Gary Cooper style—in a country voice. His traffic genius has little background in formal education beyond night-school institutes. But he has a rare knowledge of motorists, a kind of insight into insanity, gained during his youth as a bus driver for bootleggers, chauffeur for rich ladies, taxi driver, policeman, candy peddler, jigsaw-puzzle salesman, auto worker, journeyman electrician and wallpaper steamer.

Barnes is an exponent of the philosophy, "Punch 'em in the nose first and ask questions later." He has long been surrounded by controversies, clenched fists and screaming headlines.

Even before the squabble between Barnes and Moses subsided, the traffic

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"Barnes thinks New York is the red-tape capital of America."

commissioner plunged into a brawl with Louis I. Kaplan, New York's investigation commissioner.

While Kaplan was investigating parking-meter contracts with New York City, Barnes was pushing the city to buy 47,000 allegedly vandalproof Duncan meters for $2,350,000, without competitive bidding. No other company's meters, Barnes contended, could resist vandalism the way Duncan's could. His view infuriated rival meter makers. When Barnes heard that Kaplan's men were telephoning Traffic Department employees at their homes at night, demanding they report for questioning the next morning, he blew up. Storming into the office of deputy mayor Edward F. Cavanagh Jr., he said, "Ed, if you don't get Kaplan off my neck I'm going over there and punch him in the teeth."

When the threat was reported to Kaplan he said, "I'm a little younger than he is; I think I can take him on."

The mayor's office averted bloodshed, and Barnes has been promised his meters, which he says will save much of the $3,000,000 to $4,000,000 that New York City loses each year because other meters are broken into, jammed or dismantled entirely.

Wanted: an Honest New Yorker

"When I recommend what I know to be the best meter, I'm suspected of being in the pay of that meter company and of being a crook," Barnes says bitterly. "Yet if I didn't exercise my judgment and advise New York City, the newspapers would ask: 'Where was Barnes? He's supposed to exercise his judgment. That's why he's getting $27,500 a year as traffic commissioner.'"

"There's apparently no such thing as an honest man in New York," he told me at his home one day. "In New York there is investigation after investigation. Everybody in the city thrives on distrust. Everybody must be watched."

"Shush, Henry, shush," Barnes's wife cut in. "People will think you're a mean old angry man."

"I *am* mean," he snarled back. "I *am* angry." After a pause he said: "I had problems in Baltimore and Denver, sure. But in those cities it was assumed I knew how to do my job. Here it's assumed you don't know what you're doing and you have to be chaperoned. And the red tape!" He banged his head with his hand in frustration and cited one example to illustrate why he thinks New York is the red-tape capital of America.

He wanted three little holes drilled between the ninth and tenth floors of the Traffic Building so that cables could link the telephone switchboard on one floor to the radio-transmission room on the other.

"Call the telephone company and have 'em drill me some holes," Barnes told one of his aides casually one morning.

"Sorry," came the reply, "but the telephone company doesn't drill holes."

"Well, what about my signal people?" Barnes asked. "I want three holes—one here, one here, and one here."

Ten days later Barnes looked at the unpunctured floor. "Where's my three holes?" he asked.

"We're getting estimates on them," he was told.

"Estimates!" Barnes shouted.

"Yes," the aide replied, "we're taking bids on the job. One firm will do it for $485, another will do it for $776, and a third bid was for $1400.

"They said they needed a diamond drill," the aide hastened to explain. "They were afraid they'd crack the ceiling, maybe hit a conduit, and violate Fire Department regulations and ——"

"Go hit a conduit!" Barnes shouted. "Let's see what happens!"

A week later Barnes looked at the floor. *Still* no holes.

"Where are my three holes?" Barnes shrieked. When he had finally calmed, he told his staff in slow, understandable English; "Now listen, when I come in here Monday morning, if those holes are not drilled, I want one of two things. I want a half-inch electric drill with a Carboloy bit on it, or I want an electric hammer with a star drill." He left for the weekend, convinced he would have to drill the holes himself on Monday morning.

"When I returned on Monday," he recalled, "I found the signal people drilling my three holes. They had two done, one to go." So he saved New York City at least $485 in outside labor costs.

Despite the red tape—such as not getting the modern signal system he wants—he has managed to cast some sort of spell over traffic jams. One of the first things he did after taking the New York traffic job last January was to drive deliberately into traffic jams and try to analyze their cause. Sometimes he flew over jams in a helicopter to get a grander view of the chaos.

Shifting Gears to End Jams

It was from such a perch that he spotted the cause of one of Manhattan's worst early-morning bottlenecks—the one coming off the Queensboro Bridge into Manhattan. Within an hour Barnes was climbing up the traffic light to install a tiny 50-cent gear to make it yield 47 seconds of green light instead of 23. This knocked seventeen minutes off the time it took to cross the bridge. He had equal success when he adjusted the traffic lights on the Brooklyn Bridge.

After sitting in several horrendous traffic jams in Manhattan's garment center, Barnes concluded that the only solution was night delivery. Truck drivers are willing to deliver at night, he was told, but proprietors don't want to come in at night to receive and verify shipments.

To expedite pedestrian crossing, Barnes introduced New Yorkers to the "Barnes Dance," a signal system which allows crossing in all directions.

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Why he's hard-bitten: "I have had to fight for everything I've ever wanted in my life."

Barnes on Traffic

Any citizen can tell whether traffic is a problem in his community. Are signs clearly marked? Can you drive more than two or three blocks without hitting a stop signal? Are major traffic arteries jammed with parked cars?

Any town of 50,000 needs a full-time traffic manager. It's something police can't handle with all their other work. Traffic control calls for advanced technology and there are damned few qualified people.

I've got nothing against the freeway system in Los Angeles. We've got to have highways like that, but what happens when people get off the freeways and on the other roads? I drove 20 miles in 20 minutes on the Harbor Freeway in Los Angeles; then I spent 45 minutes going three blocks when I got off the freeway.

Chicago is trying to improve, but next to New York they have the most antiquated traffic system in the country. San Francisco is a problem because it sticks out on a peninsula and it has all those hills. Philadelphia started an electronic-signal program—now it's all bogged down. Nashville and Charlotte have done a hell of a job. When you drive through there the traffic flows, and by God, you know somebody is worrying about traffic with city government behind them. New York is worst because of limited approaches to the city, because traffic control was a stepchild for so long and because of the archaic city government.

Politics and traffic don't mix. I won't stand for any city councilman telling me where I can make one-way streets. The traffic commissioner must be able to put his plans into force by executive order and not have to run to the city council every time he wants to put up a stop sign. If I don't get all the money I ask for, I won't sit on my fanny complaining about City Hall tightwads. All I ask is that they give me the money and get out of my way. . . . Highway networks won't solve the mess. Banning cars is no answer. When mass transportation becomes competitive with the car in comfort, cost and speed, people will stop driving in the city. So far, the transit industry hasn't done a thing. —*HENRY A. BARNES*

Barnes tried to reason with a garment-center man recently. "Look, you run this shop with your brother-in-law. I don't understand why you can't come to work in the morning and leave late in the afternoon, and then let your brother-in-law be in charge at night to receive the shipments."

"My brother-in-law!" the man bellowed. "Why, that s.o.b. would steal me blind!"

Because red tape has hampered Barnes's plan to get the manpower and equipment he needs, he has been using inexpensive tactics. Paint is one of his most potent tools. "There is more traffic control in a pail of paint than in anything else you can name," he says. By splashing a white line down the middle of several congested side streets, Barnes has speeded traffic.

During the last week of July Barnes cracked down on parking during rush hours on 55th and 56th streets. It used to take 20 minutes to drive from 12th Avenue, on Manhattan's West Side, to Sutton Place, on the East Side. It now takes only 12 minutes. Barnes and the police have been slapping tickets on cars and trucks parked in these blocks during rush hours.

"I'm fortunate I didn't start off my career in New York," Barnes says. "Being a stupid country boy, I don't know what you can and can't do in New York City. So I'm going to go ahead and do what I think should be done."

In Baltimore, after Barnes had ordered parking restrictions placed on a certain fashionable block, an aide protested, "Mr. Barnes, don't you know who lives on that block?"

"No," Barnes replied. And he now adds, "I still don't know who lived on that block. But there *are* restrictions on that block!"

He encountered the same "don't" attitude after five persons were killed in traffic that swerved around the Johns Hopkins Monument, at Baltimore's 34th and Charles Streets. Barnes decided the monument obscured vision and had to go. Immediately he was denounced as a crude, heartless yokel, a Philistine. But he had the statue moved.

Evolution of a Traffic Czar

Henry Barnes's hard-bitten attitude toward life was formed early. He grew up in poverty in Newark, New York, a small upstate town known for its fine rose gardens. "I have had to fight for every damned thing I've ever wanted," Barnes says. "My father had left home, I had no standing in the neighborhood. We were from the wrong side of the tracks. Fighting back was the only way I could keep from getting my nose punched."

After eight years of schooling Barnes moved south to find work. In Daytona Beach, Florida, he drove a bus for Ben McCoy, the rum-runner whose customers called his illegal liquor "the *real* McCoy!"

When he found he could earn more money as a cab driver, Barnes quit the bus job. Then he worked as chauffeur and handyman for two rich, cranky ladies.

A wild assortment of jobs followed (for a time he and his wife manufactured jigsaw puzzles). At last, in 1937, he got a job in the Police Department of Flint, Michigan. After a term as a traffic cop—he slapped summonses on three of the biggest politicians in town—Barnes got to work in the Traffic Department, and in 1941 he became its captain. His career as a traffic czar had begun.

During his years in Flint, it was his custom to rush to every serious street accident, get pictures and use them for analysis. He had islands painted where needed, instead of building expensive concrete safety islands. During World War II he organized share-the-ride plans for factory workers and set up a staggered-hours system which carried 25,000,000 riders a year on transit lines designed for 12,000,000.

Ruling the Roads by Decree

Though Barnes made enemies in Flint, he did improve the flow of traffic. Experts at Northwestern University's Traffic Institute recommended him, among others, to fill the traffic commissioner's job that was vacant in Denver in 1947.

Barnes proceeded to reform the cluttered streets of that city. In his first four years he erected 30,000 directional signs, chopped down trees to improve visibility and created dozens of one-way streets.

During his first year, Denver motor accidents causing personal injury decreased 40 percent, traffic deaths 30 percent. Barnes eventually became so popular and powerful in Denver that he ruled the roadways without political interference. In 1952 Eisenhower press secretary James Hagerty called to say that the general, in Denver for political campaigning, would like to park his automobile in front of the Brown Palace Hotel. Barnes said in effect, "Nothing doing," though he later grudgingly gave in when Eisenhower pointed out that, as a General of the Army still on semiactive duty, he might at any moment be called to Lowry Air Force Base to give military briefings so he had to have a parking space for his official car outside the hotel.

During a convention of newspaper editors in Denver, many out-of-town journalists had a chance to see for themselves the traffic miracles of Henry Barnes. Soon editorials began appearing in out-of-state newspapers, asking why similar improvements could not be made in their cities too. In a matter of months the mayor of Baltimore, Thomas D'Alesandro Jr., having read about Barnes in the Baltimore *Sun*, invited the Denver commissioner to visit Baltimore and say what was wrong. Barnes found almost everything wrong and said so. Before he would agree to accept the job of reforming Baltimore's traffic, Barnes demanded a salary of $18,000 a year, $3000 more than Mayor D'Alesandro himself drew down. He got it.

So Barnes went to Baltimore in 1953 with the promise of a free hand. In two years he got the annual traffic budget raised from $460,000 to $2,000,000. He removed view-obscuring trees—and the famous monument—replaced historical but feeble gas lamps with electric street lights and established one-way streets as he saw fit. There were complaints from conservative Baltimore citizens, but Barnes shouted them down: "You hired me to do a job. If I don't do it, fire me! But don't tell me how to do it."

In less than two years Barnes had the battle won. Traffic deaths were 30 percent less, a grateful woman knitted Barnes a pair of socks with a traffic-light pattern, and traffic was not an election-year issue—for a change. The only candidate for councilman who strongly attacked Barnes's plans got the lowest vote in his district.

In 1958 the New York *Herald Tribune* invited Barnes to tour the Big Town and tell the city slickers what was wrong. Barnes found New York streets a jungle. Trucks were lined up like circus elephants; derricks swooped like giraffes; taxis were on perpetual safari to bag passengers.

His muckraking articles in the *Herald Tribune* called for reforms: an electronic signal system, more signs, a crackdown on sacred cows such as double-parking diplomats and doctors, more cooperation between the traffic and police departments, more garage parking, more control over workmen who tear up streets and leave things in a mess; and for the Traffic Department to be manned 24 hours a day, seven days a week, instead of the customary 9-to-5 setup.

Sharp Sallies From Critics

New Yorkers were introduced to Barnes's free-swinging methods by these articles. At the end of last year, after Mayor Wagner's triumph in an election campaign advocating reform, Barnes was hired away from Baltimore.

His entrance into Manhattan stirred criticism. Some say he is a publicity hound, using the press to make himself a public personality too formidable to be contained by City Hall. Henry Barnes has run into such opposition everywhere he has been, and he seems unperturbed by it. A small-town boy, he is determined not to let the enormity of New York change him. He intends to change New York, and he seems to be doing it.

Most motorists do not seem to mind. Many are cheering him on. The other day a cab driver spotted Barnes in a small traffic tie-up, glanced at his watch and yelled, "Hey, Commissioner, it's 9:05—you're late for work."

"It's this damned New York traffic," Barnes shot back mockingly, shaking his fist. "Somebody's got to do something about it!" Then Barnes churned onward, hell-bent on doing just that. **THE END**

Scenes like this in Manhattan make Barnes livid. He rates New York's traffic signals the nation's most antiquate

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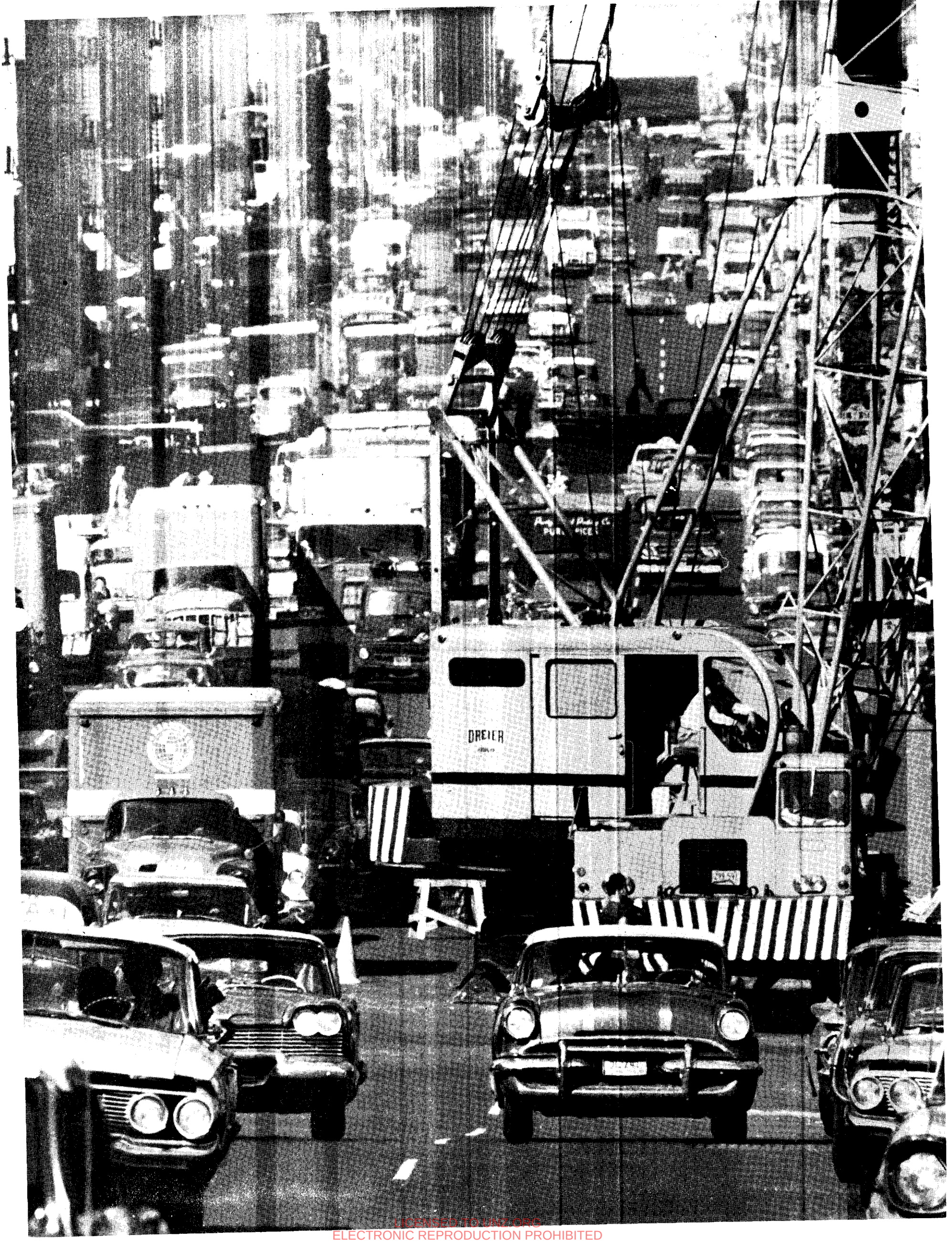

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EDITORIALS

Why Arm Potential Killers?

In Annandale, Virginia, a 17-year-old boy with a record of vandalism and "Peeping Tomism," who had recently been released from a mental institution, walked into a gun shop and purchased a .38 revolver by falsifying his name and age. A short time afterward in nearby Falls Church, Virginia, he shot and killed another 17-year-old, who had caught him "peeping" on his sister.

In Suitland, Maryland, a man got into a violent argument with his wife. He rushed out of the house to a store down the street, purchased a pistol and went home and shot his wife.

Senseless killings such as these raise a baffling question. Why was it so easy for the killers to obtain their weapons? Why should a civilized society be so lax in its attitude toward deadly weapons? A mail-order house in Los Angeles ships submachine guns to people who fill out a form and send in $49.50. Technically, the submachine guns are "deactivated," but they can be reactivated with ridiculous ease. Why do we permit such insanity?

One reason lies in the fact that any effort to remedy the situation triggers an avalanche of irrelevant arguments. There is a deep feeling among many Americans, perhaps a hangover from frontier days, that a man isn't a man unless he has a gun. Any effort to interfere with or to regulate this "sacred" right stirs up a hornets' nest.

Some time ago Congressman Victor Anfuso of Brooklyn introduced a bill to require the registration of all privately owned pistols with the FBI. There was no pressure for the bill. It was languishing in a House Judiciary Subcommittee without a chance of passage, but the subcommittee was deluged with letters protesting that the measure would undermine the Republic.

"The Constitution assures us the right to bear arms," one woman wrote. "The Constitution is being attacked from every side. The Anfuso bill is another attack against our freedoms. This bill would aid the Communists in their goal of world domination. A dictatorship cannot be set up unless the masses are disarmed. . . . I fear for the future of America and the future of my children."

The Constitution says, in Article II of the Bill of Rights, "the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." But no one who has seriously studied the law believes that this precludes the reasonable regulation of firearms. Even the National Rifle Association, which is bitterly opposed to any requirement that guns—including pistols—be registered, has said, "The courts have repeatedly held that many laws regulating the purchase, carrying or use of concealable firearms are constitutional."

Our laws governing the sale and use of firearms are a hodgepodge that should be implemented by three steps. The first is Federal registration of pistols and revolvers. The National Rifle Association opposes this idea, because it believes that the burden of administering the registration of the millions of pistols and revolvers in the United States would be too great. The association argues that honest people would register their guns and criminals would ignore the law. It holds with sportsmen and gun lovers across the country that registration of hand weapons would be "the foot in the door." Rifles and shotguns inevitably would be next, they say. But there is no reason why we cannot draw the line between small firearms on the one hand and rifles and shotguns on the other. The objections to registration are outweighed by two factors: (1) A registration requirement would enable police to arrest criminals who possessed weapons illegally. (2) It would facilitate crime detection by helping police to trace the original ownership of pistols and revolvers recovered in their criminal investigations. (Registration to be effective should be a prerequisite of purchase; convicted felons would be barred.)

A second sensible step would be the tightening of laws to require railway-express companies to make a greater effort to determine the age and competence of purchasers. The third step would be the establishment through Federal and state cooperation of a reasonable waiting period between the application for the purchase of a gun and the actual delivery. The seller would be required to check the owner's qualifications with the police or other recognized authorities.

We do not suppose that these measures would wipe out crime. But they would make it more difficult for irresponsible people to obtain pistols and revolvers. They might well have averted the killings in Falls Church and Suitland. The 17-year-old boy was on probation at the time, a fact that was known by county authorities. The irate husband who killed his wife in "a fit of passion" might have cooled off if he had been compelled to wait for delivery of a weapon.

Some Progress in the South

In Albany, Georgia, last month 14 Negroes seeking admission to the all-white high school were rudely turned away. The Ku Klux Klan held its largest Georgia rally in many years outside Albany, and racial violence flared in other parts of the state. Eight years after the Supreme Court decision three Southern states—Alabama, Mississippi and South Carolina—have yet to desegregate a single school. Of the 6368 school districts in the South and border states, only 959 were integrated (only 246,988 Negro children out of 3,240,439).

Yet there were hopeful signs. In New Orleans stones were thrown, and crowds of angry women gathered, but integration came off without the violence that had characterized earlier efforts. According to the *Southern School News* in Nashville, leading authority on the subject, 45 districts in the South and border states were integrated this year, four of them by court order and 41 voluntarily. For the most part integration occurred peacefully. Congratulating the South, Attorney General Robert Kennedy said, "This is a mark of growing acceptance everywhere of the need for significant progress toward the realization of the constitutional rights of all American children."

The famous Southern journalist Ralph McGill, publisher of the Atlanta *Constitution*, recently noted an even more encouraging sign. "Everywhere," he said, "the worst aspects of discrimination are yielding to negotiation by responsible men in city governments, by Southerners who do not wish their states and cities to become involved in needless violence. . . ."

Such sensitive problems as desegregation will be solved only by "responsible men."

Some Memos for Some Veterans

Columnist Jerry Kluttz, who keeps a sharp eye on various government departments for the Washington *Post*, had good reason recently to write that "Critics of Big Government say Uncle Sam rarely stops an activity no matter how obsolete it may become." Kluttz had just discovered that the White House had routinely sent out a memo directing that all Government workers who were Spanish-American War veterans could be given leave without pay "to attend the 64th national encampment of their organization . . . in Peoria, Ill." Kluttz figured that a veteran who was 18 at the end of the Cuban occupation would now be 78. Retirement for Government employees with 15 years' service, he noted, becomes mandatory at age 70.

The 64th national encampment of the Spanish-American War veterans came off on schedule in Peoria last month. A total of 340 vets showed up for the occasion. (There are about 28,000 Spanish-American War veterans living now, and their average age is 85.)

The old boys took it easy. They busied themselves chiefly with recollections of their war, picking next year's officers and a location for next year's convention, and passing a series of resolutions. Ironically their resolutions made no mention of invading Cuba or taking any action against the country where most of their war was fought.

Among those present at the convention were 15 veterans from Washington. Only one, Congressman Barratt O'Hara, 80, of Illinois, receives a Federal paycheck. Being a member of the legislative branch, he wasn't affected by the White House directive. He was there on his own time.

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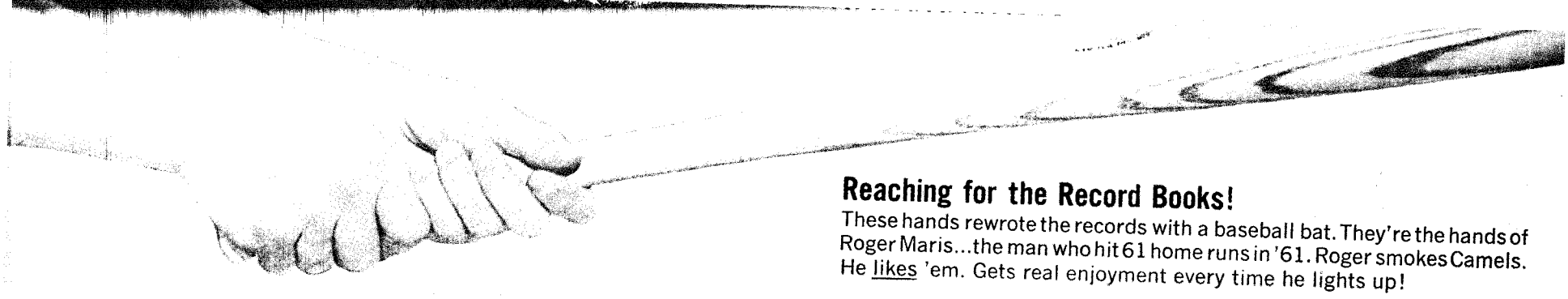

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